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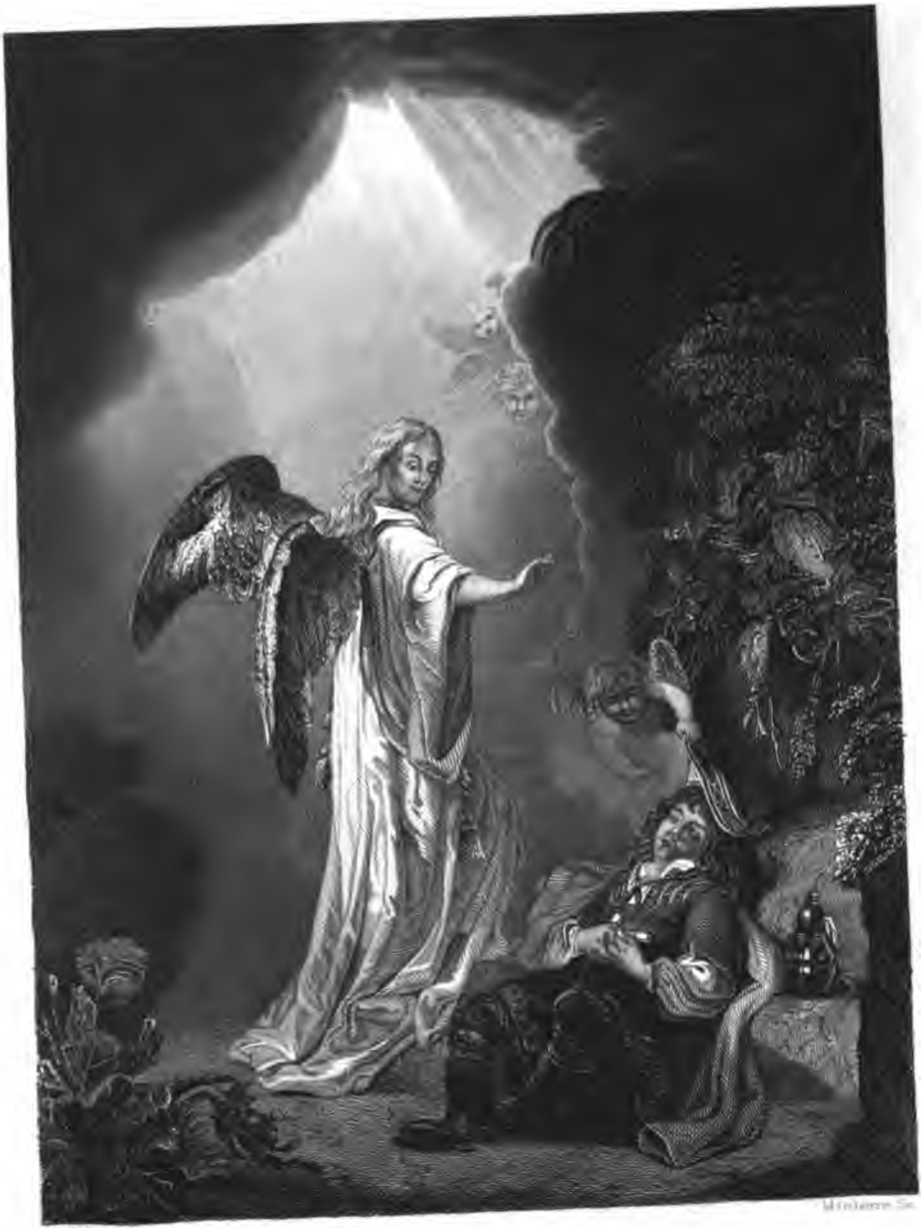

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VOL. III.

THE CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE

EDITED

REV. D. MEAD, AND REV. D. CLARKE.

New York:
E. E. MILES, 151 NASSAU STREET.
1847.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by
DARIUS MEAD,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

STANF.
JUN 24 1958
STACKS

S. W. BENEDICT, STER. & PRINT.,
16 Spruce Street, N. Y.

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THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1846.

WONDERS OF A BURIED WORLD.

We live in a vast graveyard. Since the first creation of animals, year after year, in an increasing ratio, have countless numbers of living beings died, and gone to repose in this vast cemetery. Not just beneath the surface alone do we find evidences of this, but deep down in the crust of the globe we discover innumerable multitudes of the remains of beings that once had life. The huge masses of rock lying piled one above another, are but consecutive doors to the sepulchres of untold generations—sepulchres in which individuality is almost lost in the overwhelming numbers. Let us go on, for it is vain to pause to make calculations.

If the insects alone that have, since the creation, sported away their brief hour in the sunbeam, or have crawled along the ground, were collected, and their dead bodies strewed upon the surface of the earth, they would probably cover it with a thick layer. Add to these the vast multitudes of the lower orders of animals, and the quantity will be enormously swelled. If then we take the bodies of animals of the higher orders, and bury them, each in an individual grave, the whole earth would present an uninterrupted series of mounds. The tombs of the human family are but a speck in this wide-spread world of tombs, and numberless as they have been, they would scarcely be an appreciable addition to the amount of the living creatures that rank below him, which are now dead. In what an immense Golgotha do we live! Every footstep towards the tomb is upon a grave!

Besides those which have left their traces behind them, what multitudes have there been that have disappeared, leaving no record or evidence of their existence! Spread over the surface of the earth, and exposed to atmospheric influences, they have passed rapidly to decay, and their very bones have mouldered back to dust. Such unquestionably has been the fact with those races of post-diluvian animals, whose bones are occasionally found in marl beds, or in the lakes and along the valleys of the great west. They have once roamed in vast herds over the plains and through the forests of this country, animals of giant proportions, more terrible to the aborigines than a marshalled army; but now they are all gone, and have left only here and there a few bones, to testify to the wonderful beings of the past. Could one of these relics speak, what tales would it not tell of the marvels of past life, upon the surface of a world now thrown into confusion and disorder by mighty convulsions, or buried under the drift of a universal deluge.

It would be instructive, and perhaps useful, in connection with this subject, if we could have a better understanding of that mysterious somet [illegible] —its peculiar developments in beings of different forms and structures—its powers and durability in simple individuals, or transmitted through the countless families of a race that has increased in numbers and in physical strength for ages, and then diminished through an apparently equal amount of individuals, till eventually it has disappeared. This seems to have been its course in many of the lower orders of animals. Beginning from a mere point in a single pair of a species, it has spread itself through family after family, and generation after generation, till they became as many as the sands of the sea. But here they attained their acme of numbers and strength, and thence fell away and decreased, till the race went out in a point as small as its beginning. Throughout all this length and breadth of reproduction, was the vital force accumulating, gathering strength and intensity, till it reached its culminating point, and then had it attained its maximum of power, so that thenceforward it must inevitably retrograde? Has it been so in all the races of living beings that are now lost? Must the same happen with the human family? These are questions we cannot answer till we know more of what life is, and its peculiar force when exerted upon otherwise inert matter. Yet, could we draw back the curtain that hides from our view the past, and read the mysteries of the bygone ages, what wonders of the great God would be unfolded to us, and with what profound humility and awe should we exclaim—"Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

We are too apt to measure the mind of the Almighty by our finite comprehensions, and to say, because we cannot see the design, that if such and such were the acts and intention of God, it is rather evidence of folly than of wisdom. We do not see all here, and are in danger of yielding up our hearts, as well as our heads, for the enemy to sow them with tares. Men should study nature with sanctified hearts, ready, where reason cannot penetrate, to yield implicit faith to revelation, and believe that what is dark to us, is light to the Infinite Mind. Exhaustless stores of truth lie buried deep in the bosom of the earth, and he who says that the petrified mollusk, thousands of feet down in the solid rock, was created there *as it is*, bearing the form and presenting every appearance of having been once a living, organized being, made to enjoy life with its myriads of fellow beings, errs as widely from the truth, as he that attributes its existence there or anywhere else to blind and disorderly chance. Yet such men there are, who give God credit for acts of power with no other definite object than simply to show man what He can do.

Such, however, is not God. His works have always some great and definite end. He did not create the fossils in the rocks merely to be discovered in these ends of the world, and show what God's power was. Not for this did He cause immense masses of flint to be formed of the skeletons of organized beings, too small for the eye to discover, the animalculæ of the water drop; not for this did he mingle with the lime-rocks the huge bones of the Zeuglodon; nor for this did He lay the unused bones of the gigantic animals of a past day, in the bottom of our marl beds. No. Like their living representatives, they once peopled the surface of the earth, or swam in its waters. The sun and the air gladdened them before they took their place in the great cemetery of a buried world, and they now form the hieroglyphics of this book of the history of the past, imperfectly read at present, but opening, day by day, leaf after leaf of most interesting knowledge. It may be one of the studies of heaven to trace out God in His earthly book. It may be one of his plans to glorify himself in eternity, by unrolling and developing to the mind of man, purified and disenthralled, the wonders of a world he lived and died in, and yet knew nothing of with all his study.

A late popular English writer, the author of "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," made a great error in trying to renew the antiquated and infidel theory of a *progressive generation* in animals, by which, from the mere monad, the lowest form of living animal matter, a drop of jelly endowed with life, he supposed improved races gradually to be produced, by a sort of accident. He did not even give to the great God the credit of having established a law by which, after certain times, and under peculiar circumstances, the birth of a new creature of more perfect form and properties must *inevitably* take place. All improvements were supposed to be the result of accident, in a countless series of generations, and yet we are told of no reason why the accident might not have happened in every generation, for there was no law to secure uniformity.

Such an idea, besides being utterly without foundation in fact, and being contradicted by the very facts employed to substantiate it, detracts from the honor of the Almighty, by degrading him to a mere solitary being, who, having once created the universe, and set its wheels in motion, sat down, content to let them move on in an accidental course, till worn out, without ever again thinking them worthy of his notice or his care. Such would have been a wild and disorganized universe, tending in every sweep of its huge revolutions to disastrous ruin.

If, instead of a *progressive generation*, this sophist had called it a *progressive creation*, he would have stood upon different ground. He could then have been sustained both by nature and revelation. Here he could have shown the great Creator, day after day, or age after age, gradually, yet perfectly, unfolding and developing his magnificent plans. Thus he would open the book of revelation, and trace the gradual work through each rising and declining day. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," and then, day by day, he advanced, in a rising scale, to perfection. Let us follow the path of this great former, and note the beauty, as briefly as possible, of the gradation.

On the first day he made light, and divided the day from the night. On the second day he separated the great parts of our planetary system; and on the third, dividing the land from the water, he now for the first time shows us *life* in its humblest form. On this day he caused plants to appear. Now the world began to put on beauty. First, in the waters appear the many forms of sea weed, creeping along the bottom, or waving their slender and graceful stems and leaves to the gentle undulations of the waves. In damp and cool spots, mosses crept along the ground. On the rock, the lichen spread out its uncouth leaves, and pierced the crevices with its roots. Then followed the taller ferns, and grasses, and the waving grain, and kindred plants. On the lofty hills, and beside every river and fountain, sprang up the green and graceful palm tree, and the tall and magnificent tree-fern, waving its feathery leaves in the wind; and plants with broad expanded foliage. Thus progressively they sprang up, till earth was covered with a most luxuriant vegetation; and what was, but now, a desolate and dreary expanse of useless soil, became a blooming and fruitful garden. Flowers of all hues sent out their perfume on the loaded air, and earth was paradise! And this was wisdom, for, two days hence, must spring into life the myriad forms of animals, in air and sea and land, and food must be provided for them. On the fourth day he made the great lights; and on the fifth—

Lo! morning breaks! and as the sun's first beams fall on the world, down by the water, in its shallow edge, floats the soft gelatinous mollusk, and there a kindred one, covered with a shell; and here, and there, and everywhere, as the day advances, throughout all the vast watery expanse, comes forth the ever-varied form of shell fish, beautiful in shape and every shade of color, glistening and sparkling in the sun, and moving about in joy! The whole world of waters is instinct with life. Lo! darting arrow-like through the liquid depths, the fish of every size and shape, born in full growth and vigor! Down in the ocean depths, Leviathan with his kindred races, and monsters man never dreamed of till he disinterred their bones from their tombs, that have been locked up for thousands of years! In the estuaries, and the muddy pool, and along the river's margin, crawling upon its banks in the shade of the thick willows, and plunging heavily in the waves, were the uncouth forms of the alligator and crocodile. The gigantic seal was there, a hundred feet in length; and many a creature, in the mixed form of beast, and bird, and fish; each form of living being, as it appears, approaching the more perfect creation of tomorrow. Yonder, on the waves, lie the huge whales, sporting by thousands, and lashing the ocean into foam in mad frolic, and spouting briny floods into the air.

Mid-day. Behold, up from the sea, and lake, and stream, from every fountain and rill, in endless beauty, and profusion, and size, and brilliant plumage, and bewildering song, rise the swarming birds! Circling wildly through the air, or perched on every tree, and bush, and flowering shrub—wandering by the river's brim, or floating on its glassy surface, filling the air with melody and song, they rejoice in their new life. And thus the day passes, each moment bringing into life some new and wondrous form, till darkness again settles down, like a pall, upon the new world. All is hushed and still, save the occasional song of the night bird, or the sportive splash of the wakeful sea monster, as he throws himself from the water, to fall back sluggish upon the sleeping sea.

Another morning breaks, the second upon a living world. Forth from the earth come, one by one, the animals that are to people it. The insect races, teeming with life and vigor, crawl along the ground, or sport on the wing in the sunbeam, with joyous hum. The quadrupeds follow, each new form improved upon the one just past. The long procession passes on, led by the majestic horse, whose neck is clothed with thunder. Then goes. Behemoth, "the chief of the ways of God," that "drinketh up a river and hasteth not." Then follow him the elephant and the gigantic mastodon, moving on, conscious of their stately strength; and near them the mild gazelle and the nimble antelope. All forms and shapes of animal life are springing up from the inert clay, and revelling in happiness. Last of all, proudest and most perfect, man appears, erect and dignified, the form and likeness of God—the end and aim of all this progressive creation, from the lowest form of life in the sea weed and the monad, up through all the gradations which have been thus hastily traced, and constantly approaching the type of a perfect creature, in man.

Such is the history given by revelation. We hope hereafter to show how beautifully and truly the developments of late discoveries confirm this history. And we hope thus to vindicate the glory and honor of the great God, the Creator.

MUSINGS BY THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF MINERVA, AT CAPE SUNIUM.

What changes hath Time's desolating flight,
Proud Sunium, on thy beauteous fabric wrought,
Since Athens' wisest sage* thy lonely height
For philosophic musings often sought;

Since, half unheeding, wrapt in dreams profound,
He through thine arches heard the wind's deep sigh,
Or caught the nevèr-ceasing, dirge-like sound
Of Egean's placid waters murmuring by;

And fancied oft, perchance, a voice divine
In those hoarse winds and murmuring waters spoke,
An oracle from her before whose shrine
He knelt, new gifts of wisdom to invoke.

But, Sunium, thy proud height shall never more
Behold the glories of thy pristine days;
Art shall thy fallen columns ne'er restore,
Nor from the dust thy crumbled altars raise.

Yet still thou standest, like thy sister fanes,
E'en in thy ruins beautiful! and we
Have come to wonder at thy fair remains,
And gaze enraptured on thy calm blue sea,

On which Time's footsteps have no trace imprest,
O'er which still spreads the same transparent sky,
Whose "island gems" adorn its placid breast,
As when beheld by Plato's kindling eye.

---

* Sunium is said to have been a favorite resort of Plato.

But we, admiring, at thy prostrate shrine,
Not now a heathen deity invoke;
For on our vision, in this latter time,
A light, unseen by ancient sage, has broke.

And we have learned to worship Him alone,
Who to no earthly temple is confined;
But, seated on His everlasting throne,
Sheds over all His omnipresent mind.
Methinks no fitter place could be than here,
Amid His fairest works, *His* shrine to rear.

M. G. B.

THE DREAM OF JACOB.

(SEE PLATE.)

A VISION of beauty burst upon the soul of Jacob, as he laid his head upon a stone, and dreamed. He was a lone wanderer in the world, flying from a brother whom he had defrauded of his birthright, and whose vengeance he feared.

Yet he had his father's blessing. More sad would his heart have been that night, had he felt a father's curse upon him. But Isaac had blessed him; and trusting in the God of Isaac and of his father Abraham, Jacob lay down to sleep in the open air. The night was his pavillion, the stars his lamps, the earth his couch, his pillow a stone.

"And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed. And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south; and in thee and thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed. And behold I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."

We think of heaven, the home of the angels and of the peculiar presence of the Infinite, as away in the blue vaulted sky that curtains the world we live in; and he who has steadily fixed his eye upon the deep expanse, and gazed intently upwards, has felt that there is room *there* for worlds innumerable, far out of the reach of human vision or human thought. *Where* heaven is, it matters not. But the revelation which Jacob's vision brings to us is this: that heaven is near, and its glory is within the scope of the eye of faith!

The believer, trusting in the God of the father of the faithful, shuts his eye upon the world he lives in, and opens it instantly on a better, even an heavenly country. He may be, like Jacob, a homeless and friendless wanderer, with the certainty that he has here no continuing city: but when the goodly land of promise rises to his view, he knows that *there* is his possession and his home.

He may be a friendless wanderer, but the angels come down from their bright abodes, and minister unto him as one of the heirs of salvation whom they are sent to serve. Backwards and forwards do they wing their way, to show him that the avenues to glory are free to him who has a title to its joys, and his winged spirit rises with the angels and anticipates its rest.

Long it may have been since the voice of kindness fell on his ear; but he hears the voice of God, and its tones are full of melody, sweeter than the music of the spheres, as it gives him the promise of the life that now is, even while the life that is to come is, *in vision*, spread before him. "The land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it."

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity." When all other refuge fails, we find it in God. His angels are our angels, and when the help of man is vain, the arm of the Lord is revealed. The vision of angels assured the stricken and afflicted soul of Jacob that he had a home and friends; a father and brothers; that these bright beings hovering around his pillow were his companions, and would be more to him by far than those whom he had left. He might well be comforted by such a revelation.

Yet the sweetest *thought* in this vision is the emblem of Christ it presents. "I am the way," he said, when to Jacob's seed he came to *show* the way from earth to heaven. That was the ladder Jacob saw. It brings to view the truth that our intercourse with heaven is by the way of Christ. The spiritual gifts that we receive are ours by Him who intercedes for us; and if we fail to get them when we need them, we have not sought them by the way of Christ. Thus the dream of the exile revealed the highest present and future good. His soul was comforted and strengthened by what he had seen and heard while sleep was on him, and he awoke with a lightened heart.

"Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." Suddenly sometimes the Lord comes into his holy temple. The humble soul of the believer, cast down perhaps, and just ready to despair, is visited by God, and strengthened. In an hour not looked for, the welcome revelation is made, and the hour of mourning that is past seems to have been a precious season of preparation for the joy that has overtaken him.

The Lord is confined to no place: the great world is his temple, and he dwells with him who is of an humble and contrite heart. In the house or by the way, in the field or the forest, wheresoever is a heart to pray, is a God to hear.

A sense of the divine excellency and glory fell upon Jacob, and made him suitably afraid. He cried out, "How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." He had seen heaven. As the martyr Stephen saw when a vision burst upon his dying eye, so Jacob saw the gate open, and the glory breaking through. The ladder was there, and that was Christ; and he is the way that leads to heaven. It was the house of God, and the house of God *is* the gate of heaven. Sinners find the way to heaven through that gate. The church leads to glory.

Jacob set up a pillar as a memorial of that place. It was a spot to be remembered. Precious in our hearts is the place where heaven has been opened to our eyes. Such a BETHEL is the closet of him who lives near to God.

JOSEPH STEVENS BUCKMINSTER.

THE name of Buckminster is now, by common consent, ranked among the very brightest names that shed lustre on the annals of our American literature. The history of his life is as brief as it is brilliant; and as we contemplate his meteor-like course, and see what he had become at the age of twenty-eight, when death blasted the high hopes that were formed concerning him, we can hardly repress the inquiry, what he would have been, if he had been spared to reach the period of sixty or seventy years. It is due to truth and candor to state that his views of some of the peculiar truths of religion differed materially from our own; but this is no reason why we should be slow to speak of his merits both intellectual and moral; for that is at best a narrow and unmanly spirit which refuses to acknowledge genius and excellence, because they happen to be associated with some other things which it may not be able to approve. The leading facts which we shall record in this brief sketch, are of course all to be found in the memoir of his life by his intimate friend, the Rev. Samuel Cooper Thatcher; and yet we are happy—we had almost said proud—to say, that for a portion of what we write we are able to draw upon our own personal recolletions. We had the pleasure, within a few months previous to his death, of spending several days in his family, and of listening to his superlative eloquence in the pulpit; and though nearly thirty-five years have elapsed since that period, our recollections of what he was continue with almost undiminished distinctness, and we regard it a privilege, even at this late day, to pay our humble tribute to his memory.

Joseph Stevens Buckminster was the son of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Buckminster, of Portsmouth, N. H., where he was born, May 26, 1784. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Stevens, of Kittery, Maine. She was a lady of remarkable endowments as well as of eminent piety; and though she died while her son was yet a mere child, it was not till after she had done much to give, in many respects, a permanent direction to his character.

It is believed that the history of genius furnishes few examples of such early and at the same time such consistent and uniform development as is supplied by the history of this wonderful youth. It would seem that there never was a time, after the first unfolding of his mental faculties, that he did not show himself eager for the acquisition of knowledge; and there was at one time great reason to fear that this ruling passion of his soul would prematurely destroy his physical energies—a result, by the way, which there is too much ground to believe was finally realized. The best history probably that has ever been written of his youthful days, is from the graphic pen of his sister, afterwards Mrs. Farrar, in a letter bearing date a few months subsequent to his death. Our readers, we are sure, will not complain of us for incorporating it into the present sketch.

"From the birth of my brother, our parents intended him for the ministry, and took the greatest delight in cultivating a mind whose early promise gave them reason to hope he was to be a blessing to the world. I do not know how soon he was able to read; but at four years old he began to study the Latin Grammar, and had so great a desire to learn the Greek also, that my father, to please him, taught him to read a chapter in the Greek Testament, by pronouncing to him the words. As early as this, he discovered that love for books and ardent thirst for knowledge which he possessed through life. He was seldom willing, while a child, to leave his book for any amusement; and my father was so much afraid that close application would injure his health, that he used to reward him for playing with boys of his own age, and would often go with him, to persuade him, by example, to take part in their sports. I have no recollection that when we were children he ever did anything that was wrong. He had always the same open, candid disposition that marked his manhood; nor can I recollect any time when I did not feel the same confidence that what he said was right, the same affection and respect which made the last years I spent with him so happy. From the time he was five till he was seven years old, it was his practice to call the domestics together on Sunday morning, and to read to them one of my father's manuscript sermons, repeat the Lord's prayer, and sing a hymn; and he performed the service with such solemnity, that he was always heard with attention. I have heard my father say he never knew him tell an untruth or prevaricate in the least. Indeed, there was always something about him which gained the love of all who knew him, and never anything which made them fear their expectations of his future excellence would be disappointed.

"We lost our excellent mother when he was six years old. But he had received an impression of her character which time could not efface; and I believe through life he was anxious to be in every respect what he knew she would have wished him to be. After he went to Exeter, he passed but little time at home. The year before he entered college, his eyes were so weak that my father thought it necessary to take his books from him. It was a deprivation he could not bear to submit to; and he found means to secrete some old folios in the garret, which he would spend some time each day in reading. This is the only act of disobedience of which I ever knew him guilty. I perfectly remember the great delight he used to take in listening to the conversation of men of literature and science, and in works of taste and imagination. But the progress of his mind and the development of his powers, I was too young to observe or take interest in."

His course of study preparatory to entering college was at Exeter, under the direction of that distinguished teacher, Dr. Benjamin Abbot. He was fully prepared for college at the age of twelve; but his father, considering that he was too young to be exposed to the temptations of college life, or even to improve its opportunities to the best advantage, prudently detained him for some time at Exeter; and he entered the university at Cambridge in 1797, nearly a year in advance.

His career at college, if possible, more than answered the highest expectations that had been formed of him. While he was uniformly circumspect in his deportment, and industrious in his habits, and respectful to the authorities of college, he showed himself possessed of a mind which shone beyond the brightest and towered above the loftiest. He was graduated in the summer of 1800; and the oration which he delivered on that occasion, especially when taken in connection with his extremely youthful appearance, is said to have well nigh entranced his audience.

During the four years that immediately succeeded his graduation, he was chiefly occupied in the study of theology, though in connection with this he was also employed partly as a private tutor, in the family of a relative at Waltham, and partly as an assistant in Exeter Academy. Having, after a very extensive course of reading on theological subjects, received license to preach, he appeared in the pulpit first in the autumn of 1804, and, by his remarkable eloquence, produced an impression upon all classes of hearers which has been rarely, if ever, exceeded. As Brattle street church, Boston, was then vacant, his labors were immediately put in requisition by that congregation; and after he had supplied them a few weeks, he was called with great unanimity to be their pastor. He accepted the invitation, and was accordingly ordained, January 30, 1805, at the early age of 21. His father preached on the occasion of his ordination, and the discourse was published.

Immediately after his ordination, his labors in the pulpit were suspended for some two months, by a severe illness, which was induced by the fatigue and anxiety which he experienced on that occasion; and his first sermon, which was preached in March following, instead of having reference to his recent induction to the ministerial office, was suggested by his yet more recent recovery from severe illness. It is one of the sermons included in the first volume of his works, and is generally regarded as among the most beautiful and devotional and useful of all his productions.

Mr. Buckminster quickly became the favorite not only of his own congregation, but of the community at large, especially of the more cultivated portion of it; and the effect of this was, that there were such drafts made upon his time and strength, not only in the way of parochial labor, but especially of general intercourse, that his feeble constitution, at no distant period, gave indications of premature decay. Disease in one of its most frightful forms, which had appeared some years before, began now very perceptibly to develope itself; and neither he nor his friends could overlook the probability that that exquisitely fine mind which his Maker had given him, would ere long be reduced to an absolute wreck. Notwithstanding he exhibited the utmost cheerfulness and fortitude in the discharge of his duties, and in his intercourse with his friends, the following extract from his private journal shows that he was fully awake to the sad reality of his condition.

"Oct. 31, 1805. Another fit of epilepsy. I pray God that I may be prepared, not so much for death, as for the loss of health, and perhaps of mental faculties. The repetition of these fits must at length reduce me to idiocy. Can I resign myself to the loss of memory and of that knowledge I may have vainly prided myself upon? O God, enable me to bear this thought, and make it familiar to my mind, that by thy grace I may be willing to endure life as long as thou pleasest to lengthen it. It is not enough to be willing to leave the world when God pleases; we should be willing even to be useless in it, if he, in his holy providence, should send such a calamity upon us. I think I perceive my memory fails me. O God, save me from that hour!"

In the spring of the next year (1806), as it was apparent that his disease was making serious ravages upon his constitution, he began to entertain the idea of relaxing for a while from his labors, and making a voyage across the Atlantic. His society generously fell in with the suggestion, and consented to dispense temporarily with his services, in the hope that both he and they might be benefited by the measure; and accordingly he sailed for Liverpool in the month of May. After passing a month or two in Great Britain, where he met with the most hospitable welcome, and formed many most agreeable acquaintances, he embarked for the continent; and, having visited the most important places in Holland and Switzerland, made his way to Paris, where, on account of the embarrassments of the intercourse with England, he was unexpectedly detained five months. During this period he was far enough from being idle. He was luxuriating among the literary treasures of the old world, and was especially occupied in collecting a library, which, for its extent and variety, was at that time, as it is believed, unrivalled by any private library in this country. In a letter to his father, dated May, 1807, he has the following touching allusion to this part of his occupation, in connection with the uncertainty of his prospects in respect to life and health.

"If the malady with which it has pleased God to afflict me, should not entirely disappear, I hope I shall be able, by his grace, so to discipline my mind as to prepare it for any consequences of such a disorder—consequences which I dread to anticipate, but which I think I could bear without guilty complaint. I sometimes fancy that my memory has already suffered; but perhaps it is all fancy. You will perhaps say that it is no very strong proof that I have any serious apprehensions on this score, that I am continually purchasing and sending out books, and saying to my mind, 'Thou hast goods laid up for many years.' True; but though I may be cut off by the judgment of God from the use of these luxuries, they will be a treasure to those who succeed me, like the hoards of a miser scattered after his death. I consider that by every book I send out, I do something for my dear country, which the love of money seems to be depressing almost into unlettered barbarism."

He left Paris for London some time in February, and passed the spring and summer in travelling in different parts of Great Britain, and early in the autumn returned to this country, after having been absent about a year and four months. He now resumed the duties of the ministry with new alacrity and ardor, besides contributing an efficient influence to the promotion of various objects of general utility.

From this time to the close of his life, there is little of incident in his history, other than pertains to the ordinary routine of ministerial duty in a large city congregation. Early in 1809 he published a sermon on the death of Governor Sullivan, the first of his productions which ever appeared with his name. It is a truly magnificent discourse, and for elevation, and pathos, and appropriateness, compares well with the best funeral sermons in the language. In 1810 he delivered an address before the society of Phi Beta Kappa, at Cambridge, which, perhaps, more than anything he has left behind him, discovers the gracefulness and the richness of his mind, in connection with his extraordinary familiarity with the whole field of literature. In 1811 he published a sermon on the death of the Rev. William Emerson, of Boston, which, though evidently bearing marks of the same consummate genius with his other productions, was greatly inferior to either of those which we have mentioned; and we have heard it said that the difference was to be attributed to the fact that this discourse was written at a time when he had but partially recovered from an attack of epilepsy. In the course of the sermon there occurs this remarkable, and as it proved, ominous, quotation—"Oh, 'tis well with *him;* but who knows what the coming hour, veiled in thick darkness, brings for *us!*" We remember to have been told at the time, that during the delivery of the sermon, and if we mistake not, in connection with the striking quotation just referred to, the audience were thrown into the utmost consternation by his giving indications of the approach of one of those paroxysms attendant on his disease; but after a minute's pause he recovered himself, and proceeded without embarrassment to the close of his discourse.

In 1811 he was appointed to deliver the first course of letters on Biblical criticism, on the foundation then recently established by the Hon. Samuel Dexter. Philology, especially as connected with the interpretation of the Scriptures, had long been a favorite study with him, and the highest expectations were entertained by his friends of the result of his labors in that department. With reference to this professorship, he had entered on a wide field of Biblical inquiry; but he had done little more than sketch some very general outlines of his lectures, when this and every other earthly project was terminated by death. A sudden recurrence of his disease completely prostrated both his physical and intellectual powers; and after languishing a few days, without any apparent consciousness of what was passing around him, the spirit escaped from its earthly tabernacle, to mingle in those invisible scenes which had so long been the object of his serious and earnest contemplation.

Few deaths have ever occurred in any community that have been the occasion of such deep and universal gloom. The newspapers of the day were full of the most lofty eulogies upon his character, and of calculations of the loss which the world had sustained by his death. His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Kirtland, President of Harvard College, a touching and brilliant extract from which was afterwards published, if we mistake not, in connection with Dr. Palfrey's discourses on the history of the Brattle street church. His remains were deposited in the family vault of his relative, Mr. Lyman, at Waltham, but within the last four or five years they have found their final resting-place beneath a beautiful monument in the Mount Auburn cemetery.

Mr. Buckminster's personal appearance was most agreeable and attractive. He was rather below the common size, but his form was perfectly symmetrical, and his whole air and manner as graceful as can be imagined. His countenance is happily represented by Stuart's picture, an admirable engraving of which is prefixed to the first editions of his sermons. But when his face was lighted up with thought and animation, there was sometimes that in it which no human art could transfer to the canvass. There are many still living who value their own recollections of his countenance, especially in those seasons of unearthly illumination, far more than anything that the power of art can communicate to them.

Nor was there less of symmetry in his mind than in his body. He had the power and the splendor of genius without its eccentricity. While he was capable of profound investigation, and sometimes pushed his inquiries very far into the regions of abstract metaphysics, he had an imagination that could luxuriate upon the grand and the beautiful, and combine with inimitable effect the brightest images from every part of the creation. He was withal a most diligent student, and was never satisfied unless he was enlarging his intellectual resources, and acquiring new degrees of intellectual vigor.

In his moral constitution also he was in no small degree distinguished. There was a frankness and manliness about him which repelled every suspicion of the possibility of anything like unworthy management; and there was a winning gentleness and kindness beaming in his countenance, that predisposed even a stranger not only to admire, but to love him. We write this from a vivid recollection of our own experience. We thought, at the moment of our introduction to him, that we had never seen a more beautiful combination of the intellectual and moral in a human face; and though we have seen more than thirty years since that time, we continue of the same opinion still.

Buckminster's religious views were undoubtedly, in some sense, Unitarian; and yet there are many truths which a portion of that denomination at least have since rejected, which he held with unyielding tenacity. He was educated entirely under the influence of an orthodox faith, and it is not too much to presume that this had an important effect to the last in modifying his religious views. It is certain that he took very serious views of religion, and urged many of its truths and duties with no common power. We scarcely know, for instance, where to look for a more thrilling, we may say awful, appeal to the consciences of sinners on the danger of delays in religion, than is furnished by a paragraph in his sermon on habit, in relation to the inefficacy of a death-bed repentance. And with the exception of a single sermon, we do not remember anything in his published works which positively conflicts with what is commonly called the orthodox faith, though there are several sermons in which there are omissions which we have occasion to regret

As a preacher, leaving out of view his peculiarities of religious doctrine, which we are far from being disposed to represent as unimportant, we suppose it is generally conceded that he was among the first—we mean the most splendidly eloquent—which this country has ever seen. There was perhaps less of passion than would suit a considerable portion of hearers; but there was so much of graceful simplicity and eloquence, so much reverence and solemnity, accompanied with the beaming forth through the countenance of every tender and generous emotion, that the effect of his delivery was well nigh matchless. We remember to have heard that the late chief justice Parsons, than whom there was no better judge in all matters of taste and intellect, remarked, after hearing him preach at the Thursday lecture a sermon on Providence, that his audience were so entranced that one might have almost cut their throats without their being sensible of it.

Shortly after Mr. Buckminster's death a volume was published which has passed through several editions; and after a lapse of a number of years another volume was sent forth, both of which are included in the last and complete edition of his works. It is due to candor to say that the first volume is greatly superior to the second, though the second does not approach to anything that partakes of mediocrity. The two volumes will always remain a monument of one ot the most splendid intellects of the age; and if they are not in every respect what some of us would desire, they contain very little in a religious point of view to which any serious Christian can object.

We conclude this brief sketch of this extraordinary man repeating the assurance with which we commenced, that we have no sympathy with what we suppose to have been his peculiar religious views, and that we should have been glad to have been able to record concerning him that he lived and died in the faith of his fathers. But, after all, our motto is, "honor to whom honor;" and we are glad to have had an opportunity of thus speaking out our impressions of his character. So long as the highest intellectual endowments and the most amiable and generous dispositions shall be held in grateful regard, we confidently expect that the name of Buckminster will live in the affectionate remembrances of posterity.

The following letter was addressed by him to a particular friend, a member of the Boston association, while he was making his tour in Europe:

London, July 23d, 1806.

My Dear Brother,

When I began my letter to Mr. L., I supposed the ship would sail the next day, and that I should have no time to pen a line to you, but I have since found that this vessel, like most others, is no unapt emblem of punctual people like you and me, who are never ready to a minute, but whose delays sometimes have their use, and who, to say the least, are worth waiting for. You do not expect that I should repay your letter in kind, by detailing all that I have seen and heard in this wonderful metropolis; in truth, the employment of all the senses here is so continual, that there is no space for reflection, and even Memory is almost crushed under the weight of the great burden she has to carry. Among the great men whom I have seen and heard, are Sir Joseph Banks, Sir Ch. Blagden, Mr. Planta, Librarian of the British Museum, Rev. Wm. Tooke, translator of Zollikofer, and author of several works relating to Russia, one of the pleasantest men in the world, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Belsham, &c.

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Among other *great men* whom I have had the pleasure of frequently meeting, I was just about to mention Mrs. Barbauld, and if you will excuse the false concord, I will go on to Dr. Aikin, a true philosopher of the academic sect—his son Arthur, editor of the Annual Review—his younger son, Charles, an eminent surgeon, about to be married to E. Wakefield's daughter, who knows more Greek than any woman in England since the death of Mrs. Carter; Dr. Toulmin, of Birmingham, an excellent old clergyman; Robert Bloomfield, author of the "Farmer's Boy," &c.; Dr. Reese, &c. You may well suppose, my dear sir, that with such men as these, and many others of similar accomplishments, it is my own fault if I am not at once delighted and improved; and I must acknowledge that my expectations, though high, have not been disappointed in the literati of England.

As to the progress of theological literature, I much fear that it is on the decline. The churchmen are busy in the dispute about the sense of the Articles and the Calvinism of the establishment. Dr. Lawrence, in his late Bampton Lectures, has very nearly settled the controversy, by showing that they are Lutheran. The second volume of Griesbach is printed in Germany, and is expected every day in England. The paper was furnished us for the first volume by the Duke of Grafton; but I much fear this will not allow it to be sold at so cheap a rate. I have inquired of Belsham whether his work on the Epistles had gone to press. I find that it is not yet finished, though he assured me that he could truly say *nulla dies sine lima.* The Unitarian Society is preparing to publish a new translation of the New Testament, of which Bishop Newcome's is to be the basis. But notwithstanding all this show of exertion, there is a shameful neglect of theological studies among the clergy of the church and of the dissenting interests. Those of the establishment prefer classical and secular pursuits, because they have been, in fact, the whole business of the schools and universities; and this inordinate attention to philosophical and classical accomplishments is encouraged by those who are high in church and state, partly, I believe, because it diverts the mind from metaphysical and theological investigation, and they are afraid of the result of too deep inquiry among the dissenters. I think there is a tendency to what I may fairly call American divinity; and some of the principal leaders of the Independents are, I suspect, well indoctrinated in the systems of Edwards and Hopkins. The rational Christians, as they call themselves, diminish in numbers, and certainly gain no accession of talents. They see their danger, and comfort themselves with the consideration that *truth is mighty, and will prevail.* Whether this is synonymous with the prevalence of Unitarianism, many take the liberty of doubting.

I have found a source of information respecting the mode of education at Westminster school, of which I hope that you may profit. My best respects to Mr. Parsons. I wish there were any subject on which he would be so good as to direct my inquiries here. Remember my dear people; preach to them as often as you can, and may God preserve your life and health, that I may find in you, when I return, the same aid, friendship, and support which I have already experienced.

Your affectionate brother,
J. S. Buckminster.

Remember me particularly to the Association and Wednesday Night Club.

GROWING OLD.

BY J. HONEYWELL.

In the lapse of years our hopes are dim,
Our warm affections cold,
Yet how unwilling to confess
That we are growing old.
Life's morning sun in beauty burst
Upon our opening view,
And thought was pure and holy then,
Bright winged and ardent too.

The buoyant pulse beat strong and free
In that dream-woven day;
Brave were the hearts, and bold the deeds,
That pressed their eager way;
And though we saw that others failed,
Our faith grew not the less,—
What man had done we dared to do,
Nor dreamed but of success.

Where are our aspirations now?
Our visions, where are they?
They people Memory's wilderness,
Lorn victims of decay!
The electric thrill we rendered back
To beauty in our youth,
Is ours no more. Love folds his wings,
And saddens into truth.

And now indeed how bitter 'tis
To look into the Past,
And see the wrecks of all our joys
Bound in its barriers fast;
And oh! how drear to feel that Time
His iron heel has pressed
On our enthusiast hopes, and crushed
The strongest and the best.

This is the thought that fires the brain
With keen and poisonous art—
That wrings the life with lightning grasp,
From out the weary heart:

Yet here we cling with desperate force,
Amid the sickening strife,
For time, who steals our years away,
Steals not the love of life.

I'm growing old—and fate will soon
Set my worn spirit free,
To plume its wings beyond the surge
Of Life's cold, treacherous sea;
To find in yon celestial sky,
And on yon radiant shore,
The hope that is a present joy,
And lives for evermore!

MARY WILSON.

Our graveyard is a lovely spot. None could be lovelier. At the foot of the hill, on whose side rest the fathers of our village, the lordly Hudson rises and falls with a heavy pulsation, as if the heart-throbs of the great earth were visible in it as it were a huge artery. The mountains are above it. The morning sun looks on it from the peaks of the highlands, and as the same sun goes down at night, the hill-tops gleam with his rays, and seem set to be guardians around that burial-place.

It matters little where the body shall sleep when its inhabitant is gone. The eye of God will never lose it, and the trump of the archangel will not fail to reach it, whether it be laid away on the shelf of a vault, or buried in the ground; whether it rest in the vast catacombs of Egypt, or in a dead pit at Naples, or in such a quiet, shady spot as is our village graveyard. Still there is a pleasure in the thought that the body we have become attached to by long communion, sharing its joys and sorrows (albeit it has been to the spirit as a jailor to his prisoner), will be laid away, not hastily or rudely, but with solemn words and sobs, and bowed heads and tears, not in a common grave-pit, but by the side of the loved, in the shade of the trees under which we walked and sat in lifetime, and where the living will walk and talk of us as they bend over our graves. Thus sleeps "our gentle May," and over her grave stands a simple block of marble, on which is carved a rosebud with a broken stem, and no words but the two, "Mary Wilson."

The remark is often made that we are creatures of circumstance, but it is made too frequently without an idea of its truth. In almost every character we may trace the effects of incidents in past life, and many inexplicable traits would be easily explained by the history of the soul in which they exist. Many characters are wholly formed by the incidents of early days. This remark is made for the purpose of introducing a brief portion of the history of our friend, which had a deep influence on her after life, even to the verge of death.

The family of Mr. Wilson consisted of himself and Mrs. W., Mary, and a brother only a year older than herself. Their residence, the most beautiful in the village, was filled with every luxury that human ingenuity could invent, or the most covetous heart desire. But the destroyer entered even there, and the father fell before him. Scarcely had the earth been laid over Mr. W., when a sudden and hasty summons arrived for Henry to go to New Orleans, and attend to some business which remained unsettled. He was young and inexperienced, but peculiarly observant and better fitted for such business than most young men of more years and less talents. He had just graduated at Princeton, and was not the less willing to undertake the journey, from the consideration that he should there meet his chosen and intimate associate, Edward Crawford.

Crawford was a noble specimen of a young man, whose life was one of high Christian principle. While in college he was select in his company, carefully punctual in his duties, and gifted with that easy grace and nobility of character which wins its way to all hearts. It was not strange that in the course of the vacation, which he passed with his chum on the Hudson, he should have learned to love his beautiful and gentle sister; nor was it at all marvellous that she should have returned his love. Such was the state of things when Henry went to New Orleans.

He had been gone but a few weeks when Mrs. W. and Mary went to the city to pass some time, and, as usual, went to one of the oldest hotels in the lower part of Broadway, from which house they had found it most convenient to visit in various directions. They expected Henry to return and meet them there. At this time Mary received a letter from her brother which sent a chill to her heart. He stated that he should not be able to return as soon as he had anticipated, in consequence of the severe sickness of Crawford, who lacked company; but that he should leave as soon as he was well enough to admit of it.

There are those who will read this simple narrative of a young girl's love, and smile at the thought of so many words made out of such a small matter. Not so others more thoughtful. The affections are the strongest actions of the mind. No thought that enters an immortal soul is to be esteemed a light matter, for that thought, however slight and careless, is recorded on the soul it had birth in, as well as on the memory of its Maker, and will be read in eternity. No action of the intellect is ever lost, and the affections, standing, as they do, first in the list, have a mighty influence in shaping out the destiny of the soul. Laugh then, if you dare, ye who scoff at the loves of your fellows, but remember that the God who made you is love.

Mary was invited by a friend living out on the island to pass some days with her, and as an uncle (her mother's brother) had arrived in the city, she consented to leave her mother with him and go out to the home of her friend. A foreboding of some coming sorrow hung over her, and it was in vain that she attempted to drive it away. A week had gone quietly by, and the evening of a stormy day had passed into a clear cold night. It was after midnight that she sat with her friend before the grate, when they were startled by the sound of a horse's tread as the rider urged him swiftly up the avenue. Another moment and the door bell rang furiously. A sudden pallor spread over Mary's features, but she sprang instantly into the entry, and rushing to the door, threw back bolts and lock, and opened it to the impatient messenger. She was not surprised, for her heart had foretold the summons. Her brother stood before her.

"Is he dead, Henry?"

"No, Mary, but dying fast! We reached the city this evening, and I have left him at ——— Hotel, to come for you. He wishes to see you, and we much fear that the excitement of the change from ship to land has so weakened him, that he will not see the sun rise. So, hasten."

She was gone, and the next instant stood again beside him, ready to accompany him. But the means? Haste was important; all wished it, and she more than all. She was an elegant rider, and never looked so well as when on her favorite horse. But the world was sleeping, and none saw the brother and sister that starry night, as they urged their gallant steeds towards the city. The first mile was passed swiftly, in perfect silence; then she inquired briefly the particulars of Crawford's sickness, and the reasons of his coming north. It seemed as if all else was already told her—the fearful inroads which disease had made, and the certainty of approaching death. On and on they pressed, and entering the suburbs of the city without pausing, dashed down Broadway.

Often since then, as I have passed through the great thoroughfare and watched the gay thousands that crowd its promenade, or roll over its pavement in carriages, the scene of that night has been vividly before me. The last lights in the houses had gone out, save the watcher's lamp by the sick or dead; and the stars shone down on the deserted streets with mournful but calm rays. Side by side the two brave horses leaped over the pavement; and I have often heard Henry say that his sister's grasp on her rein was firm, and her eye watchful for every possible obstruction, and that he never saw her sit in saddle more firmly, or hold her head more erectly. They spoke no word, and no sound was heard but the click of their horses' hoofs on the stones, as they flew onward, without slackening the fearful pace, till in front of the ———. In an instant they were on the sidewalk, and a servant, who was stationed to await them, opened the door and took the horses, while they entered. Without delay they passed through the halls and to the room in which Mrs. Wilson sat by the bedside of Crawford.

It is not for me to open the scene in that room to the gaze of the stranger; yet I would fain attempt some account of the death-bed of a young Christian. The meeting between those two I dare not speak of. A half hour passed, and Crawford turned his head from the earnest gaze into Mary's eyes, which had been steadily fixed from the moment of her entry, and looked upward. Sudden strength seemed given to his arm, and he raised it in the air, while his slender finger pointed up to heaven, and a bright flash came into his eyes as he exclaimed, "There shall be no night there, Mary." She continued the quotation, and stood by his side, while her clear voice filled the room.

"Yes, I have had visions of the home we hasten to," said he. "Long and wearisome has the vigil been here; but the night is fading in the day. I shall be free and strong. In my anticipation of this hour, I have feared much that you who are now with me, you three, the only ones left who love me, would forget your duty to God, and the great duty of submission to his will. For you more than any other, Mary, I feared, inasmuch as our love has been all to each other. But remember that we have not loved with a love that looked to any end or object; our love has been firm, and its reward was in continual possession. Have we looked to death as its end? No! I leave you now; but you will come to me, and we shall be together yonder! If we have been happy here in the holy communings we have held of things beyond our actual vision, and in the glorious views we have caught at times of the land of the blessed, shall we not be happier then when we shall stand before the throne of the Saviour—nay, when we shall approach that solemn tribunal and plead his atonement? It has been the longing of my life to reach the spot on which I now stand. You have often heard me say it, Mary; not in misanthropy, nor in the desire for death to release me from toil; but because I thirsted for fountains I cannot find here—for existence—large-souled existence, where I shall see thee, oh Lamb of Calvary, and praise thee! aye, praise thee. Better praise thee in the dust, at thy feet, than stand silent in thy presence!"

"Hush, Edward, hush. You are wasting priceless breath."

"And what was it given me for but to speak HIS praise? And if I see now holier scenes, and hear now seraphic notes, and begin to join in angelic pleasures, why not use this last breath to tell it to you? Will ye not remember these words in after years, ye dear ones? Will they not come to you in the night time, when your ears are open to sounds from the spirit-land?"

A moment of silence ensued. If I could paint the scene in that room, it would form a picture in the life of man, robbing death of all its terrors. But I have thus far endeavored to avoid attempting descriptions of scenes, which in themselves defy all essay to paint, or which might appear either mawkish or out of place to the most fastidious. The position of the various actors may be imagined at this moment.

Suddenly pointing upward, the sick man exclaimed, "My mother!" His hand dropped, but his lips continued to move, and we could catch at times words of beauty and sublimity, descriptive of that home to which he was hastening. He turned his face at length to the gaze of Mary, who sat on the side of his bed, and continued for about half an hour in low, calm, and earnest conversation.

"You'll bury me up in the country, in your old graveyard, where we used to be so much together, Mary? You'll come there and see my grave once in a while? but don't weep overmuch. Remember that I am not there!"

Another pause; then he murmured half audibly, "This mortal shall put on immortality," repeating it once, and with a quick movement stretched out his arms towards Mary. She sprang into his embrace, received once again his fervent kiss; but when she sought to look into his eye, the film of death was over it. One word escaped his lips, "Heaven!" another, "Christ!" his embrace relaxed, and she gently laid him back on his pillow.

Thenceforth Mary Wilson was another being. She walked as if conscious of a spiritual presence with her always. She was sedate at times, at times lively, always cheerful. She spoke of the departed with calmness and deep affection, and often visited his grave. She speculated much on the doctrine of the presence of the spirits of the departed, and was apparently satisfied of its truth. After all, there is nothing to forbid the thought, and the earnest desire of the soul is an excuse for the belief. She once quoted the words of "gentle Charles Lamb" to me, standing by the grave of Edward Crawford.

"He is," said she, "not lost, but

"Gone before
To that unseen and silent shore!
Shall we not meet as heretofore,
Some summer morning?"

Three years have passed since the death of Crawford, and she sleeps by his side. Those years she spent in works of love and mercy. She was an angel to the sick, and bore the bread of life eternal, as well as of life temporal, to the poor. She did not fail to acknowledge Christ always; and she who had been among us from childhood became the idol of all.

She died, not of a broken heart, but of a brain fever. While she was sick, a quiet seemed to pervade the whole village. Her fever left her, but in such weakness that she could not speak nor move. Her eye lighted occasionally, and when one beside her whispered "Edward," she looked up with a smile of glorious beauty, and seemed to be endeavoring to articulate "Heaven." It was the last sign of intelligence she exhibited. I cannot better describe her death than in the words of Hood's "Death-bed."

We watched her breathing through the night,
  Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
  Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
  So slowly mov'd about,
As we had lent her half our powers
  To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
  Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
  And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
  And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids clos'd—she had
  Another morn than ours.

Have they not met ere this, those two so loving and so lovely? Who shall say not?

THE SACRED FIRE.

BY BAILLIE WOOD LANBURN.

DEEP night is on the Isles! Its surges roll
In the dark dashing of a shoreless sea,
Wide as the desert of the rayless realm
Whereon they lie: now leaping in their might,
They ride the bosom of the dreary waste,
Or hasten, in their wildness, till they break
On the lone isle that answers back the sound.

Methinks I see the Storm King on his path,
Riding his chariot in the shrouding gloom,
Grown grey with hoary thought that knows no rest,
And watching with an eye that seems to pierce
Th' abysmal waste: he twines a misty wreath
Round his high brow, and spangles it with gems
Caught from the crystal wave that tosses on
In its wild ecstasy, unknowing all,
That the loved sport shall be prolonged, and end
In the wild billow and the roaring surge:
He calls his minstrels forth, and they with sounds
That whisper in his ear, or swell anon
To a bold hymn, delight his moody hour.
High thoughts are stirred within, and Passion leaps
In her pent home, and putting on her garb,
Breaks from her prison-house, to bid the seer
Awake and know his power. The tumult starts
The solemn hour of night, and storm and cloud
Vie with the heaving throe or mighty shock
That rocks the islands in their ocean-bed.

Thus were thine isles, Pacific! spreading far
Within the mantling of thy stormy breast,
Where, 'mid dark night a darker faith subdued
The burdened spirit with its terrors reign.
High rose the bloody fane in verdant groves,
Where Nature, lavish of her floral gifts,
Had carpeted the earth with countless hues
And graceful forms, as delicate as pure,
That held the morning dew-drops in the ray,
Just leaping from its fount, to give a life
And utterance to the beauty nestling there.

What orgies these that rend the ear of night!
What offerings bring they in the startled hour!
Oh, cease thy babbling, REASON! and declare
Where now thy boasted power to discern
The infinite, unsearchable, Supreme
In thine own essence? Thou, too frail to call
Into existence e'en a grassy blade,
Or bid one drop of water from its source,
Or still one wave, wouldst grasp the sphered whole

Of Nature's limitless expanse. Canst thou exult
In self-shrined greatness when thou fallest down
To worship Matter? graven stones, or things
Of rough-hewn shapes—unlike what most they were like—
Conceptions monstrous—phantasies of mind—
Wild Thought's abortions—impotent attempts
To realize a God! Oh, puny thing!
That spurn'st the Fount whence all thy light is given—
Thou, too, that burnest by a pristine flame
From off God's altar, thou wouldst plume thy wing,
And soar in circles infinite, to gain
The highest peak that towers sublime beyond.
But vainly thou! Returned from daring flights
Beyond thy power, with worn, o'erwearied wing,
I see thee walk 'mid fanes where bird or beast,
Or coarse similitude, or demon shape,
Receives the worship of a deathless soul.
Faith gives her throne to Terror: she that springs
Forth from her star-paved realm and gives to man
A spotless jewel, shining through the gloom
In which Sin wraps the soul, to lead him on,
By its pure light, to Heaven's eternal fields—
She soars away, and Fear assumes to reign,
Gross and debasing, in her mould'ring halls.

Death-damps hung o'er thy vales, and round thy hills
Thick clouds rolled heavily in sullen mood,
Or sent great drops that fell on stagnant pools,
While blight and mildew touched the living soul,
And left the spirit prostrate in the tomb,
Hopeless of resurrection from the dead.

Such was thy night, TAHITI! such thy doom—
Like this the faith that bound thy longing soul,
And with thee chained a thousand clustering isles.
Yet not for ever must the conquest be!
Day breaks upon a world of sin and gloom,
And thou shalt reap that ecstasy of bliss
That thrills the pulses of a new-born age
With hope and love, forth springing from our God.

Thy spirit voice that cried for something True—
That sent its aspirations forth, and spoke
In the thick ear of Night its longings, swept
Past its dull confines, and with rapid flight
Broke forth in free desiring—swift she sped
Unto the Earnest—caught petition thence—
And soon responsive, on his golden wing,
The Day leaped flashing o'er thy stricken vales.

Swift through the pall it rent its lightning path—
Dashed the wild gloom to caves of sin and death,
In the vast realms where cold Negation lies,
Racking his pain-bound limbs, and cursing e'er
The soul that wanders in his distant zone:
Then rolled the clouds away, and on thy hills,
Lit up by Heaven's own fire, the ransomed soul
Made sinless sacrifice of love to God.

So broke the light upon thy Sister Isles!
And OWYHEE returned the thrilling sound
That RARATONGA caught, as on it sped,
To bless the oases of Ocean's breast:
Or where URVA's vale in stillness lay,
A light has sprung to live in quenchless power,
And mark the dial of a holier age.

Forth from the bloody fane old gods of Night—
Wild demon shapes, that vexed the groaning Earth—
Gross thoughts in grosser form—dark types of souls
That brought Divinity to Matter's verge—
Young gods just born, who sought the holy breath
Apotheosis gives to lips divine—
On the bold shore, where storm and land gods met,
Holding their council in the warring strife,
Were brought and piled. Then Truth held forth her lens,
And sent one blazing ray, whose kindling power,
Like the swift flashing of the lightning's gleam,
Struck the proud pile, and broke their demon reign.

No more shall ORO lead his hosts to war,
Or raise the gory spear and piercing cry
That calls to battle—nor shall victims die
On the foul altar where its horrid rites
Are celebrate in blood of deathless souls—
No more thy vales be filled with sighs and groans
Wrung from the helpless in their darkened hour:
PEACE linked with LOVE—bright angels from the skies—
Have marked these vales and sealed them all with bliss.

No more TAARO breaks the womb of Night,
And leaps from Chaos into life and day,
To give his fiat, while the heralds wait
His will supreme. No SKY-PRODUCER looks
Down the Abyss and gives it power to bear
Rocks, islands, waters, and their endless shapes
Of life and beauty: and no TA-NE leads
The willing worship of the Huahine:
Now old TE-RONGO dies, though filled with slain
That piled his temple with immortal food:
And TA-AU flees the light, with thundering sound,
To die in distance, where oblivion deep
Hangs round the confines of their native Po.

Thus were their forms consumed—the setting ray
Fell on the embers where a nation's Faith
Died 'mid the ashes of its holiest things.
And soon from Heaven a pure, subduing stream,
Unsullied, calm, resistless, fell around—
A holy flame of spiritual life.
It seemed to spread—so soft, so genial all,
So full of mild entrancement, I could look
For ever on its form and never tire—
Till the blue vault in one bright-spangled arch
Rung round the harmony of countless isles,
Filled with the glory of their Heavenly King.

OUT OF PARIS—OVER THE CHANNEL TO ENGLAND.

BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

THE morning was dark and overcast, and a chill wind was blowing, as I stowed myself in the railroad cars and started for Rouen. I had not made up my mind whether I would go on to Havre, or cross from Rouen to Dieppe, and so across the channel to Brighton. Past dirty villages, through a monotonous and interminably flat country, we thundered along, while a drizzling rain, that darkened and chilled all the landscape, made the scene still more dreary and repulsive. Around me were chattering Frenchmen of every grade, keeping up an incessant clatter, that was worse even than the rattling of the cars. At noon, however, the storm began to break away, and by the time we reached Rouen, the fragmentary clouds were trooping over as blue a sky as ever gladdened the earth.

Having arrived at Rouen, I concluded to cross over to Dieppe, and so, having engaged my passage in a diligence and dined, I strolled round the town. This old city has not changed, apparently, since Joan of Arc blessed it with her presence. Everything is old about it; the houses are old; the streets are old; the very stones have an old look, and the inhabitants seem to have caught some of the rust. The streets are narrow, without sidewalks, and paved, oh how roughly! They slant down from the base of the houses to the centre, forming a sort of gutter, so that the water can pass off in a single stream. I venture to say that horses never dragged a carriage faster than a walk along the streets of Rouen. I wandered hither and thither till I came upon the cathedral, which presents a magnificent appearance, and is quite a redeeming feature in the miserable slip-shod town. Near by is a stone statue of Joan of Arc. As an old memorial of this wonderful woman, it possessed, by its associations, a deep interest. Dressed in her battle armor, she recalls strange deeds and strange times. But the statue taken by itself is a mere block of stone, and pays no great compliment to the Maid of Orleans.

After being cheated out of my place in the diligence, which I had engaged—a common custom, by the way, on the continent, and one you must make your mind up to, if a man of peace—I was compelled to take an outside seat. I should have preferred it, were we not to ride a part of the way in the night. I remember, on a similar occasion, having a regular fracas with a diligence officer in Zurich, Switzerland. I had before always hired private carriages, so as to stop or go when I pleased. But wishing to go direct from Zurich to Basle as expeditiously as possible, I concluded to take the diligence. I had been informed that the route was very much travelled that season of the year, and I ought to engage my passage as long as I could conveniently before I wished to start. So the night before, I went into the office and paid my passage, took my ticket, and supposed all was right. The next morning my baggage was put aboard, and throwing my cloak into the Coupè, I was strolling about the yard waiting the moment to start, when a gentleman accosted me, wishing to know what my number was in the Coupè. I replied I did not know, and did not take the trouble to look, as I concluded it was none of his business. He soon, however, accosted me again, which made me think something was wrong. I took out my ticket, and replied No. 2. "That is my number," said he; "let us go into the office and see about it." The secret of all this was, this man was a citizen of Zurich, and wished a seat in the Coupè, which will hold but four, but had come too late. The villainous diligence proprietor, or his agent, had concluded to give him my place, and make me wait till night. I asked the agent how this was. He said I had engaged my passage for the night. I told him it was false, and he knew it, for I had told him expressly when I was going, and had his ticket in my hand. It was of no use, however; he said I could not have my place. I was indignant at the cheat, and so told him I would take the body of the diligence. (You must know a diligence is divided into three compartments; first the Coupè in front, in which you sit and look out on the scenery with a good deal of comfort. Behind this is the main apartment, which is stuffed, like a stage coach, with seats. Behind this is still another smaller apartment, that will hold a few. Over the Coupè, on the top of the diligence, is the cabriolet, which is simply a calash-top, seat and all, set on the diligence. Behind this are several open seats, like those on the top of some of the Manhattanville stages, furnishing a sort of deck passage, not only in appearance, but price. The Coupè is the highest in price; cabriolet next; body of the diligence next; stern accommodations next; deck passage cheapest of all.) Well, cheated out of the Coupè, I offered to take the body of the diligence, without asking to have any of the money refunded. He said the seats were all engaged. I then told him I would take the cabriolet. That was full also. Anxious to leave that morning, as I had paid my bills and packed my trunks, I offered, at last, to take a deck passage, and pay the same price that I had for the Coupè. But the deck seats were all engaged. My patience was now almost exhausted; but I swallowed my indignation, and quietly asked him to refund the money, and I would post it to Basle. No, I should neither go nor have my money back, but wait till night and take a night passage! This exhausted the last drop of good-nature that had been gradually oozing out for a long time, and I told him he was a scoundrel and a cheat, and I would fetch him before the city authorities, and spend a thousand francs in Zurich before I would submit to such injustice; and I would see if there was any justice for such men in Switzerland. This brought him to terms, and I took my seat. I mention this for the sake of other travellers, and would merely add that a little boldness and a few threats will sometimes save a vast deal of annoyance, expense, and injustice. I managed the same in Rouen, whose dirty old walls and streets I never care to see again.

Over an uneven and hilly road we wound our way, till at last, after dark, tired and hungry, we rolled into Dieppe, which is picturesquely situated on a small port, with a very narrow entrance. I had become acquainted on the way with a French merchant who lived at Brighton, and we stopped at the same hotel In the morning, when we came to settle our bills, I noticed that he paid much less than I did. I said nothing at the time, but soon after asked him how it happened that I was charged so much more than he, when we had had similar accommodations. "Oh," said he, with the utmost *naiveté*, "you are a gentleman and I am a merchant; gentlemen always pay more." I looked at him a moment to see if he was quizzing me, but I saw he was quite serious. "Well, but," said I, "how did that woman know I was a gentleman and you was not? I am sure you are dressed more like one than myself." "Oh," he replied, "I told her I was a merchant, and tradesmen are always charged less." This being called a gentleman merely because you do not say you are not, and being charged for it, too, was entirely new to me, traveller as I was; but before I got through with England I understood it perfectly. It is curious sometimes to see how one is made aware of his superior claims. Now I never should have dreamed, from the apartments given me, or the fare I received, that I was taken for a gentleman; and as for attentions, my friend the merchant received more of *them* than I did; and I might have left Dieppe and its miserable, dirty hotel utterly unconscious of the high estimation in which I was held by the slattern mistress, if I had not been called to *pay* for that esteem With all due deference to the good woman, I must say I do not think I got the worth of my money.

But soon all was bustle and confusion, as the passengers rushed for the steamboat that lay against the wharf. The tide was fast ebbing, and we must hurry, or the boat would be aground. One would have thought, from the uproar, that a seventy-four gun ship had swam into port, and the exact moment of high tide must be seized to get her out, instead of a paltry steamboat, which would not be tolerated on any line between New York and Albany. With this contracted thing, which would have answered to ply on the Hudson between some of the smaller towns, we pushed from the port and stood out to sea. The wind was blowing strongly off the shore, and we expected a passage of six or seven hours across the channel. The shores of France receded, and the little cockle-shell went curtseying over the waves as self-conceited as if she were a gallant ship. Some few fresh water travellers could not stand even the gentle motion she made going before the wind, and disappeared, one after another, below. I watched the receding shore awhile, and the white sails, here and there, that were flocking out to sea, and then sat down near some Englishmen and listened for a while to their conversation. I soon fell into an agreeable chit-chat with an intelligent and accomplished Irish gentleman, which wore away another hour. During the forenoon I was struck with the different manner an Englishman will assume towards an

American and an English stranger. There were two proud and haughty looking men, from Nottingham as I afterwards learned, who seemed averse to taking part in the conversation. The increased motion of the boat had continued to send the passengers below, till but a few and those gentlemen were left on deck. With nothing to read, and having got thoroughly tired of my own company, I very naturally sought to enlist them in conversation. But, John Bull-like, they maintained a stubborn *hauteur* that nothing seemed able to overthrow. At length, to gratify a mere passing whim, I accidentally let it slip out in a remark that I was an American. You cannot conceive the change that passed over them; their frozen deportment became genial at once, and they seemed as anxious to enter into conversation as they were before to avoid it. This sudden transformation puzzled me at first, but I was soon able to unriddle it. Taking me for an Englishman, and not knowing what rank I held in English society, they were afraid of putting themselves on too familiar footing with one below them. Perhaps I was a London tallow chandler or haberdasher, or even tailor, and it was not best to make too free with their dignity; but, as an American, I stood on fair and equal ground. With a republican, one does not commit himself, for he addresses a man who, if in the lowest, is still in the highest rank. The King of Sweden will invite a *chargé d'affaires*, after he has resigned and become an American citizen, to sit beside the Queen at his own table, which he would not allow him to do as a diplomatic officer of the second rank. One of those English gentlemen, before he left me in London, gave me a pressing invitation to visit him at Nottingham—a hospitality as unexpected as it was grateful.

But alas for this world of sudden changes! The wind which had followed in our wake, and sent us swiftly forward, began now to haul around, and finally got directly abeam. The waves were making fast, and the little boat heeled over, as she puffed and blowed along, while the sky became overcast, and dark, and ominous. The wind kept constantly moving about from point to point, till at length it got dead ahead, and blew in our very teeth. Acting as if it had now achieved some great feat and fairly outwitted us, it began to blow most furiously, as if to make up for its mildness while creeping stealthily around to head us off. If it had begun a little sooner, it would have driven us back to Dieppe; but now we were so far across, that by the time the sea was fairly awake and its waves abroad, we hoped to be under a bold shore. But before the white cliffs of England began to rise over the sea, our little cockle-shell was making wild work in the water. The sea had made fast, and now kept one half of her constantly drenched. Every wave burst over her forward deck, and the poor deck passengers crowded back to the farthest limit of their territory, and there, crouching before the fierce sea-blast, took the spray of each spent wave on their shrinking forms. I never saw a boat act so like a fury in my life. She was so small, and the sea was so chopped up, that she bounced about like a mad creature. Now on one side, and now on the other; now rearing up on her stern, shaking the spray from her head, and almost snorting in the effort; and now plunging her forehead into the sea and shivering like a creature in the ague; she tumbled, and floundered, and pitched on in such complicated movements, that it completely turned my, as I thought, sea-hardened stomach upside down. I had never been very sea-sick in my life, although I had crossed the Atlantic, and sailed almost the length and breadth of the Mediterranean; but here I was thoroughly so. It was provoking to be so sea-sick on such a strip of water as this, and in a small steamboat; but it could not be helped. The frantic boat jerked, and wriggled, and stopped, and started, and plunged, and rolled so abruptly and irregularly, that it made the strongest head turn; and, months after, I could not recall that drunken gallopade in the waters of the British Channel without feeling dizzy. I walked the deck—then sat down—looked off on the distant chalk cliffs that were just visible in the distance, and tried to think it was foolish to be affected by such a small affair. It all would not do, and I at length rolled myself up in my cloak and flung myself full length on deck, and fairly groaned.

But at length Brighton hove in sight, and I staggered up to gladden my eyes once more with the fresh earth and the dwellings of men. As I saw the carriages rattling along the streets, and men promenading by the sea shore, I wondered how one could be such a fool as to enter a ship so long as there was a foot of dry land to tread upon. To add to the pleasure of my just then not most lucid reflections, the captain told me it would be impossible to land at Brighton, the sea was so high, and we must coast along to Shoreham. "Can't you try it, captain?" I inquired most beseechingly. He shook his head. The boat was wheeled broadside to land, and began to toil her slow way to Shoreham. Narrowly escaping being driven against the sort of half moles that formed the port, we at length were safe ashore, and the pale, forsaken-looking beings below began to crawl, one after another, upon deck, and looked wistfully towards the green earth.

The miserable custom-house esteeming it quite a windfall to have so much unexpected work to do, caused us a great deal of delay and annoyance. The officers felt the consequence "a little brief authority" gives a man, and acted not only like simpletons but villains, taking bribes and shuffling and falsifying in a manner that would have made an American custom-house immortal in some Madam Trollope, or Marryat, or Dickens' sketch. I never had my patience so tried, or my indignation so aroused, by any governmental meanness on the continent. An Italian policeman exhibits more of the gentleman than did these English custom-house officers. At length I lost all patience, and bluntly told them I considered the whole of them a pack of cheats, and I would be much obliged to them if they would give me a graduated scale of their system of bribes, that I might publish it for the sake of my friends who would not wish to lose the train for London through ignorance of their peculiar mode of doing business. For my plainness of speech my trunk was overhauled without mercy; and when the officer was satisfied, he commenced tumbling back my things in the most confused manner, on purpose to annoy me. I touched his arm very politely, and told him I would pack my things myself. With a most impudent tone he bade one of the assistants put my trunk on the floor. He stepped forward to do it, when I told him he could not be allowed to touch it, and I was left alone. My English friends by this time had become perfectly furious, and several others getting wind of the trickery that had been practised, there was a general hubbub, amid which the custom-house officers became wonderfully bland and accommodating, condescending to a world of apologies.

We, however, missed that train for London, and sat down to our dinner to wait for the next.

It was dark before we approached London, and it was with strange sensations that I looked out through the gloom upon the suburbs of that mighty city. In the deep darkness and fog, the lights past which we fled seemed to come from houses built on high causeways, stretching away for miles into the gloom. The mouths of red hot furnaces would come and go with frightful rapidity; and I could not but think of Dickens' description of poor Nelly's wandering at night through the outskirts of London by the red forges of the workmen. The utter confusion and indistinctness that comes over one on entering a vast and strange city for the first time, and at night, makes it seem like a world in chaos. He stands blind and bewildered, like a lost wanderer in the midst of the pathless forest. London was the first city in Europe I had entered by night, and my inability to catch a single outline, or fix a single feature, produced a feeling of restlessness and uncertainty that was really painful. There were long lines of gas lights before me, between which surged along the mighty multitude, while a confused hum and steady jar filled all the air. What a world of human hearts was beating around me, and what a world, too, of joy and suffering they contained! At home one may not notice it; but in a strange city, to stand alone in the midst of a million of people, produces strong and sometimes overwhelming sensations. What a tide of human life was pouring along those streets; what scenes of suffering and crime that darkness enveloped! Could I look into every cellar and gloomy apartment of that vast city that was shaking and roaring around me, what a frightful page I could unfold! To Him who sitteth above the darkness, and whose eye reacheth not only every dwelling but every heart, what a spectacle does such a city as London exhibit!

It was with such thoughts that I rode through the streets towards my hotel. As I looked round my snug apartment, and saw something definite on which my eye could rest, I felt as if some mysterious calamity had been evaded, and I could breathe free again.

Wearied and excited, I turned to my couch and slept my first night in London.

THE YELLOW ROSE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

BY E. G. WHEELER, M. D.

SYSTEMATIC name—*Rosa lutescens;* Class—*Icosandria;* Order—*Polygynia;* Natural order—*Rosaceæ.*

Generic Character.—See Vol. II., p. 27.

Specific Character.—Germ globose; germs and peduncles smooth: branches beset with stiff hairs, or short, slender spines: leafets smooth, oval, toothed; teeth becoming abruptly pointed, inclining towards the apex: petioles unarmed: divisions of the calyx lanceolate, cuspidate: petals oval, obtuse, yellow, fading into white. A rare and beautiful species.

Geography.—A native of Italy; cultivated pretty extensively at the South; seen also in many of our northern gardens.

Properties.—It is not probable that this species of the rose possesses virtues of much value. For the properties of other species, see Vol. I., p. 123, and Vol. II., p. 27.

Remarks.—The origin of the generic name may be found in the first vol. of this work in the description of the Eglantine. The specific name, *lutea* or *lutescens*, refers to the yellow color of the petals. Perhaps it owes its color to those mellow, golden skies for which Italy is so celebrated. It has the odor of the pine-apple. There is a variety, probably produced by the gardener, called the yellow or tea rose, which is of a pale straw color, nearly or quite scentless, and requires great care, in order that it may make much return for the labor bestowed upon its culture. If at any time you happen to feel rather generously disposed towards it, and grant a full supply of water, it feels sorely injured, and the wrong thus sustained is for a long time cherished deep in its heart. If, in the ardor of your affection, you endeavor to throw the bright sunshine over its wounded feelings, you only strike the arrow still deeper—its leaves are scorched—they turn yellow and fall from the branches. It seems to scorn both tender solicitude and liberty, and flourishes only when restrained—for if you would enjoy a full display of its beauty, it is necessary to bend the buds downwards, and keep them in that position by force till the petals expand. Not so with our favorite Italian—it is fond of attention, and gives a full return.

Sentiment.—Let us forget.

> "I never heard
> Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
> With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
> The leaves of the spring's sweetest book, the rose."

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A VALETUDINARIAN.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

DOVER is an ancient town, and one for which I shall always entertain kindly feelings. On its gravelly beach I first trod the soil of England; its chalky cliffs were among the first objects which met my gaze when, wearied out with a monotonous sea voyage, and sick and disgusted with ship's provisions, I longed to touch again mother-earth, and, like Antæus of old, to renew my strength by the contact. I well remember, even as though it were yesterday, how gladly we clambered down the side of the London packet, twenty-eight days out, and joyously threw ourselves into a dancing skiff, which, urged on by vigorous English arms, seemed to leap over the white-capped surges like a sportive bird. I well remember, too,—shall I ever be able to forget?—that princess of landladies who so smilingly welcomed us, and so quickly set before us a feast of good things, such as an English inn alone can afford! Yes, how we feasted! How sweet was the butter, how fresh the bread and rolls, how delicious the meats, how fragrant the tea and milk, and what not! Ah me! though not given to care much about mere "creature comforts," I cannot but think of that best of women—our hostess—with lively emotions of gratification.

After rambling about in "merrie Englande" as much as was allowed at that season of the year to a valetudinarian, I one day got into a coach at London, and towards evening arrived in Dover. It seemed like an old friend whom one is disposed to greet very cordially. Being quite indifferent as to the inn in which I was to find accommodation, I took the advice of a disinterested individual, who happened to be by when the coach halted, and went to the "King's Head," situate very near the quay, and directly in the vicinity of the custom-house. It is consoling, by the way, to remember that numbers of equally disinterested individuals meet the traveller on the wharves and steamboats, and in other places in our own country. They give advice, too, just as freely, and manifest an equally deep interest in the welfare of the whole race of travellers, who perchance might unawares be taken in by rogues and sharpers, were they to keep aloof and wait till they are asked for counsel. Some persons very ungenerously assert that their advice occasionally clashes, and they significantly insinuate that they are *paid* for their overflowing philanthropy. I put it to the reader whether this be not an atrocious slander on a portion of the community. But not to discuss this point, it is but fair to state that the "King's Head" is a comfortable and respectable inn, good enough for the sovereign people, and I dare say for the sovereign of England himself, if he could find no better place. They were as attentive, and supplied all my wants as fully as I could desire.

The next morning early I was aroused by the chambermaid knocking at my door, and furnishing me with some matters needful for ablution and for the toilet. After breakfast I took a stroll through the town. On the whole it is a pleasing place, rather clean than otherwise, and possessing a few fine edifices. I had not time to mount the cliff, from whence it is said the coast of France can be seen in very clear weather; nor could I do more than look with varied emotions at the hill which has been called "Shakspeare's Cliff," and which reminded me so forcibly of the exquisite enjoyment which the great master of the drama affords to myriads of readers. Having made a few purchases in the way of books and engravings, I returned to the inn to get ready to leave in the packet, which only wanted water to enable her to get out of the harbor. Paid my bill at the King's Head (which included expressly the "shipping of luggage"); then paid the porter to carry it to the vessel; paid the waiter, the chambermaid, and the "disinterested individual" to accompany me to the boat; and lastly the man who had a ladder, by which we were obliged to descend some ten feet to the deck of the steamer! Thus I *did* really escape from further imposition of this kind in England—but only, be it remembered, by taking my departure from England.

La Couronne—that, I believe, was the name—was a pigmy affair, hailing from Calais. She was manned by French sailors, the difference of whose appearance from that of English mariners was very striking indeed; they seemed to dislike exceedingly the service in which they were engaged; they scowled at the noisy John Bulls, and answered their manifold inquiries in a crabbed and uncivil manner, very much unlike the usual suavity and politeness of the subjects of the Grand Monarque. It was evident they hated to have anything to do with Englishmen, unless it be to fight, which, as I afterwards learned, they and their countrymen are burning to do. The weather proved to be very rough, the wind being strong from the S.W.; the consequence was that the vessel was, during the entire passage across the Channel, partly under water, the spray dashing over her from stem to stern, and she pitching and rolling about in a manner extremely uncomfortable for landsmen, and very distressing to their feelings. Everybody on board, with hardly an exception, was sick, very sick; and I am sure I saw on the faces of the French sailors a sardonic grin at the wretchedness of their passengers, whom, had they wished, they could not well have rendered more miserable. I thought myself so good a sailor, that I counted on escaping; but alas! I reckoned without my host, for I was, I verily believe, more sick than when on the ocean; I suffered exceedingly, and hung my head over the leeward side of the vessel most disconsolately. Between the sea-sickness and the continual drenching of the salt spray, I do not remember ever to have spent three hours less agreeably.

I had, as may be supposed, little inclination to look at the coasts of these two deadly rivals, whose hatred seems to grow apace, and whose mutual enmity nothing can abate; neither had I the heart to speculate upon the strange anomaly which is presented by these two nations, separated only by a strait of some twenty miles in width, and yet differing *toto cœlo* in manners, customs, feelings, physical conformation, tastes, and habits, and not barely differing, but even nursing and adding fresh fuel and strength to long-standing wrath, contempt, and reviling of each other. Why this has been so for ages past, why it continues so now, when greater liberality prevails and knowledge is more generally diffused, it would be interesting to inquire, though not very easy to determine. There would seem to be causes far deeper than appear on the surface of things; there would seem to be old wounds and ancient quarrels, handed down from father to son with religious exactness. Like a river, which at its source is small and of little account, but as it proceeds in its onward flow gathers into its bosom numberless rivulets and tributary streams, till at last it rolls one vast and irresistible volume of waters into the deep and trackless ocean; so it would appear that, age after age, these rivals in power, glory, wealth, and magnificence, have been increasing their mutual hatred and shedding one another's blood with relentless fury; time seems not to have mollified their anger; intercourse has not assimilated them in the least; and manifold *little things* show how easy it would be to blow up the flame of war in all its horrible excesses.* I can conceive of only one thing which will make England and France brothers indeed, and that is the all-powerful influence, which can and will tame the lion's fury and the leopard's insatiate thirst for blood, and cause them to lie down with the lamb, so subdued and so peaceful that a little child shall lead them. When that day arrives—which God grant it soon may—we shall hear no more of that glory which is based on the blood and gore of slaughtered myriads; but the true glory of man will arise—the true dignity of his nature will appear, in that he knows the Lord and believes in His holy name; and Englishmen and Frenchmen, who for centuries have hurled defiance at each other, will grasp the friendly hand of brothers and kinsmen in the Gospel of the Redeemer. Nothing short of this, as it seems to me, will accomplish so desirable a result. I should like to dilate on this theme, but I may not now.

It was towards evening when we entered the harbor of Calais, that ancient city, once esteemed of so much consequence and prized as a bright jewel in the English crown. There was considerable shipping, so far as I could see, and everything had an air of antique grandeur and strength. The wharf was full of people of all sorts, on the *qui vive* for the arrival of La Couronne; and as soon as the steamer was moored and the plank put out, what a noise and confusion there was! Those on shore called out to those on board; passengers were eager to join their friends; their friends were as eager to have them out of the vessel; the ashore folks struggled to get on board; those afloat made desperate efforts to gain the wharf; waiters, porters, and runners were clamorous in favor of their respective houses; the officers of the steamer were fuming and fretting in the attempt to lessen the tumult; and the police and soldiery on shore were becoming excited and almost savage in the discharge of their duty. The great trouble was, and is in France and all countries which adopt the passport system, that we were not let to get on shore quietly and peaceably, and proceed on our way like good citizens; but we must be stopped and examined, and turned round and round, and looked at by some dozen fellows, as though we were escaped convicts, and at last be turned out of doors with the comfortable consciousness that we are down in the books along with all the rogues and villains of England and France. A man's liberty is wonderfully abridged on the continent, and his purse heavily taxed by the cumbrous, expensive, and, as it seems to me, useless system of passports; but *n'importe*. If people will travel, they must expect to put up with anything and everything. When, by hard work, I had escaped the crowd and got on shore, I was very civilly but very decidedly conducted to the Police Office. My passport was demanded. I handed it over. They looked at it; they looked at me; they looked at one another; they conferred about the matter. For a time I was in doubt whether they meant to send me to jail or not; but finally they coolly handed me a printed passport, good till I got to Paris, for which they charged me two francs and a half, and kept those which belonged to me! It was then graciously signified that I might go about my business. Lest I should shoot His Majesty Louis Philippe, fire the Tuileries, blow up the Chamber of Deputies, or some other dreadful thing, they sent my poor passport, with an accurate description of my personal appearance, on to Paris, that the police there might have their eyes upon me against my arrival.

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* Michelet, in his History of France (now in course of publication) speaks of this inveterate and apparently inextinguishable enmity with all the vivacity and deep sensibility of a Frenchman, and the enlarged liberality of spirit of a philanthropist. He quotes from De Maistre (an admirable writer) the following passage: "They (the English and French) cannot cease seeking or hating each other. God has placed them opposite to each other, like two vast loadstones, which attract each other at one end, at one end repel each other; for they are at once enemies and kindred."—*Michelet*, Vol. ii., p. 206.

Maurice's hotel in Calais is a branch of the celebrated establishment of the same name in Paris. As its accommodations were the best the city afforded, I went there, and had my first experience in a French hotel. I was struck with the difference between England and France in this respect—a difference which becomes more and more manifest the longer one resides abroad. English inns are noted for neatness, order, and solid comfort. The French make more show; there is abundance of ornament; there is bustling activity; there is taste and wonderful variety in the bill of fare; but, somehow or other, one feels cheerless and uncomfortable in the midst of it all. It was no consolation to me, chilled and stiff with the salt water drenching in crossing the Channel, to find my room adorned with a profusion of mirrors, my bed hung with elegant curtains, and everything about like a lady's boudoir. I infinitely preferred the sea-coal fire and the snug rooms which I had recently left. Nor, on the other hand, did I feel any particular inclination to eat of some of the suspicious looking compounds set before me. They might be perfectly good; I dare say they were: but I am so foolish as to wish to know exactly what I am about to swallow, and I will confess I have a prejudice in favor of beef and plain dishes. Kittens, rats, frogs, and such like, may pass muster when nothing else can be got; but as for myself, I must be allowed to say that they are none of them to my taste.

It must not be supposed that I am exaggerating, or telling "travellers' tales;" by no means. While I am not so silly as to assert, as too many conceited Englishmen do when abroad, that there is nothing fit to eat in France, that the French know nothing, and are a dirty set; while I am fully alive to their wonderful ingenuity and the exceeding versatility of their powers; I still cannot help thinking it a remarkable thing that the French have neither a term for, nor any knowledge of, *comfort* in the true English sense of the term. They are lively, witty, gay, volatile, easily excited, and fond of show; but they do not look upon *home* and the comforts of home as we do. They are more brilliant, but not so useful; they shine more, but there is less heat. The English are stiff and reserved; they are often offensively and ridiculously proud and haughty;* and it requires a good deal to drive them out of the chilling atmosphere of self, in which they reside so much of the time; yet withal, it cannot be denied that they are in advance of their continental neighbors in social and domestic happiness, and in those habits of thought and action which go to make up the sum total of human enjoyment. Their houses are less showy, but more substantial; they seek for comfort rather than appearance. In elegance and refined taste they are far behind the French; but what is lost in this way is abundantly made up by their greater attention to matters of solid and lasting importance. The one will have things for comfort, though they be plain or unfashionable; the other, not despising utility, seeks for ornament and beauty in connection. A French dwelling of the better class is frequently enchanting, from the variety of splendid decorations which it contains; yet it soon palls upon an American's taste. An English house, without pretension to vie with those across the Channel, will please for a longer time, will wear better, and will rather grow in one's good estimation. Perhaps the perfection of a dwelling would be our combining the respective advantages of French and English taste and substance; the gracefulness of the former would be an admirable set-off to the solidity of the latter.

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* It is worth while to notice what a great French historian says of his neighbors; there is more truth than poetry in it. Our own side of the Atlantic may likewise learn something from the straight-forward language of an independent thinker. "This great English people, with so many good and solid qualities, is infected by one vice, which corrupts these very qualities themselves. This rooted, all-poisoning vice, is pride—a cruel disease, but which is nevertheless the principle of English life, the explanation of its contradictions, the secret of its acts. With them, virtue or crime is almost ever the result of pride; even their follies have no other source. This pride is sensitive, and easily pained in the extreme. They are great sufferers from it, and again, make it a point of pride to conceal these sufferings. Nevertheless, they will have vent. The two expressive words, *disappointment* and *mortification*, are peculiar to the English language."—*Michelet*, Vol. ii., p. 162.

My readers will, I hope, understand that I am not writing a journal, nor intending to weary their patience with a dull, commonplace recital of events which are occurring every day, and which are utterly unimportant to any human being to know or hear. I detest journal writing. I hate to be tied down to a day-book and ledger accuracy, stating exactly when I took a step here or saw the sun shine there, or anything of the sort. Of what earthly consequence are they to anybody else but the individual's self? But I never knew an invalid yet who could endure the fatigue and annoyance of a diary or journal. No money could hire me to keep one. Still, valetudinarians like to write; but it must be when it suits them, on just such topics as fancy may dictate, and at just such times as may be agreeable to their feelings. To be sure, you cannot rely upon them in all things quite so securely as upon the strong, hearty, and vigorous maker of books of travel. They are very apt to look at things with somewhat of a jaundiced or sinister eye, and very likely to express themselves strongly when it is uncalled for, and to be very bitter against those matters which nobody defends or upholds. Allowance is to be made in such cases. After all, however, it may be quite as safe to trust to their representations as to those of professed tourists, for they are honest in general; they have got no purpose to serve beyond that of their own gratification, and they don't feel obliged to be in ecstasies with this palace or that temple, or the other work of art: so, trust the valetudinarian, if you will.

It has rarely been my lot to witness so strong a contrast as is presented by England and France, when seen within a day or two of each other. I had just left England with its green fields, its hedge-rows of hawthorn, its beautiful roads, its pleasant villages, and cottages, and churches. I had been transported some seventy miles in nine hours, in a coach as remarkable for substantial neatness as for its fine turn-out of horses, in their trappings, most sedulously kept and most carefully looked after; and I was now journeying on the road from Calais to Paris. The diligence was a great lumbering vehicle, of no beauty in shape, and precious little comfort in arrangement. It was dirty, ill-kept, and ill-attended; the horses were shaggy, heavy, uncombed animals, whose utmost speed was only five miles an hour, and who were driven in many instances by means of hempen ropes in place of lines. But all this was nothing to the marvellous contrast between the two countries. England seemed to me like an extensive garden. France looked like a barren plain. So far as the eye could reach, mile after mile, the prospect was desolate and cheerless in the extreme. The country was entirely open; no fences to mark the separation of fields or farms, hardly a tree or shrub left standing, and scarcely a living object anywhere to be seen. A wretched looking cottage or hovel now and then was visible to break the dull monotony of the view; and once or twice I espied a solitary cow tied by a rope to a stake, and feeding on what was in her reach, or else watched by some stripling to prevent her wandering beyond a prescribed limit. Whence did such a country as this obtain the name of "la *belle* France?"—a country as dreary and comfortless in appearance and reality as can be imagined—a country which nothing could tempt me to inhabit, and in which I trust never to be compelled to reside. France, the *beautiful!* Who ever before discovered beauty in sandy deserts, in dingy mud-walled hovels, in dirty, unkempt population, and in apparently dead and deserted regions? Who but a Frenchman, an enthusiastic, France-loving subject of Louis Philippe, could say and think that the term was well applied, if he ever rode from Calais to Paris? I verily believe that even *he* might learn to doubt its truth by going through what I did on this occasion.

I must beg the reader to note here that I am speaking only of a small portion of France, and a portion, too, which is acknowledged to be among the least interesting and most unattractive in the whole kingdom. I do not mean to convey the impression that France is not a country abounding in beauties of scenery and cultivation, for that would be contrary to the truth. I do not mean to say that subsequent experience confirmed the feeling of dreariness (that is the best term to express it by) which came over me during this first ride in a French diligence; not at all. Since then I have travelled the whole length of France twice over; and though I do not admire it like the native born, who will never see any faults in "la belle France," still I have many pleasant recollections of beauty and grandeur—many sweet reminiscences of hours of enjoyment spent amid her mountains and plains, her towns and villages, her cities and works of nature and art.

So much, as far as the surface of the country is concerned, for the contrast between England and her great continental rival. It will be more interesting, on many accounts, to remark the difference between the *people* of these two mighty nations, as regards their habits of thought and action, their comparative advancement in social, domestic, or political wisdom, their customs, manners, and such like things. But as I have already talked a long talk for an invalid, I must defer—doubtless with the readers' entire consent—any further lucubrations till the succeeding month, when, by their permission, I will try their patience yet again.

THE DAY OF LIFE.*

BY E. G. WHEELER, M. D.

I'VE seen the east with beauty glow,
At earliest dawn of morning light;
I've seen the joyous world below
Arrayed in blossoms fair and bright,
And dew-drops glittering on the spray,
Add splendor to the coming day.

But ere 'tis noon a cloud appears,
And throws a veil o'er earth and sky;
All Nature's smiles are changed to tears;
Her fairest children droop and die.
The bursting storm, the rushing gale,
With desolation fill the vale.

I look again, and all is bright;
Calm and serene the western sky,—
Beneath mild evening's golden light,
Sweet fields in pleasing verdure lie.
The tempest cloud has passed away,
And peace and beauty close the day.

Like morn, I've seen the infant smile,
Ere from its cheek had dried the tear;
Like storms, I've seen man's passions vile
Destroy his hopes, excite his fear;
Like gentle evening's tranquil sky,
I've seen the aged Christian die.

* For the Music accompanying these verses, see page 30.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

The convenience and utility of the Parlor Magazine demand a corner, and we are satisfied we shall meet the wishes of our readers generally by yielding the requisite space for such short articles and notices of passing matters of interest as may make up an agreeable *melange*, giving to the Magazine a variety, which otherwise would be impracticable. Besides, we sometimes receive epistles from correspondents which do not exactly suit as "Magazine Articles," and yet contain pithy matter, or valuable hints, and which we should like to introduce, in part or whole, to our readers. And finally, the editor himself occasionally is disposed to have a word with his patrons and friends, and the Miscellany corner will just answer his purpose.

First of May.—The month of May owes more to the poets than do all the months beside, and yet she often fails in this latitude to make a grateful return for their praise and admiration, dallying with winter, and holding the stormy, frigid wooer in her lap when she should be tending the flowers and nursing the tender fruit buds. Still, with all its drawbacks, May is ever a welcome visitor to the lover of the country, of the fields and forests, and of the open face of Nature; and though the old-fashioned forms of welcoming it have well nigh passed away, the silent appreciation of the heart is not withheld.

There is one place in this world where the advent of May can never be welcome, where the mere mention or anticipation of May-day disturbs all equanimity, and provokes a fit of fretfulness and spleen. It is quite unnecessary to say that New York city is the place we refer to. May-day, which has stood the world over, from Eden to Oregon, as the symbol and usher of the bright and beautiful, the fair and fragrant in Nature, is here, by a perverse necessity, associated with universal overturning and out-turning, with infinite cart-loads of household stuff, followed by scolding housewives, sulky husbands, and the squalling pledges of their affection. It is a day of terror to all but the cartmen and rag-gatherers; and the tyrannical custom which demands this annual deluge of dirt and confusion confounded, should henceforth be declared null and void and of no force whatever.

Poetical Prose.—It is a curious peculiarity in the writings of Dickens, that whole passages not unfrequently occur which, though printed as prose compositions, require only to be thrown into measure lines to make very excellent poetry, in blank verse. But what is more singular, we sometimes find a passage which, when thrown into the form of poetry, is found to afford regular rhymes. Whether this is accidental or designed, we cannot certainly say. We give an example from his last work, "The Cricket on the Hearth."

"It's a dark night, sang the Kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and above, all is mist and darkness, and below, all is mire and clay; and there's only one relief in all the sad and murky air; and I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together, set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather; and the widest open country is a long dull streak of black; and there's hoar-frost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track; and the ice it isn't water, and the water isn't free; and you couldn't say that anything is what it ought to be."

This is the form it appears in the tale. Some one has taken the trouble to put it in poetry:

"It's a dark night, sang the Kettle,
  And the rotten leaves are lying by the way;
And above, all is mist and darkness,
  And below, all is mire and clay;
And there's only one relief in all
  The sad and murky air;
And I don't know that it is one,
  For it's nothing but a glare
Of deep and angry crimson,
  Where the sun and wind together,
Set a brand upon the clouds
  For being guilty of such weather;
And the widest open country
  Is a long dull streak of black,
And there's hoar-frost on the finger-post,
  And thaw upon the track;
And the ice it isn't water,
  And the water isn't free;
And you couldn't say that anything
  Is what it ought to be."

It is Christopher North, we believe, who rebukes inordinate self-esteem in young orators, by telling a story something like the following:

A certain young clergyman who was by no means disposed to underrate the power of his eloquence, having been invited to preach in a neighboring parish, complied. While preaching he noticed that one of his audience, an interesting looking woman, in mourning attire, appeared to be deeply affected. The young man, when service was over, spoke much to the minister of the parish about the case, with evident gratification at the powerful effect of his discourse, and proposed visiting the distressed hearer at once, at her own house. This was acceded to, and having called upon her, the young man opened the conversation. "I perceived, my dear friend," said he, "that you seemed to feel very much under my discourse this morning; will you give us some account of the exercises of your mind?" "Ah," said the woman, "I did indeed feel very much, as you say. You must know, sir, that I am a poor lone widow. I had a good husband, and every week he and I would take the old ass and go to the market with our little raisings from the garden, and by our sales could raise enough to keep us comfortable. But three years ago my man died, and then I had to go alone and do the best I could, with the help of the good old beast. But a year ago my dear old ass died too (here she burst into tears), and here I have been alone ever since, and this morning (she continued, sobbing), when I went to church and heard your voice, it sounded so much like the dear old ass, that I couldn't help crying, indeed I couldn't! Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

From a Correspondent to the Editors.—In our quiet and retired village, social amusements are poorly provided for, and our young people feel the deprivation sorely. We are too distant from the city to think of seeking recreation there. It falls therefore to the lot of the more lively and inventive geniuses among us to be and to act as a committee of ways and means; and how to pass off the long evenings of a long winter is the problem which they are kept working at, for the general behoof and cheer of the village youth. At distant intervals a concert is projected, at which times we have entirely dispensed with the aid of Italian, French, and German artistes, showing our patriotism and home partialities by engaging the services of some Yankee schoolmaster, whose notes, searching as the eastern winds that waft him to us, fill every nook of our meeting-house, and dance on every nerve and fibre of the brain.

But a concert is a thing extraordinary, an indulgence not to be thought of more than once, or possibly twice, in the same season; whereas we want some method of socialising ourselves and one another, of at least weekly or semi-weekly occurrence. Now what, say the aforesaid committee, shall it be but a sewing society! A sewing society then it shall be. The young ladies shall be the working members, the young gentlemen the honorary, that is, the paying members, and the meetings shall be held once a week in rotation, at the members' houses. The proceeds of the labor and subscriptions shall be paid to some benevolent object, say missions or Sunday schools, or the education of some pious but poor young man for the ministry. Thus good will be done in several ways. Besides accomplishing its main object, the society will be a bond of union, a promoter of kindly feeling, among the members and visitors, and will afford excellent opportunity for elevating conversation and mental and moral improvement.

Good, said I, when invited to pay the initiation fee and become an honorary member of the sewing society of the town of B——. This trifle of fifty cents was to procure me the *entrée* to the best society of B—— for at least one evening of every week of the season. Of course I became a member, and was happy to find that quite a number of our choice young men, like-minded with myself, had sought society here, instead of spending the evening in questionable company and amusements.

Now I am afraid I shall hardly escape reproach for being ungallant, crusty, and sour, if I even whisper that I am somewhat disappointed in finding so little high culture, so little elevated thought, feeling, and conversation in this society of choice young ladies, most of whom have had much time, and money, and care bestowed upon their education. I have even observed that if a thoughtful gentleman happens to broach a subject out of the range of the common small talk, he is looked upon as a queer sort of person, and a solemn pause ensues, and inquiring looks are exchanged all round the room, as if each and all would ask, "Who is this man, and what can he mean ?" Now I am no enemy to cheerfulness. I relish a good joke or pleasant anecdote. I can laugh as heartily as anybody. I can relish light and lively chit-chat in its season. But I do not like the prohibition of all serious, all elevated reflections and remarks in social intercourse. I don't like to feel that I dare not risk introducing any topic above the grade of mere tittle tattle. And I have at present a repugnance to being obliged to regard young ladies as mere triflers, unable or unwilling to rise higher.

O. P. Q.

Tennyson's Poetry.—In spite of the ordeal of ill-natured criticism through which this author's poems have passed, the public seem determined to like them. There are, it is true, poems and passages that are open to criticism; but after all, Tennyson is a poet. There is power and pathos in him, and our hearts, if we have any, are compelled to own his claim, and yield to his influence. We quoted, some time ago, portions of his "May Queen" in exemplification of this, and we might fill many pages with noble passages. Is not his "Miller's Daughter" a sweet little poem ? Look at this picture of the old Miller.

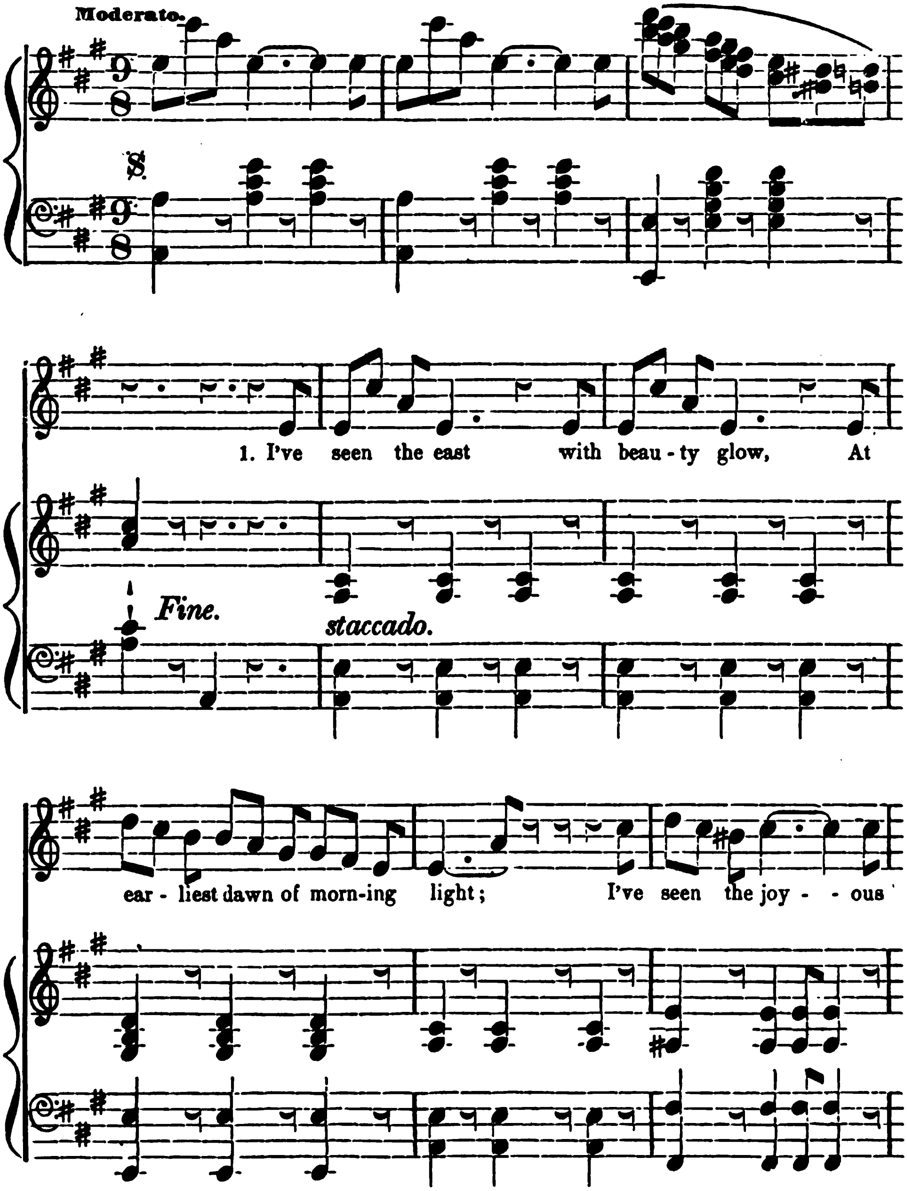
I see the wealthy miller yet,
  His double chin, his portly size;
And who that knew him could forget
  The busy wrinkles round his eyes ?
The slow wise smile that round about
  His dusty forehead drily curl'd,
Seem'd half within and half without,
  And full of dealings with the world.

In yonder chair I see him sit—
  Three fingers round the silver cup
I see his grey eyes twinkle yet
  At his own jest—grey eyes lit up
With summer lightness of a soul
  So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear, and whole,
  His memory scarce can make me sad.

THE DAY OF LIFE.*

POETRY BY E. G. WHEELER, M. D.

MUSIC BY IBERIUS.


Moderato.
Fine.
staccado.
1. I've seen the east with beau-ty glow, At
ear-liest dawn of morn-ing light; I've seen the joy-ous

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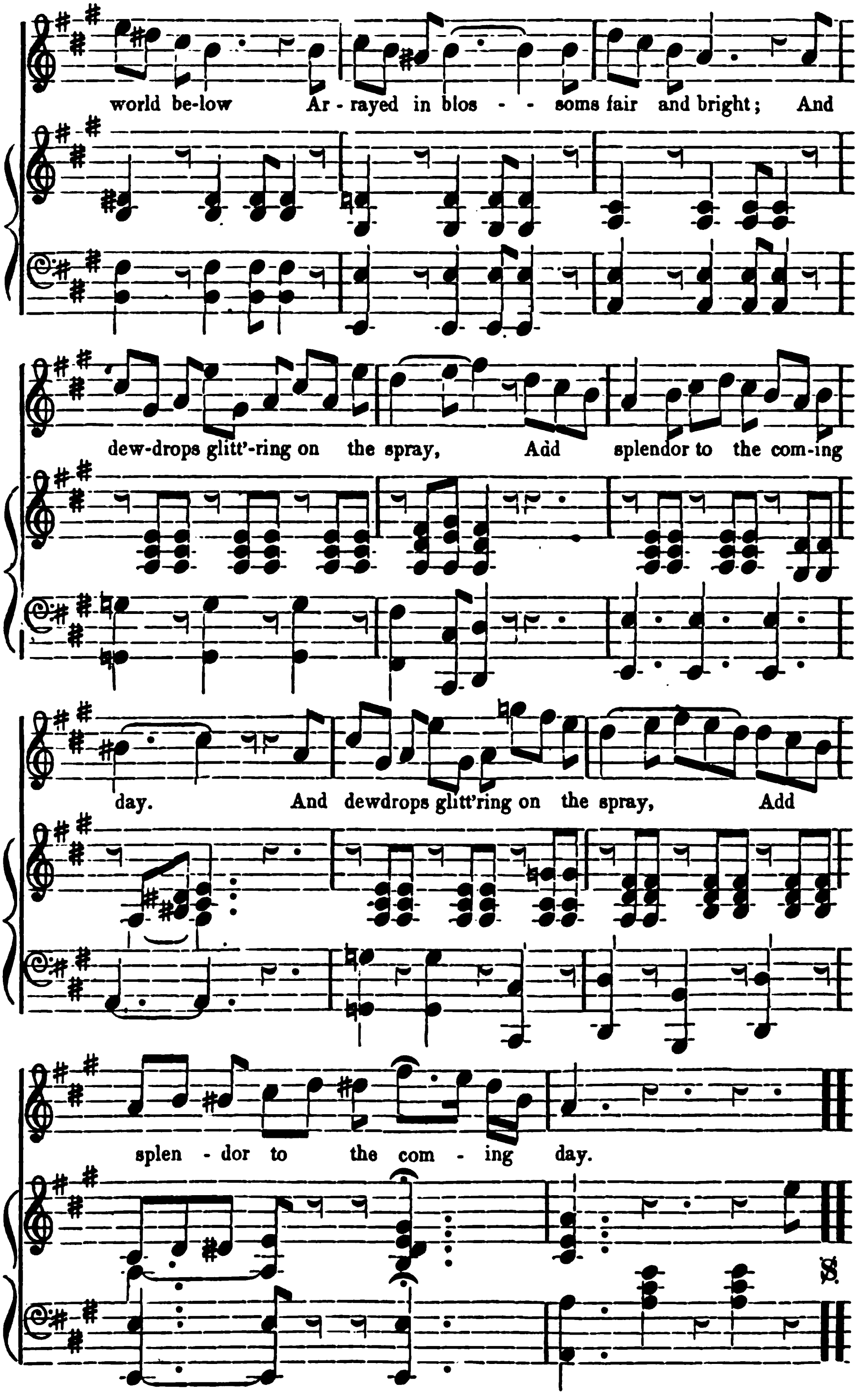
* For the remaining verses see page 27.


world be-low Ar - rayed in blos - - soms fair and bright; And
dew-drops glitt'-ring on the spray, Add splendor to the com-ing
day. And dewdrops glitt'ring on the spray, Add
splen - dor to the com - ing day.
S

THE PARLOR TABLE.

Memoir of Sarah L. Huntington Smith. By Rev. E. W. Hooker, D. D.—The American Tract Society have issued a new edition of this much approved and delightful piece of Christian biography. It delineates a rare and beautiful character, in which were exemplified some of the highest attainments of Christian virtue and most attractive graces of private life. The spectacle of affections refined by trials, love strengthened by sacrifices, and the heart purified and exalted by the refining processes of grace, is one which cannot be too much or too ardently admired. We commend the work to the thoughtful perusal of the young Christians of her sex, as a fine model of character, both in relation to principle and experience.

History of Revivals.—The Tract Society have added this also to the number of sterling religious issues of the press. It is a work of great interest and great moral impressiveness. The offspring of an earnest and powerful excitement, of a strong mind and a devoted heart, it is pervaded with the very life of eloquence, and partakes of the unction and solemnity of the manifested presence of Divinity. It is not only a truthful record of a most marked display of God's power and grace, but abounds in truths and appeals of singular pungency and force, and is adapted as well to move the heart and stir the conscience, as to inform the mind. Its general circulation can hardly fail to produce a decided and salutary influence upon the churches, and promote the same blessed work as that which it records.

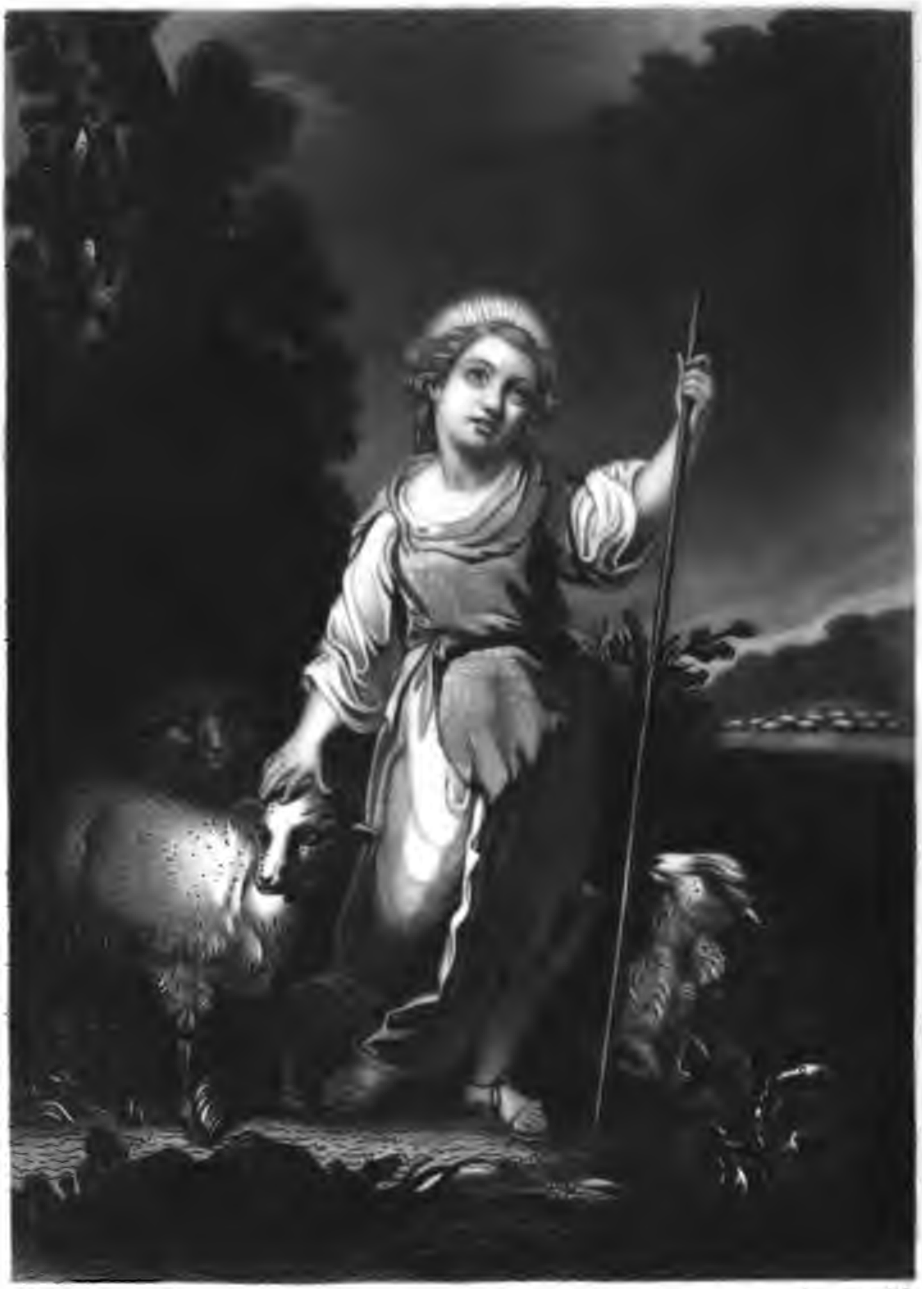
The Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons. By Rev. Henry Duncan, D. D. R. Carter.—This volume realizes a beautiful thought. It aims to present the proofs of God's being and character, which are suggested by the aspects and phenomena of the spring, and lie in the reproductive powers and processes of nature. The atmosphere, light, heat, the properties of the soil, the phenomena of organized life, the development of seeds and plants, and all the minute and beautiful arrangement of things which proclaim the ever active and beneficent hand of Deity, are the sources of its proof and illustration. It combines minute detail of scientific facts with accurate generalizations and exalted views; while the whole is knit together with a golden thread of sentiment, in which is often the very spirit of poesy, and animated with genuine piety. Instruction and moral impression are firmly blended, and the reader will rise from its perusal with more exalted views of the Creator's goodness, and with a store of important principles and truths.

The Artists of America.—Baker & Scribner have commenced the publication, in numbers, of a work under this title, edited by C. Edwards Lester. The work is issued in very handsome style, the first number containing a sketch of Washington Allston, and the second of Henry Inman, two of the most distinguished of American painters, both of whom have been lately removed by death. The series promises to be worthy of patronage.

Elizabeth Benton.—The Harpers have issued a brief but very impressive tale, from an anonymous source, teaching an important lesson. The perils and temptations to which the seductive pleasures of fashionable life subject the Christian are delineated with great but unexaggerated force; and in the issue of the tale, the invincible might of fair religious principle, and the conservative influence of right early instruction, are finely set forth. The tale is pleasingly told, and the moral sentiment it designs to illustrate, never obscured.

Experimental and Practical Views of the Atonement.—This is the title of a little volume published by M. W. Dodd, from the pen of Rev. Octavius Winslow, formerly of Brooklyn. It attempts to present those aspects of this great doctrine which relate to the feelings and experience of Christians, rather than its didactic and formal exposition. It breathes a very ardent and devoted spirit, and evinces a practical acquaintance with the consolatory and purifying influences of the doctrine, which cannot fail to enlist the sympathies and move the affections, as well as instruct the understanding of the believer.

Library of Sacred Music.—A very creditable and promising enterprise, in the musical line, has been begun by Messrs. Wyman & Newell, under this title. It aims to present in monthly numbers choice religious pieces of music, consisting of extracts from the works of the great masters, and other gems of the beautiful art, original and selected. The editors possess excellent qualifications for the editorship of such a work, and from the contents of the first three numbers we are inclined to anticipate a collection of anthems, set-pieces, and other pieces of sacred music of a rare and standard character, and such as have heretofore been wholly inaccessible to the mass of the musical community. Price 25 cents per number. E. H. Wilcox, general agent.



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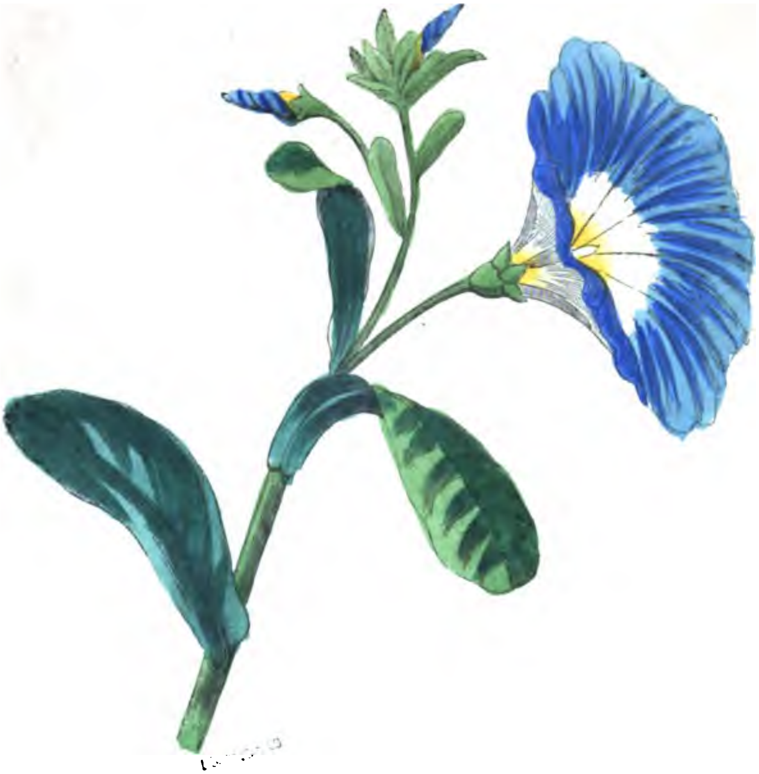

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THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1846.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

—— In the service of mankind, to be
A guardian god below; still to employ
The mind's brave ardor in heroic aims,
Such as may raise us o'er the grovelling herd,
And make us shine for ever—that is life!
Thompson.

We have just read, for the second time, the life of Wilberforce by his sons, and under an impulse received by this reperusal of the volume, take occasion to say something of that illustrious person to whom its pages are devoted. Wilberforce is one of those men whom the world have agreed to respect, and whom Christians fondly love. And very properly; for, though there have existed as pure patriots as he, as finished statesmen as he, as commanding orators as he, and as devoted friends of the Redeemer as he, few, if any, have combined these qualities in greater measure than himself, and presented so symmetrical and perfect a character. Hence all classes find something in him to admire, and there is attached to the name of Wilberforce a moral dignity and excellence with which few names can compare. The moment it is uttered, there arises before the mind an individual who, by the grace of God, fulfilled, it is admitted, the great end of his being, blessed his generation, and illustrated those virtues which adorn and exalt humanity. The biography of this distinguished man, by his sons, is well executed, and, though traced by the hand of affection, bears no marks of fulsome adulation or extravagant eulogy. Of course but a brief sketch of his character can be given in the short space allotted to us.

William Wilberforce, only son of Robert Wilberforce and his wife Elizabeth, was born at Hull, in Yorkshire, of which place his grandfather had been twice mayor, on the 24th of August, 1759. He lost his father when he was quite young, from whom he inherited a large estate, which became still larger from a bequest left him by a fraternal uncle. He was of small stature, his figure delicate, and his constitution frail; but these physical disadvantages were overbalanced by an affectionate disposition, and superior intellectual endowments. His first studies were pursued at the grammar school of Hull, from which place he was transferred to a private school at Wimbleton, kept by a Scotchman of the name of Chalmers, who appears to have been distinguished rather for a red unshaven beard, than for any of the qualifications of a teacher. While here, though he learned but little, he was under the influence of a pious aunt, who treated him as a son, and whose good instruction and example made upon him a favorable impression. She was a warm admirer of Whitfield, "heard him gladly," and while endeavoring herself to imbibe the spirit of that holy man, endeavored likewise to infuse it into the breast of her nephew. His stay here, however, was too short to secure any permanent moral results; and his next location, at Pocklington, while it was somewhat more favorable to the cultivation of his mind, was most unfavorable as regarded his religious impressions. Indeed, no pains were spared by his mother and kindred to obliterate all sentiments of piety from his soul. To this end the theatre, balls, dining parties and card parties were resorted to, and, as is usual when such efforts are diligently made, with too much effect. He temporarily, at least, lost his views of divine things, and ceased to feel their power. He became the companion of those who passed their time in scenes of gaiety and amusement, and his sprightly qualities and rare powers of entertainment—for he was a joker, singer, and mimic—made him quite a favorite with them. In 1774, at the age of seventeen, he was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, where also he was beset with temptations to idleness and prodigality. He was often told, not only by his fellow students but others, that "it was beneath a young man of his genius and fortune to apply himself to study;" and he too far yielded to their pernicious counsel. His neglect of studiousness at this interesting and important period of his life, was ever afterwards the occasion to him of deep regret. He confessed that he had lost what he could not recover. He excelled, however, in the languages, and during his college course made the acquaintance of Clarendon and Pitt, whose good opinions he secured, and which he continued for years, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of politics, to retain. He graduated with the intention of entering upon public life; and in 1780, through the favor of his family friends in Hull, and an expenditure of between £8,000 and £9,000, was elected member of Parliament. During this parliament he did little in the matter of politics, and yet was more attentive to his duties than under the circumstances might perhaps have been expected. In 1784 he was chosen for the county of York, which triumphant event—for, considering the eminence of his opponent, and the influences arrayed against him, it *was* a triumph most honorable and gratifying—closed his twenty-fifth year. His address to the populace from the hustings was exceedingly happy and effective, giving token of his future power. Boswell, describing his frail form and eloquence, says, "I saw what seemed a mere shrimp mount upon the table, but as I listened, he grew and grew, until the shrimp became a whale." His speech was received with the loudest acclamations of applause, and spoken of as a very superior effort.

Up to this period we have seen Wilberforce only as a gay, ambitious young man of brilliant talents and ample pecuniary resources, borne on the tide of popular favor into a civil and commanding position. We are now to look at him as the subject of a spiritual, radical change, which revolutionized the person, and gave a new complexion to his whole future career.

Soon after taking his place in the House of Commons as member for the county of York, he proposed to one of his friends, W. Burgh, to take a tour with him upon the continent; and Burgh declining, he extended the invitation to Isaac Milner, late Dean of Carlisle. He accepting it, they set out together, accompanied by his mother, sister, and two female relations, and crossing France to Lyons, embarked upon the Rhine. Though Milner was not at that period as spiritually-minded and exemplary as he was subsequently, or as a minister preaching Jesus Christ and him crucified should have been, yet he was not one of those (too many of whom are found in the established church) who subscribe and teach articles they do not believe, and falsify the professions made at their ordination by the whole tenor of their after behavior. Milner believed the Bible, cordially espoused the system of truth there revealed, and though not particularly devoted, was so far under the influence of religious principle as gently to reprove Wilberforce whenever he uttered any sentiment hostile to piety. The natural consequence was, that Milner and his lively companion were drawn into frequent discussions touching the reality and claims of genuine religion. These discussions revived those impressions years before made upon his young mind by his pious aunt, which were further deepened by a little volume ("Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion") which one of their fellow travellers had with them. The effect was seriousness, an inquiring state of mind, and a resolution to attend to the imperishable interests of his soul. During the remainder of the tour, which he and Milner took alone, they read the New Testament together, fervently sought the illumination of the Holy One, and when they parted, the truth of God had found such lodgment in his heart, as to make him quite a different being from what he was before. He took an early opportunity to converse with the Rev. John

Newton and John Thornton, Esq., on the subject of his spiritual state, whose advice and prayers were very valuable to him, establishing him in the faith, and fortifying him against those seductions from duty to which, from his former irreligious associates and high station, he was peculiarly exposed. Daily exercising repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, his mind at length was brought into a calm, tranquil, and happy state. The Bible was precious to him, and the throne of grace, and the Sabbath, and Christian conversation; and the moral energy and excellence of his new principles pervaded all his conduct. Of this epoch we have his own account.

> "I began," he says, "to be impressed with a sense of the weighty truths which were more or less the continual subjects of our conversation. I began to think what folly it was, nay, what madness, to continue month after month, nay, day after day, in a state in which a sudden call out of the world, which I was conscious might happen at any moment, would consign me to never-ending misery; while at the very same time I was firmly convinced, from assenting to the great truths taught us in the New Testament, that the offers of the Gospel were universal and free; in short, that happiness, eternal happiness, was at my option.
>
> "As soon as I reflected seriously upon these subjects, the deep guilt and black ingratitude of my past life forced itself upon me in the strongest colors. I condemned myself for having wasted my precious time, and opportunities, and talents; and for several months I continued to feel the deepest convictions of my own sinfulness, rendered only the more intense by the unspeakable mercies of our God and Saviour declared to us in the offers and promises of the Gospel. These, however, by degrees produced in me something of a settled peace of conscience. I devoted myself for whatever might be the term of my future life, to the service of my God and Saviour, and with many infirmities and deficiencies, through His help I continue until this day."

His mother learning of this singular change in his views and feelings, to which she was experimentally an utter stranger, was extremely anxious respecting him, and mourned that he should be so carried away by fanaticism. But when she saw him, and saw how gracefully religion sat upon him, how the beauties of holiness were engrafted upon his former virtues, rendering him still more lovely, she was forced to confess the folly of her solicitude, and to wish that she too might possess what appeared so charming and blessed in her son. "If this," said one of her friends, with whom she had conversed about her son previous to seeing him, and who had sympathized with her in her fears—"if this is madness, I hope William will bite us all." Who, we may remark, in this account of Wilberforce's conversion, can fail to see in it the work of the Almighty's hand! Who but *He* arranged all these various circumstances, suggested that tour, prompted Burgh to decline the invitation to go and Milner to accept of it, started that debate, put a copy of Doddridge there, and a copy of the Greek Testament there; and then so set home the truth, that a change was wrought so deep and thorough, that this gay young man withdraws from all the clubs of which he was a member, withdraws from all places of dissipation, and seeks the society of those who love God, sedulously endeavors to keep religious thoughts and impressions in his mind, and becomes, from a vain, ambitious worldling, an humble spiritual follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, and so continues for half a century? Nothing verily but the renewing grace of God could do this. No other cause was adequate to the effect.

———— "The change of man
From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,
Is work for him who made him."

It was with a different temper and sentiments that Wilberforce took his seat in Parliament in the spring of 1786. New emotions were kindled in his bosom; he applied himself closely to study; his intellect was girded with renovated strength, and all the affections of his soul burst forth into the beautiful and fertilizing channels of benevolence. Early in the year 1789, we find him moving for the abolition of the slave trade, and presenting a number of petitions to secure that measure. These petitions he accompanied by a speech, of which Mr. Burke remarks, "the principles were so well laid down, and supported with so much force and ardor, that it equalled anything he had heard in modern times, and was not perhaps to be surpassed in the remains of Grecian eloquence." Bishop Porteus, too, writing on the subject to the Rev. W. Mason, says, "It is with heartfelt satisfaction I acquaint you that Mr. Wilberforce opened yesterday, in the House of Commons, the important matter of the slave trade, in one of the ablest and most eloquent speeches that was ever heard in that or any other place. It continued upwards of three hours, and made a sensible and powerful impression on the House." Nor were Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox less loud in their encomiums. But it was not eloquence that could triumph over Guinea merchants. Many years elapsed before he could complete his object—years of opposition and trial, which would have discouraged almost any other man. During the administration of Mr. Pitt, every stratagem was resorted to, to defeat the measure, although Pitt was personally friendly to it; and it was not until after the resignation of Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Fox and his friends were elevated to power, that the result was secured. During the protracted period in which this matter was in agitation, he was busy "in season and out of season;" he struggled with difficulties and disappointments which seemed to those who knew them utterly too formidable to be overcome. But he sought strength from Heaven—knew that he possessed the sympathies and prayers of the good, and when cast down, like the fabled Antæus, but rose the stronger. One of the many notes of encouragement addressed to him, was written by John Wesley, and contained probably the last words of that extraordinary man; "Unless, my dear sir, Divine power has raised you up to be as *Athanasius contra mundum*, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise, in opposing that execrable villainy which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but if God be for you, who can be against you? Oh! be not weary of well doing. Go on in the name of God and in the power of his might."

And he did thus go on with simple faith in the Most High, solemnly and constantly imploring Divine aid. His exertions were crowned with splendid success; and when this success came, he acknowledged its source with heartfelt thanksgiving. With unaffected humility he observes, "Oh, what thanks do I owe the Giver of all Good for bringing me, in His gracious Providence, to this great cause, which at length, after almost nineteen years' labor, is successful."

Nor, while he was doing this stupendous work for humanity, did he neglect the spiritual interests of his own country. Pained at the low standard of piety among the clergy, and the formality and worldliness which prevailed in the church, he formed the design of addressing them on their estimate and practice of religious duty. The result was a work on *Practical Christianity*, which was executed with signal ability, and received with unprecedented popularity. Within a fortnight of its publication not a copy could be purchased, and within six months five editions, or seventy-five hundred copies, were in circulation. Writes Mr. Henry Thornton to Mr. Macauley, "The book on religion lately published by Mr. Wilberforce, excites even more attention than you would have supposed amongst all the graver and better disposed people. The better part of the religious world, and more especially the Church of England, prize it most highly, and consider it as producing an era in the history of the church." Wrote Bishop Porteus, "I am truly thankful to Providence that such a work has made its appearance at this tremendous moment;" while the testimony of Mr. Newton was, "that it was the most valuable and most important publication of the age." "What," he says, "what a phenomenon has Mr. Wilberforce sent abroad! Such a book, by such a man, and at such a time—a book which must and will be read by persons in the higher circles, who are quite inaccessible to us little folk, who will neither hear what we can say, nor read what we may write. I am filled with wonder and with hope. I accept it as a token for good—yea, as the brightest token I can discern in this dark and perilous day. Yes, I trust that the Lord, by raising up an incontestible witness to the truth and power of the Gospel, has a gracious purpose to honor him as an instrument of reviving and strengthening the sense of real religion where it already is, and of communicating it where it is not." It was indeed one of the most useful publications that ever came from the press. Among those who have owed their conversion to its instrumentality, we may mention Leigh Richmond, whose tracts, "The Young Cottager," "Dairyman's Daughter," &c., have been the vehicles of life eternal to many souls. Burke, too, according to Miss Hannah More, on his dying bed acknowledged to Dr. Lawrence, his physician, that he had been greatly profited by it, and committed specially to him his thanks to Mr. Wilberforce, for having sent such a book into the world.

Mr. Wilberforce retired from Parliament in the year 1825, and spent the residue of his days in the bosom of his family. There, encircled by his children and grand-children, and in communion with his Maker through his works and word, he cheerfully and usefully "passed all the days of his appointed time till his change came." The following sketch of his domestic retirement is as truthful as it is beautiful:

> "Who that ever joined him in his hour of daily exercise, cannot see him as he walked his garden at Highwood, now in animated and even playful conversation, and then drawing from his copious pockets (to contain 'Dalrymple's State Papers' was their standard measure) some favorite volume or other—a Psalter, a Horace, a Shakspeare, or Cowper, and reading or reciting chosen passages; and then catching at long-stored flower leaves, as the wind blew them from the pages; or standing before a favorite gum-cistus to repair the loss. Then he would point out the harmony of the tints, the beauty of the pencilling, the perfection of the coloring; and run up all into those ascriptions of praise to the Almighty which were ever welling forth from his grateful heart. He loved flowers with all the simple delight of childhood. He would hover from bed to bed over his favorites; and when he came in, even from his shortest walk, deposited a few that he had gathered, safely in his room, before he joined the breakfast table. Often would he say, as he enjoyed their fragrance, 'How good is God to us! What should we think of a friend who had furnished us with a magnificent house and all we needed, and then coming in to see that all had been provided according to his wishes, should be hurt to find that no scents had been placed in the rooms? Yet, so has God dealt with us. Surely flowers are the smiles of His goodness.'"

He departed this life in his seventy-fifth year, after a short illness, not doubting that he was about to enter upon a world of secure peace and joy.

"Thus at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well fledged wings, and bears away."

He was buried in Westminster Abbey; and as his corpse, followed by a long procession of mourners, was laid nigh to the tombs of Pitt, Fox, and Canning, the vaulted roof of that venerable pile gave back the sublime benediction, never more fitly offered—"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

To this rapid survey of the life of Wilberforce, must be added a brief delineation of his character and accomplishments.

The glance we have taken shows most obviously that one remarkable trait in his character was his consistent, ardent piety. He was a sincere Christian. This, none who read his diary can doubt. He kept a record of the exercises of his soul—his interior life; and this shows the actings of a gracious principle, whose vigor was fed from Heaven. He was a Christian at all times, and in all places—on the Sabbath and during the week, in Parliament and by his own fireside. He walked with God, cultivated a sense of His presence, and of accountability to Him for all his doings, private and public. This was so marked as to be generally observable. He was taken knowledge of as one who had been with Jesus—was a living epistle, known and read of all men, and read for their profit. Many were forced to admit the reality of experimental religion from what they saw in him, and were won by his example to the paths of virtue. Says a person: "When I entered life, I saw a great deal of dishonorable conduct among people who made great professions of religion. In my father's house I met with individuals of this sort. This so disgusted me that, had it not been for the admirable pattern of consistency and disinterestedness which I saw in Mr. Wilberforce, I should have been in danger of a sort of infidelity." And remarks another, a shrewd observer: "That he acted up to the doctrines inculcated in his book as nearly as is consistent with the inevitable weakness of our nature, is a praise so high that it seems like exaggeration; yet in my conscience I believe it, and I knew him well for at least forty years." And he was a happy man; thus giving the lie to the charge so current, that religion is a gloomy, melancholy thing. "The work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever." And Wilberforce found it so even as the prophet had said. He was one of the most cheerful, happy men of his day. Though the sympathies of his heart were often called forth by scenes of injustice and cruelty, he cast his care upon the Lord, who caused him always to triumph in Christ. He rejoiced greatly in the Lord; and while others were depressed and distracted with anxieties and labors, his soul was blest with a serene and tranquil sweetness.

As another of his characteristic features, may be mentioned his honesty and fearless-ness in the discharge of what he believed to be his duty. Once satisfied that a given course of policy was right, he steadily pursued it in defiance of ridicule, vituperation, or slander. He was often tried in this respect, but the result was ever the same; he swerved, he flinched not. Windham might be sarcastic, Burke ironical, and the King "turn a cold shoulder," and his constituents in Yorkshire remonstrate, and menacing epistles be addressed to him from various quarters; but it was enough for him to know that he was in the line of his duty. He went forward as an enlightened, approving conscience dictated. Nor is it surprising that he triumphed. The cause of timid, vacillating action is weakness of conviction. But Wilberforce, satisfied that he was performing the will of God and a noble service for humanity, never faltered, for his faith never wavered. The man who is bent upon doing good, looking unto Jesus and filled with his spirit, is not easily daunted or discouraged. Such a man meeting with obstacles, however formidable, instead of being stopped by them, takes them up, and bears them onward in his march, as Sampson bore off the gates of Gaza! Such was Wilberforce; his moral principle was inflexible, and his moral courage indomitable.

His, too, was a spirit of Christian union. Although Mr. Wilberforce was a member of the established church, he had the wisdom and good temper to *agree to differ* with those who were not. He numbered among his warmest friends those who were not Episcopalians; and in arranging and carrying out his plans of usefulness, co-operated as heartily with Dissenters and Quakers, as with those of his own denomination. His motto was that good old motto, never more precious than in this day of polemical strife and sectarian prejudice: "In essentials, UNITY; in non-essentials, LIBERTY; in all things CHARITY." And with reason: for disputes about the maximum of difference in religious matters ends much like the contest between Copelius and Spalanzani for the beautiful waxen statue, as described by Hoffman in his story of the Sandman, where the quarrel closed by tearing the symmetrical figure in pieces, and mauling each other with its fragments. So truth in such cases is often dismembered, and its *disjecta membra* used as weapons of aggression.

As a private man, he was most exemplary and amiable. He loved hospitality, and none crossed the threshold of his home without experiencing his kindness and being charmed with his conversation. Mackintosh remarked of him, "that he was the most amusable man he ever saw, touching life at all points." His flow of spirits was perennial, and he delighted in all innocent ways to unbend himself. He had a vivacity which fascinated, and a wit which amused; and this vivacity and wit, which is rarely the case, were joined to a well balanced mind and a sound judgment. This mind and judgment enabled him to adopt the most feasible means to accomplish a desired result; and this vivacity and wit enabled him to interest others in his undertakings, and prosecute them with energy and effect.

As a speaker, his powers were of a high order; and he shone not less on the platform than in the House of Commons. Though his figure was not commanding, his voice was pleasing, his enunciation remarkably distinct, and his delivery not only correct and natural, but striking. His ideas were well arranged and clothed in choice language, his statement of facts luminous, and his argumentation close. Add to this his happy illustrations, his suavity of temper and resources of pathos, and we can see why his rhetorical efforts were held up to admiration, even in an age abounding with good speakers. He had not indeed the boldness and sublimity of Pitt, nor the solid opulence of Burke, nor the vehement outpourings of Fox, nor the brilliant flashes of Sheridan; and yet he was as elegant and eloquent as either, and perhaps no one of those orators, taken as a whole, excelled him. He had one decided advantage over either—that of being acknowledged by all to be *a good man*—a qualification for a perfect orator which Cicero declares to be vital. This he eminently possessed; all admitted his virtues; and he probably carried his measures as much by this undoubted conviction of his honesty, as by the workings of his piercing intellect. He was respected by all as a conscientious Christian, one whom they knew where to find, and who, when found, would be found on the side of truth and righteousness. Hence they trusted him, and were willing to be led by him. This was what clothed him with greater power than his gifted contemporaries. The secret of that power, the charm of that spell which he exercised, was his own unquestionable moral excellence. This was the golden key to his success and usefulness.

It is generally supposed that a young man who is converted, can be more useful by becoming a minister of the Gospel, than by engaging in any other calling. But this is by no means certain. It is by no means certain that Hale and Jones, on the tribunals of justice; Boerhaave, Haller, Rush, and Good, in the practice of medicine; and Gilbert West, Soame Jennings, Locke, and Wilberforce, in other walks of life, have not exerted as wide, as holy, and as lasting an influence, as if they had been clergymen. What clergyman contemporary with Wilberforce did more good than he did? He moulded the sentiments and hearts of many, on whom the influence of the most distinguished ministers would have been lost. We care not how fully stocked the clerical profession may be—too many faithful ambassadors of Jesus Christ we cannot have; but then it should not be taken for granted by every pious man, that he is called of God to serve his Master in the pulpit. The vineyard of the Redeemer which Christians are commanded to cultivate, is not so circumscribed, and we need the salt of Divine grace in other fountains also. We want our physicians, lawyers, judges, legislators, philosophers, and poets, to be pious. We want all the flowers of poetry and of rhetoric which are gathered to be planted on the ascent to Calvary; and all the trophies which are won in the arts, sciences, and literature, to be deposited at the foot of the cross.

We must close; and we close in the hope that he whose character we have been contemplating will be imitated by those in public life. What a different aspect would be given to our halls of Congress and all our political affairs, were those in places of honor and trust like him of whom we have spoken, living not for their own fame, or their own pleasures, or for any selfish ends, but for the service of mankind and the glory of their Creator! Statesmen formed after his model will be statesmen indeed—Christian statesmen, lifted above the clashings of the arena and the convulsions of party contentions, blessings to their generation and ornaments to their country. We have a few such, and it is our prayer that they may be multiplied; that many may be seen emulating the bright example of Wilberforce, and binding upon their brows a wreath like his. Other wreaths will fade, but this will hold its greenness in the lapse of ages, and freshen through eternity.

N. E.

THE RADIANT THRONE.

BY ADELIA MORTON.

I SAW a silvery shore,
Where tinkling waters fell,
And threw around Thought's airy bound the 'trancing sound
Of Music's soft, delicious spell.

Anear the radiant line
That hemmed the rippling tide,
A massive stone uprose alone the brilliant throne
Whereon an angel did abide.

It seemed to be a fount
Whence rays celestial streamed,
Whose effluence caught the wayward thought and swiftly brought
The wanderer back from death, redeemed.

I sailed along the main,
In bold attempts to find
Some haven near, where Doubt and Fear could not appear
To cloud th' empyrean in my mind.

But on my wilful soul
The winds in tempest blew;
And wild and free, they brought to me a troubled sea,
With death-crowned breakers in my view.

My feeble bark was tossed,
And night had settled round,
When o'er the wave there came to save from Ocean's grave
A light that pierced the gloom profound.

I turned my straining eye
To catch th' inspiring ray,
And through the night my longing sight beheld the light
That [illegible]lded the beams of day.

Then Trust's unerring hand
Swift caught the star-tanght helm,
And braved the deep where billows leap or tempests sweep
The erring bark to overwhelm.

I fled along my way,
And soon the port espied,
Whose massive stone uprose alone the radiant throne
Whereon an angel did abide.

How bright this wondrous gem
That lured my shattering bark,
Its golden sheen was clearly seen the surge between,
When mountain waves rolled high and dark.

How bright that pearly shore
To tearful eyes appeared,
That oft had wept and never slept, but vigils kept,
Till this fair haven I had neared.

Faith in that guiding ray,
Strength-giving, led me on:
Doubt's billows past, I then at last my anchor cast
The firm and beauteous strand upon.

The waves were stilled to peace,
And symphonies were heard,
That rose and fell with ebb or swell, in many a shell,
Whose Nereid notes were softly stirred.

Beyond the water-line
Sweet vales and hills were seen,
Or dew-gemmed flowers that caught the showers in gentle hours,
And decked the earth with gold or green.

A radiant guide was there,
Whose voice, inviting me,
Was heard to say, "Come, Soul, away! Thou canst not stay—
There is a brighter place for thee!"

My path was emerald pure,
While rubies shone around,
And many a gem whose ray might hem a diadem
Was spangled o'er the glittering ground.

I asked my guide his name,
And what these splendors mean,
He softly said, as on we sped, divinely led,
"Their spirit-teachings shall be seen.

"The rock that stands to lead
The soul that sails alone,
And shines so pure, is always sure, and must endure,
Truth's everlasting star-built throne.

"Its ray is Hope, that beams
Upon the dreary soul;
While Promise there bids all beware of dark Despair,
And lifts her voice when billows roll.

"Here, 'mid these balmy fields,
Where Faith is seen no more,
There is a rest supremely blest for every guest,
Where bright Fruition decks the shore."

THE FLOWER OF OUR VILLAGE.

Ellen Gray *was* pretty; there is no doubt of it; and to say that I loved her would be saying no more than every one might say on whom the light of her bright eye shone. Up there in the country where we lived, there was none of that stiff formality, and no rules of conventional etiquette that govern society here in the city, and the heart had full play in childhood and youth. Our young people acted as they *felt;* and as they were usually happy, they *seemed* to enjoy themselves when they came together for an evening visit, or set off on a winter's sleigh-ride. But if there was one more buoyant and joyous than the rest, it was Ellen. Her heart was always in her face; light, ardent, pure, and blessed herself, a stream of love and blessedness flowed ever from her warm soul, as from a perennial fountain.

She was ten years younger than I, and was therefore a little girl when I was grown to man's estate, and my heart was fixed before Ellen came on the stage. But everybody loved Ellen Gray, and I loved her with the rest; and why should I not? There was no more harm in loving her than in loving a fairy or a picture of an angel. The heart would go out after one who loved every one; and hence the universal admiration which this sweet girl received as she passed on from childhood among the years that are known as the teens. Her father was dead, and her mother was poor, and Ellen was an only child; and if a slight feeling of pity was mingled with the feelings which moved the heart when Ellen Gray was near you, it served only to deepen the attachment with which this child was regarded. But before the death of her father, Ellen had enjoyed as good opportunities for instruction as that region of country afforded, and she had improved them all. Quick, ready, and ardent in pursuit of anything on which her mind was set, she had made rapid and solid advancement in learning, so that there was no young lady of her age who was equal to her.

Ellen's mother had struggled hard, after she was left a widow, to provide the means of support for herself and her daughter. How tenderly that mother and that child loved! It was a sight to bless the eye to look in upon their cottage; you could not say which was the more dependent; the mother lived for the daughter, and the daughter was happy only as she was the solace and support of her on whose breast in infancy she leaned. And the sweet smile of the daughter lighted that cottage as a star that never set. The mother rejoiced in it, and felt gratitude she could not speak in the possession of a treasure that no wealth, in her poverty, could buy.

But the mother's health was feeble, and her *labors* were of course hardly sufficient to maintain herself, and Ellen's industry must add to the common store. This was cheerfully rendered; and for many years past, even when Ellen was not a mere child, she had delighted to spend her mornings and evenings *in helping her mother*, performing those light domestic duties which a child may easily discharge, if so disposed, and which lighten the load of a mother's cares, and leave her more leisure and strength for the more profitable employments on which she depended for daily bread. Now, let not any refined and sensitive reader in the city suppose that Ellen and her mother were the less *respectable*, or the less *respected* by the best society in the town of Lillinton, because they *worked for a living*. The fact is, they would not have been esteemed had they been willing to be dependent so long as they could take care of themselves. There was not a lady in Lillinton more beloved than Mrs. Gray. She was at the head of many of the movements in the parish for the promotion of this and that object of Christian benevolence; she was often looked up to for advice, and her example was as powerful as that of any other lady, except the minister's wife. In the best circles, that is, among the wealthiest and most intelligent people of the town, Ellen Gray was the brightest ornament; her company was sought; and a party was dull that lacked the light of Ellen's smile and the ring of her joyous voice. It was the mother's wish that Ellen should mingle much with her young friends. Mrs. Gray did not wish her daughter to be confined to her side continually; and she would urge her often, when Ellen would prefer to stay with her, to go out and be happy, and make others happy, as she shared the pleasures of society. But home was the dearest spot to both mother and daughter. Neither of them could have been happy elsewhere, unless the separation was the call of duty. It was therefore a terrible trial to faith and love when the conviction slowly pressed itself upon the mind of both mother and daughter that it was necessary for Ellen to go abroad, and assume labors and responsibilities for which she seemed to be unfitted. But it had often been suggested to Ellen by those to whom she looked for counsel, that her education qualified her to give instruction to others, and that as a teacher she could provide a comfortable support for herself and her mother, and relieve the feeble Mrs. Gray from those labors to which she was now more and more inadequate. The thought of thus contributing to the comfort of her mother was enough to rouse the soul of this ardent girl to any sacrifice. She would undertake anything to make life's path smoother and life's load lighter for the mother she loved; and the only inquiry now to be made was, where to find a situation in which to engage as a teacher. She first sought in her own neighborhood for a school, but none could be found that was not already supplied; and then the city was visited by the minister of the parish, who took a lively interest in the family, and an effort was made to obtain employment in one of the many schools in the great metropolis. Nothing being met with that answered the desired purpose, the worthy minister was advised to advertise in the newspapers for a situation, and he yielded to the suggestion.

It was represented to him that there was a great demand for female teachers at the south, and if the young lady in whom he was interested was willing to go thither and take the charge of children in a private family, she could find a situation pleasant and desirable, and far less laborious than the care of a school. The advertisement soon appeared in the usual form, and the result was that in less than a month Mr. Jones had several applications for the young lady, all of them from the south; and the most eligible being selected, it was determined that she should accept it, and as soon as a suitable opportunity should offer, that Ellen Gray should go and enter upon her new relations in a distant part of the land.

It would be useless to speak of the painfulness of that parting. Ellen had the strong support of one who *feels* that she is doing right; it was filial piety—a daughter's love that led her to make the sacrifices involved; and great they certainly were. But the mother, how could she sustain the trial? There were kind friends who promised to be still kinder, and Ellen whispered that she would return at the end of a year; and a few years of service in her new vocation would give them the means of living always together, in more ease and comfort than they had enjoyed before.

She went. It was a new world, and a strange world, and a world she did not love, on which Ellen entered when the low but spacious mansion of a southern planter became the scene of her labors. Her new friends were kind in their way, and did what they thought was enough to make their governess happy. But what did they know of the means to make Ellen Gray happy? It was love that Ellen wanted; and in the luxuries with which she was surrounded, and to which she had never been accustomed in her own cherished home, she sighed often and deeply for the hills and the hearts she had left in the frozen north.

Her charge was that of two girls, twelve and nine years old, and they were delighted with their new teacher. They hated the cross French governess, who had tormented them with her music and *parley vous*, and it was joy to them to have so sweet tempered and lovely a girl as Ellen Gray to be their companion and guide. Months, a few months, passed wearily by, and the sense of loneliness wore slightly away, when George Douglass, the son of Mr. Douglass, in whose family Ellen is now domesticated, was announced upon his return from college. It was nothing strange that he should be smitten with the winning loveliness of this new inmate of his father's house, and that he should wonder that one so gifted with beauty and wit should be compelled to toil in the drudgery of teaching among strangers.

It will give a sad turn to this story, and one that I would not give to it, if it were not to record the dangers of youth and innocence, to say that George Douglass at college had not been cured of the vices contracted in still earlier life. Years of unbridled indulgence away from home had only served to pamper his depraved appetites and inflame his heart; while the associations and pursuits of his educational course had expanded his mind, improved his manners, and made him a more attractive and dangerous companion. He came home to be admired, caressed, and courted; the pride of parents who had spoiled him in childhood, who were blind to his faults, and praised him for those dashing and prodigal habits that made him offensive to others. But this was the *character* in which he appeared before the world. He had not been at home a week before he learned that Ellen Gray was a lovelier woman than he had ever trifled with; and her modest worth, while it commanded his respect, assured him that if he would win her regard, he must *appear* to be all that he was not, and conceal all that he was.

Among the young men at the north, and in the retired country parish where Ellen had lived, who looked upon the fair girl with admiration, there was not one who ventured to think of her as within his reach Her purity, dignity, and grace shed a lustre over her character, which dazzled the eye, and rendered her the object of a lofty worship. None had ever approached her with a word of flattery, or whispered in her ear the tale of secret love. This was the lesson she first learned from George Douglass. It was his artful tongue that first told her of her beauty, that, he said, had stolen his heart, and his voice first breathed the words of love into her unsuspecting ear.

Yet well did George Douglass know that Ellen Gray would not, with the consent of his parents, ever be his wife; nor did he seek her as his own choice. A poor, portionless governess was not the girl for the proud youth with a plantation and three or four hundred slaves in prospect. But he whispered love in Ellen's ear, and the sound was new to her, and fell on her heart, and she loved him and gave her heart to him. She believed him; and as she had never been deceived, she knew not the wickedness of the world, nor the dangers that lay in her path.

George told her that his parents were opposed to their plan; and his mother soon gave the trembling Ellen to understand, that if she had any designs upon her son she would soon leave the house. Ellen assured the proud mother that she had no *designs* upon her son; he had told her that he loved her, and she loved him in return; but rather than interfere with his happiness or the peace of his family, she would return to her own home in the far north, and George should be to her as if he had never known her.

This was the first impulse of the generous heart of Ellen Gray. Yet she did not know herself; she did not know how strong were the ties that already bound her to the first and only heart that she had ever loved; and when George proposed to her that night that they should fly to the nearest city, and be married privately, assuring her that when it was once settled his parents would yield and be satisfied, the confiding girl gave her ready consent, and in an evil hour committed her happiness for life to the tender mercies of a villain. * *

It was a mere trick of the wretch to get her into his power. The marriage was a sham, in which one of his college companions impiously personated the man of God; and after a few weeks of travel, in which Ellen began to discover the vices of one whom she had supposed to be stainless as herself, George made an excuse to leave her, while he should go home and seek the forgiveness of his parents, and effect a reconciliation. * * *

She never saw him again. Deserted in a strange city, and left in absolute want, she woke to the comprehension of the awful deception which had been practised upon her, and she sunk under the discovery. Nor would she seek comfort from friends of whose love she might be sure, in the village of her childhood. She thought of the mother whom she loved as no child but Ellen Gray could love, and the burning tears of penitence and shame fell in streams at the memory of those days of peace and bliss when she was a happy girl in her mother's cot—days to come back never to the lone, crushed heart of the deserted one in a friendless land.

Poor Ellen Gray! What has become of thee I know not. The grey hairs of thy mother are rapidly going down with sorrow to the grave. The letter to the minister informing him of thy ruin, was gently communicated to thy mother, and the blessedness of the grace of God in sustaining the heart under the bitterest cup that was ever put to a mother's lip, was never more sweetly displayed than in enabling her to bear up under that dreadful blow.

Ellen is probably ere this in some Potter's field, in the grave of an outcast!

What is the use of telling such a tale as this? The answer is easy, if any one is foolish enough to ask it. It illustrates the deceitfulness of the human heart, the dangers to which unsuspecting innocence is exposed, especially where the affections are liable to be trifled with. This is not the only instance which has come to the writer's knowledge of cruel deception and ruin under similar circumstances, and he writes it for the good of those who may read. Let him that is wise consider.

THOUGHTS FOR MY BIRTHDAY.

Pause ere the "invisible finger of Time" shall turn the leaf, and spread out before thee another yet unwritten page of thy existence. One moment pause, while the bloom of youth lingers for a little on thy cheek, and thine eye still beams with something of its early lustre. Meekly, and with trembling, invoke the spirit of the Past, that, profiting by its stern yet gentle teachings, and "strong in faith assured," thou mayest be ready to meet the revelations of the "viewless fated Future." The spell is woven, the magic word is breathed, and the curtain, drawn aside by hands invisible to human sight, but clearly discernible by the spirit's eye, reveals the Past! Bright, sunny days of childhood, I am with ye once again; playmates, companions, I mingle in your joyous throng; I hear your merry shout; I see *your* smile, whose faces now look sadly upward from beneath the coffin lid! With you once more I climb the slippery rock, to weave a garland for our queen of May; or leap the dangerous brook, to cull the sweet primrose that blushed to see itself reflected in the stream below. Now, hand in hand, we steal to yonder shady spot, to gather precious school-room gifts—the fragrant lilac, with the gaudy marigold and daffodil, spring's earliest garden trophies. Frail flowers, ye quickly faded! So did my days of childhood pass away. Would they had yielded to Heaven as sweet a perfume as that borne to me, after a lapse of twenty years, from the memory of these, my withered blossoms! Well may sacred lips utter the injunction, "Consider the lilies of the field," for, alas! do not these mute creatures of His handiwork, whose very *breath is praise*, send up to their Maker a more grateful fragrance than that exhaled from the early days of many whom he created in his own image, and on whose infant brows he pressed the seal of *immortality?* Years pass on! Again the veil is lifted; a shade of thought is on my brow; the amusements of childhood are forgotten; while yet the verdant hill-side echoes with the sports of which it was so late the scene, and the mossy bank still bears the marks of tiny feet that pressed it, as it were, but yesterday. The murmuring brook and favorite rock have lost their charm, and we almost wonder in what their power to fascinate us once consisted. The seat in "our village" school is resigned for a place in a lofty temple farther up the hill of science, where, day by day, I pluck the tempting fruit from some fair *tree of knowledge.* Now [illegible] [illegible] of half formed hopes that, in their bud, [illegible] the whole [illegible] of my future life; and in their train follow in quick succession moonlight walks, and youthful friendships, which we fondly hoped would always last! And now—but [illegible] the fairy dream when the bright illusion has already vanished? There needs no other [illegible] to be [illegible]. The breeze that fans my temples now and then, reveals, in [illegible] looking glass, a silver hair; and although "I am not old," there is a soft [illegible] whispering in my ear [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of

memory" has now pres
And faithful is the mirro
the fearful record of neg
privilege, obligations una
perverted, time misimpro
than the visions of child
be the seasons of future
Already, in the bitternes
hast thou oft exclaimed,

I've seen my hopes, like fl
their early bloom;
My sun that rose in a cl
down in gloom;
And a blight more withe
stricken soul has know
Than that his fainting spi
desert lone.

And dost thou think to
another twenty years
buried deep in the grave
early hopes, reader, tho
ing before the Throne,
of the great *volume of*
pages of which we ha
sidering.

"For we're wearing aw
there—
We're wearing awa'
There's nae sorrow the
care,
But all is aye fair, in

DEATH.

BY MRS. [illegible] L. [illegible]

[illegible]

He plucks the wreath from the victor; now
  A gasp, and then a groan;
And one who never had learned to bow,
  He has taught his will to own.

The warrior brave his armor binds;
  Death sees its weakest part;
And through the burnished shield he finds
  His way to the soldier's heart.

He lays the saint, whose well spent days
  Have made him ripe for heaven,
By the side of one whose sinful ways
  Have never been forgiven.

In times of peace, 'mid scenes of war,
  His arrows are flying still;
And on he drives his conquering car,
  While his watchword is *to kill!*

King Death is a tyrant grim and old;
  We must yield to his murderous sway;
But all his dark deeds can never be told,
  Till the *last man* has passed away.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

(SEE PLATE.)

Varied and expressive are the titles under which the Saviour is pleased to present himself, to win the regard of those whom he came to save. He took upon himself the form of a servant when he assumed our nature, and he is willing to take upon himself any name, however humble, that will express his character and the offices he has come to perform. "I am the door," saith the Saviour, when he would show himself *the way* by which sinners may enter into life—into the mansions which are prepared for them that love God. "I am the *vine*," saith the Saviour, when he would illustrate the union of the branches, the members of his body, *believers* with himself. They partake of the root and the fatness of the vine, and the streams of life flow to them through him.

"*I am the good shepherd!*" Mark the tenderness of the expression—the *good* shepherd! In other passages than this the same figure is employed to express the peculiar care which the Lord Jesus feels and exercises for his people; but here it is announced with special strength, as if the Saviour would assure his disciples that he is theirs to the sacrifice of himself for their sake. "The good shepherd," saith he, "giveth his life for the sheep." In the eastern world the force of this passage is doubtless more clearly seen than here. We do not appreciate the feelings of the shepherd to his flock. *There*, it is true, that a shepherd often knows the countenance of each sheep, though he may have a vast flock under his care. He gives names to each one of them, and they all *know* their names, and come at his call, and eat from his hand, and follow him whithersoever he goeth. In danger they fly to him for protection, and feel safe when near to him, to be guarded from the invader; and he is ready to defend them as he would be to guard his own fireside from the assault of a ruthless foe. He takes tender care of the little ones. He nurses the feeble; he lays the lambs in his bosom. This is often seen: a shepherd coming home with a lamb in his arms—a lamb that requires more tender nursing than it could receive on the mountains; and the good shepherd would watch it and care for it, as if it were a child of his. A stranger they will not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers; but the voice of their own shepherd they know, and when he speaks they hear, as if a father's voice was in the air.

Now this is a most apt and beautiful figure of Christ. It almost ceases to be a figure and becomes a sweet reality, when we think of the exceeding force of the illustration. Christ is a shepherd in his watchfulness over his people. "I am the good shepherd and know my sheep, and am known of mine." It is sweet for us to feel that we are of his flock—that he has chosen us for his own—gathered us into his fold—set his mark upon us, and trained us to know and follow, obey and enjoy him. He is good. There is no doubt of it. He shows it daily, hourly, every moment. He saw us wandering on the mountains; he came to seek and save the lost, and he found us ready to perish. He took us in his arms; he laid us in his bosom; he brought us home to himself, and nurtured us with more than parental love and care.

He is the good shepherd in guarding us from danger. Our enemies are many and mighty, and their wiles are so deceitful, that we should fall into the snares and perish, if the same grace that rescued us did not preserve us by the way.

He *feeds* his sheep! The finest of the wheat he has prepared for them. He calls them to his store-house, and throws its doors wide open for them to enter and be filled. "He brought me into his banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." He gives them to drink of the rivers of waters that flow from the fountain of his exhaustless love. He leadeth them into green pastures and by the side of still waters. His mercy to them that fear and love him endureth for ever.

The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. This crowns the evidence of his matchless goodness. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends! But while we were yet enemies, far from Christ, before we had become members of his flock and fold,

"This Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God."

How near and tender the relationship in which this condescension on his part brings us! He suffers us to look to him as lambs to a shepherd who will feed, defend, and save his flock—will give his life for them, rather than suffer one of them to be plucked out of his hand. But if this be the relationship, there are obligations on us which we ought to feel—ties made strong and holy by his love and his blood, that should draw us near and still nearer to his feet. We should trust in him for safety, for strength, for daily food, for the bread that perisheth, and for the bread that cometh down from heaven, and for life everlasting. His flesh is meat indeed, and his blood is drink indeed. He is our great High Priest, and Prophet, and King.

These are some of the expressive types, and figures, and emblems, under which we are taught to regard the Saviour. Let us cling to him, and in our own sweet experience find him "the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely."

THE DYING SWAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

"MUST I alone remain dumb and tuneless?" murmured the silent swan, and sighing, bathed himself in the red glow of a beautiful evening sky; "I almost alone of the whole kingdom of the feathered tribes! I envy not, it is true, the cackling goose, the clucking hen, and the screaming peacock. I envy them not their harsh sounds; but thee, oh sweet Philomel, thee I envy! when, enraptured by thy melody, I slowly lead along my rippling course over the waves, and linger, entranced, beneath the radiance of Heaven. How would I sing of thee, thou golden evening sun!—how sing thy lovely light and my own happiness, then bathe in this mirror of thy shining face, and—die!"

In silent rapture the swan dipped beneath the waves. Scarcely had he re-appeared, when a bright form, which stood upon the bank, lured him to the shore. It was the god of the evening and morning sun, the divine Apollo. "Dear, gentle being," he said, "the prayer is heard which thou hast so often breathed within the depths of thy bosom, and which till now might not be granted thee." Scarcely had he spoken, when he touched the swan with his lyre, and sounded upon its strings the melody of the immortals. The tones thrilled the bird of Apollo with strange delight; every hindrance removed, with flowing strains he accompanied the sounding lyre; with grateful joy, he sang the beautiful sun, the shining sea, and his own innocent, happy life. Sweet as his graceful form was the harmonious song. Long he held his slumberous course upon the waves, with soft, dying tones, until he awoke in Elysium, at the feet of Apollo, clothed in his true, heavenly beauty. The song which was denied him in life had become his dying song, which gently must release him, for he had heard the melody of the immortals, and had gazed upon the face of a god.

Grateful, he nestled at the feet of Apollo, and listened to his god-like tones, when the faithful partner of his life approached, who in sweet strains had lamented him, even to death. The goddess of Innocence took both to be her favorites. The beautiful pair fly with her car of shells when she bathes in the lake of youth.

Have patience, thou silent, hoping heart. That which in life is denied thee, because thou couldst not bear it, will, at the moment of thy death, become thine.

THE THREE-COLORED MORNING GLORY.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

SYSTEMATIC name — *Convolvulus tri-color;* Class V.—*Pentandria;* Order I.—*Monogynia;* Natural order—*Convolvulaceæ.*

Generic Character.—"Calyx five-parted, with or without two bracts: corol funnel-form, plaited: stigma two-cleft or double: cells of the capsule two or three cleft; each one or two seeded."

Specific Character.—"Leaves lance-ovate, glabrous: stem declined: flowers solitary."*

Geography.—This family of plants abounds in all parts of the tropics; a few only are natives of cold climates. The species here described is indigenous to the Southern States, the West Indies, and some parts of Europe.

Properties.—Several individuals of the Convolvulus tribe possess very active principles. Their roots contain an abundant store of acrid, milky juice, which is strongly purgative. Scammony, a well known cathartic of the drug shops, is obtained from the *Convolvulus Scammonia.* "It grows plentifully about Maraash, Antioch, Eallib, and towards Tripoli, in Syria. It is from the milky juice of the root that we obtain the officinal scammony, which is procured in the following manner by the peasants, who collect it in the beginning of June. Having cleared away the earth from about the root, they cut off the top in an oblique direction, about two inches below where the stalks spring from it. Under the most depending part of the slope they fix a shell, or some other convenient receptacle, into which the milky juice gradually flows. It is left there about twelve hours, which time is sufficient for draining off the whole of the juice; this, however, is in small quantity, each root affording but a very few drachms. This juice from the several roots is put together, often into the leg of an old boot, for want of some more proper vessel, where, in a little time, it grows hard, and is the genuine scammony." The *Convolvulus Jalapa* is an inhabitant of Mexico and Vera Cruz, and yields the real jalap. The *Convolvulus Panduratus* (Man-of-the-Earth) is a native of the United States, and is sometimes used instead of jalap; but it is less powerful, resembling rhubarb in its effects. There are also other species that possess cathartic properties, but they are much weaker, and require so large a dose as to render them useless. The *Convolvulus Batatus* is the sweet or Carolina potato, which few, we presume, consider "bad to take."

Remarks.—Convolvulus is derived from *convolvo,* which signifies to entwine, wind about, or encompass, and is thus named in reference to the manner in which most of the species grow, winding around the stalks of other plants, or whatever they happen to reach first, like the bean vine. Sometimes it embraces some rotten or yielding object, which, as soon as it begins to feel the weight, breaks or bends, and the encircling vine, having now no supporter, falls to the ground. Whenever we notice this little incident in nature, we are reminded of misplaced affection. Friendship is sometimes thus deceived.

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* Eaton.

"Like ivy it is often seen
Clothed in an everlasting green;
Like ivy, too, 'tis found to cling
Too often round a worthless thing."

A few of the species are declined or prostrate, as the *tri-color*, *batatus*, &c. The specific name is given to accord with the three colors of the blossoms, which are blue, white, and yellow.

Several species and varieties of the Convolvulus are planted for ornament, and trained over a trellis or about the door-posts, and when proper care is bestowed, we would almost defy one to find anything more beautiful, unless it be our sweet darling, the bright-eyed cypress-vine, which we prize above all other runners. But the Morning Glory is beautiful. (The cypress-vine is sometimes called the Morning Glory, by the way.) The common Morning Glory is originally blue or purple, but circumstances have produced many varieties, and to effect the most pleasing display, we should obtain the seeds of as great a variety as possible, and in two or three years we might have upon a single trellis flowers of almost every conceivable hue. It is called the Morning Glory because its blossoms,

———" shrinking from the chilly night,
Droop and shut up; but with the morning's touch
Rise on their stems, all open and upright."

Sentiment.—Worth sustained by affection.

"O! there is one affection which no stain
Of earth can ever darken; where two find,
The softer and the manlier, that a chain
Of kindred taste has fastened mind to mind;
'Tis an attraction from all sense refined;
The good can only know it; 'tis not blind,
As love is unto baseness; its desire
Is but with hands entwined to lift our being
higher."

LABOR.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

"LABOR, labor!" sounds the anvil;
"Labor, labor, until death!"
And the file, with voice discordant,
"Labor, endless labor!" saith·
While the bellows to the embers
Speaks of labor in each breath.

"Labor, labor!" in the harvest,
Saith the whetting of the scythe,
And the mill-wheel tells of labor
Under waters falling blithe;
"Labor, labor!" groan the millstones
To the bands that whirl and writhe!

And the woodman tells of labor
In his echo-waking blows;
In the forest, in the cabin,
'Tis the dearest word he knows!
"Labor, labor!" saith the spirit,
And with labor comes repose.

"Labor!" saith the loaded wagon,
Moving towards the distant mart.
"Labor!" groans the heavy steamer,
As she cleaves the waves apart.
Beating like that iron engine,
"Labor, labor!" cries the heart!

Yes, the heart of man cries "labor!"
While it labors in the breast.
Hear the Ancient and Eternal,
In the Word which He hath blest,
Saying, "Six days shalt thou labor,
On the seventh thou shalt rest!"

Then how beautiful at evening,
When the toilsome week is done,
To behold the blacksmith's embers
Fade together with the sun;
And to think the doors of labor
Are all closing up like one!

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO LEARNED FOR WHAT PURPOSE HE WAS IN THE WORLD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JUNG-STILLING, BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

Bertram, a poor beggar boy, was now sixteen years old, as towards evening, on a long summer's day, he walked down a steep mountain ridge, in order to beg his supper in the little village below, and then to seek his bed in some barn or out-house. He had never reflected whether the life which he led was pleasing in the sight of God. I do not know indeed if he knew anything of God. The cooing turtle dove in the wood, the beautiful sunset, with all the charms of nature, made but little impression upon him, compared with that which he felt when a good-natured peasant woman reached him a dish of sour milk with a piece of bread, as he stopped at her door.

Without thinking or caring about anything, he walked on until he came to the little village, where a white-haired old man sat before the door of his house, to enjoy the warmth of the setting sun. Bertram drew near to the old man, and said mechanically, and without any meaning, "Give me something, for the love of God!" The old man gazed for a while upon him with a searching glance, and then answered, "Go, I will give you nothing; you are stout and healthy; you must work and earn your bread." Bertram replied, "Ah, good old man, I would gladly learn to work, but no one will give me anything to do, and no one will teach me anything!"

The old man reflected a while, and said to himself, "What the boy says is true; everybody reproaches him, and cries out to him that he ought to work, and yet he knows not how, neither will any one take the trouble to teach him. Sit down, my lad," he continued, turning to Bertram, and then called to his daughter, who was the mistress of the house, and asked her to give the boy some bread and butter; the boy sat down and ate it with a hearty appetite. While he ate, the old man pondered on the inexplicable ways of God towards man. "This healthy and stout lad has nothing in the world to do; he is superfluous, and might be dispensed with: many men, on the other hand, who would be of some use, die in early childhood, or are sick, and unable to perform the labors of their calling." Like Asaph, the good old man's feet had almost slipped, and he had well nigh rebuked the Most High.

Bertram had in the meanwhile finished his bread and butter, and it now occurred to him that he would walk a mile or two farther to another village, where he hoped to find a better shelter for the night. As he wandered on along the road, he soon came to a wood. In front of the wood, near a small path, there sat a poor old man weeping and praying. Bertram's heart was touched; he approached him, and now saw that the old man was blind. "Why do you weep, father?" he said.

"Ah!" said the old man, "I am a poor blind beggar. I had a boy who led me around, but he has lately run away. Here I sit and cannot help myself." Bertram was delighted. I will lead the old man about, he thought to himself, and then no one will reproach me with being idle. "Good old man," he said, "I also am a beggar; I will lead you about, and you may be sure that I will never run away from you."

The blind man then kneeled down upon the grass and said, "I thank thee, kind Father in Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer!" Bertram saw and heard this, and he wondered with whom it could be that the old man was speaking. He had known nothing of his father, and he had lost his mother in his sixth year. He had heard of God indeed, and had seen how the people morning and evening, before and after meals, took off their hats or caps, folded their hands, and spoke many words; he also knew that this was called praying; but he had never seen nor heard any one pray like this blind man. He now took the old man by the coat, walked on at his side, and guided him toward the village which he had just left, for thither the blind man wished to go.

On the way, Bertram asked him what he meant by the words which he had uttered when he kneeled. Old Leonard was astonished at this question. He asked Bertram his age, whence he came, where he had lived, and listened to his whole story. He could not understand how it was that Bertram knew nothing of God, and of His holy word. He said therefore, "Bertram, my son, with all thy poverty, thou art very fortunate in having met with me, for I will teach thee how to be for ever happy after death."

Bertram was delighted to hear this, for he was at heart a good youth, although ignorant. He came leading the blind man into the village; the grey-haired man was still sitting before his door, and saw them both coming. The boy smiled upon him, and said, "Here I am again." But the old man was still pondering and trying to understand how it was that the Lord suffered so many useless people to live upon the earth, while so many die who are useful and necessary. The thought now flashed upon him. "Behold how the Lord makes use of this poor boy for a leader of the blind! Is not that a good calling? Is it not something to be the stay and comfort of a human being?" The old man blushed at his rashness and short-sightedness, and was curious to know how Bertram had found the blind man. He called to him therefore, gave him alms, and asked him where he had met with him.

Bertram told him all, and the blind man added that he had been deserted by his guide, and was sitting in the wood alone, praying to God and weeping, and that God had granted his prayer, and had led the boy Bertram to him. When old Paul heard the man speak so devoutly, he was much pleased, and began to converse with him, telling him to take a seat by his side, and Bertram likewise. They sat down upon a stone bench, beneath a linden tree.

"Now tell me your history," said Paul. "The boy who guides you was here lately, begging, and I could not help thinking how it could be that God should suffer so many poor people to live in the world, where they are of so little value, and permit so many useful and active men to die. I could not understand it. Thereupon the boy went his way, and while I was still pondering, behold here he comes as your guide. My heart beat faster, and I thought to myself, "Well, it is plain after all that even this boy may have a useful calling." Old Leonard smiled, reached his hand to Paul, and said,

"God be praised, dear friend, that I have for once found a man who thinks earnestly of God, and one with whom I can have a comfortable word or two, and I believe that Heaven has so ordered it that I must come to you, in order to tell you what I have been taught by experience. I thought once as you do; but I have since learned for what purpose I am in the world. Listen, while I tell you how things have gone with me.

"My father was a village carpenter, a worthy, upright man, who honestly earned his bread. My deceased mother was likewise an excellent woman, but she was sickly. I was her first and only child. After my birth she was bed-ridden for three years, and then died of consumption. I was always about her, and I nursed her in her illness, although I was myself weakly and subject to rheums; yet this period of my life was of great use to me, for my mother was continually speaking of Christianity, and planted in my soul the true principles of piety. She died as joyfully as if she were going to a wedding.

"I still continued so weak that I was obliged to keep my bed almost all the time. A year afterward my father married again, and committed this fault, namely, he looked after money and goods. He obtained a rich wife indeed; but she knew that she was rich, and made him feel it daily. She so embittered his life that he could hardly endure it. I was treated still worse than he, however. I scarcely received bread enough to satisfy my hunger, and weak as I was, I was obliged to draw and fetch water for myself. She sometimes sent me vegetables warmed over, but never until they had grown so sour that I could not eat them.

"Thus through the long, long months I lay upon my bed, and prayed to God to release my spirit; but he did not grant my prayer. I began at last to murmur against him, and to complain that he had given me so wicked a step-mother. I could not understand wherefore I was in the world, as I had nothing to do therein.

"My deceased mother had a brother who was a shoemaker; he was much younger than she, and after wandering around the country to work at his trade, returned now, when I had been plagued for three years by my step-mother. He was at that time thirty years old, and had resolved to settle down and work at his trade. He used to visit us, and soon saw what was best to be done. He came to me and made me tell him all. Among other things, I could not avoid telling him how discontented I was with God for not taking me out of a world in which I was of no use. But my uncle understood the matter better than I.

"He answered, 'Thou art very sinful, Leonard! How canst thou tell for what purpose thou art in the world, and to what use God will yet put thee? During thy long sickness thy patience has been well tried; thou art thus learning to serve God, and thy step-mother is given to thee as a trial. She is harsh and unkind toward thee; but her eyes may yet be opened to her injustice, and perhaps she may repent. But thy father must bear this cross, because he has sought after wealth instead of virtue. But I will put an end to the business. I will take thee with me to my house, and take care of thee, and try whether thou canst not be cured.'

"This pleased me so well that I wept for joy. My uncle did not reproach my mother; he spoke with her and my father only of me, and they were both well pleased to have me go with him. After a little while he took me away.

"As soon as I was at his house my health began to mend. He was married to an excellent woman, who carefully tended me. I took medicines, and in half a year I was able to begin to learn my uncle's trade.

"My father did not bear his cross long; he fell into a consumption and died. My step-mother married again, and her husband paid her two-fold for all her unkindness to us; he beat her daily. When he returned home drunk, she must crouch like a hound at his feet, when he would trample upon her and otherwise maltreat her; he would not even allow her enough to eat. She now came to us, with eyes red with weeping; she lamented over her troubles, and we did not utter a word of reproach to her; she herself was sensible of her injustice to my father and myself. I now became her greatest comfort.

"At last, when I understood my trade, my uncle helped me to a good wife. I married a maiden who had neither father nor mother, but a house, a small farm, and some money. With all this she was very pious and honest. In compliance with my wishes, she consented to receive my step-mother into the house. So I went for her, and bronght her home. And it was high time, for her husband had spent all her property, and they were wretchedly poor. The unhappy woman had received so many blows and bruises, that her health was sadly impaired; she kept her bed for two years, and then died. We did not remember her harshness, but nursed her while she lived as well as we could.

"During this while I began to understand wherefore I was in the world, namely, to do good to those who had injured me. But I would not have learned this if I had not myself been oppressed in my youth.

"After my step-mother's death, my wife and I lived very quietly together. Everything went well with us; we had five children, and we thought that our prosperity would always continue. My oldest son learned my trade, and I parted with him without regret, when he left me to wander through the country, in order to perfect himself in his occupation. He departed, wrote to me occasionally for the first year or two; but alas! for eighteen years I have neither seen him nor heard of him; it was said that he went over the sea.

"Within a year the next three children died of the measles. Then my wife was taken sick. All that I could earn went to pay the doctor, and my affairs gradually went behindhand. I could not work very steadily, as I was obliged to tend upon my wife, and thus I fell into poverty.

"You cannot think how ardently I prayed to God during my dear wife's illness, that he would not deprive me of her; but my prayers were not granted. Well, my wife died, leaving behind her a child a year and a half old.

"Now I began to work again, but I soon discovered that my sight was failing. I asked the advice of a skilful surgeon, who told me that my eyes were affected with cataract. I started backward as if some one had struck me a blow upon the head; but there was no help, and within half a year I was blind. All I possessed, house and goods, were by this time entirely consumed, and I was now glad that my wife was dead, and had no need to go about with me to beg. My child was placed in the hospital, where she was brought up. She has turned out a good girl, and is now at service with honest people.

"You can easily think that it came hard to me to beg, but I had no alternative. Again I prayed that God would take me out of the world, for I was no longer of any use here; but my prayer was not answered, and in time I understood wherefore.

"For a while I could see well enough to go alone; but at last I could do so no longer. I then wished that I had a poor boy to lead me about; and things now happened singularly.

"For a long time I could not find such a boy. I heard at last of a thief who had been hung, and who was said to have left behind him two boys, who were going about begging. It now occurred to me that these children were left alone in the world, despised and abhorred by all, and I resolved to take them, and lead around with me, and instruct them in all that was good. I went to a certain worthy man, who I knew would help me, and told him my purpose. He approved of it, took the trouble to seek out the children, found them both, and brought them to me.

"I took them, and did not let them leave me. One day John must guide me, the next day James. I instructed them in everything good; in short, I made fine lads of them. I kept them with me for four years, when I found a place for one of them at a shepherd's. He behaved himself well, labored afterwards in the service of a farmer, married at last, and is now an upright, honest man, able to earn his bread. The other remained a year longer with me. I then placed him also with a peasant, and he is at this time doing very well. It now occurred to me that I had been greatly in the wrong to look upon myself as useless in the world; I should not perhaps have made honest lads out of these forsaken children, if I had not grown blind.

"I then sought out another boy to guide me, and I met with him in the following way: When I had found a home for James, he still remained with me until his place was supplied. We came one day to a small cottage, where we found a woman weeping; she said that she could give me nothing. I asked her why not. 'Alas!' she answered, 'I am a poor widow; my husband was buried yesterday, and I am left with five helpless children, and have no bread for them!'

"'How old are the children?' I asked.

"'The eldest boy,' she replied, 'is sixteen years old, the two girls are fourteen and twelve; then there is a boy of ten, and one of eight years.'

"I then said, 'Will you part with the two youngest to me? I will bring them up.'

"'God forbid that my children should beg!' replied the woman.

"Notwithstanding her wretchedness and mine, I could not help laughing at the woman. I at last set the business in a true light, and told her how I had already provided for two boys, and that her children would have to beg at all events; and thus, at last, I persuaded her. I took the boys; they are now at service with God-fearing people, and conduct themselves honestly and well.

"I then chanced upon the last lad; but he was good for naught. I found him on the highway, but I could make nothing of him. If Bertram now will be good and faithful, he may become industrious and happy also."

Bertram had listened to this narration with the greatest attention; he wept likewise at intervals, and at last asked old blind Leonard if he might call him father.

"Yes," answered Leonard, "that thou mayest. I will always be a father to thee."

Old Paul had listened in astonishment. He now began. "Hearken, good old Leonard, whence come you?"

He answered, "From Diesburg, eighteen miles off."

"Where do you find shelter?"

"God always provides for me, now in one place, now in another. The Saviour, who had not where to lay his head, was no better off than I."

Old Paul entered the house, and spoke a while with his daughter and son-in law. They were easily persuaded to give the blind Leonard and his boy a chamber, and a bed in which they could sleep. Leonard gazed towards heaven with tears in his eyes, thanked God and the good Paul, and took possession of his new home.

Leonard had been but a short time with Paul and his children, when they found that they could not do without him, for his society was exceedingly agreeable and edifying; in many things also he was of great service to these good people. Bertram likewise made himself useful, when he was not busy leading about the blind man.

Things remained thus for about a year, when all at once a notice was read in the neighboring churches to the following effect: "If any man is acquainted with the abode of the blind shoemaker Leonard, let him give information thereof to the bailiff of Diesburg." Old Paul was in church when the notice was read, and wondered what it could mean. He was secretly uneasy lest the blind old man might have committed a crime somewhere or other. He told Leonard of it on his return home. The latter was astonished, but remained calm, and begged Paul's son-in-law to go to Diesburg and find out why he was sought after, as he himself could not travel such a distance.

But this was not necessary, for after dinner, as they were all sitting together in the chamber, and as Paul was about to read aloud a sermon from a collection of homilies, a well dressed man came riding up to the door. He dismounted in haste, and entered the chamber. He gazed steadfastly upon old Leonard, and walked towards him; but he controlled himself again, and sat down. Paul and the others were greatly astonished. Old Leonard had heard the stranger enter, but he kept still, and did not say a word.

The stranger now began. "Are you not the shoemaker Leonard, who formerly lived in Diesburg?"

"Yes," answered the blind man.

"Had you not a son who went abroad some twenty years ago?"

Leonard replied, "Yes, alas, yes! but I have heard nothing of him for these eighteen years."

Tears streamed down the stranger's cheeks. He asked farther, "How have you lived in the meanwhile, good old man?"

Leonard replied, "Alas! I have been obliged to beg my bread from door to door, and still God has kindly provided for me, so that I cannot complain."

The stranger wept still more, and continued: "I have heard indeed that you are a pious, excellent man; but now all your misery is ended, for your son has been heard of; he is very rich, and I am sent to greet you from him."

Leonard was greatly moved, and turned pale for joy; he arose as if to leave the room, groped with his hands, but knew not whither to turn. The stranger could restrain himself no longer; he ran toward the old man, fell upon his neck, cried, and wept aloud, and said, "Dearest father, I am your lost son—I am your long lost James!"

The old man clasped his son to his bosom, sobbed and wept, and gave thanks to God. Paul and his family wept also, but Bertram laughed.

After this affecting scene was over, the old man began to ask a thousand questions. James now related how he had been kidnapped eighteen years ago, and sent to sea. He recounted all his sufferings, and how at last he had been fortunate in the East Indies, and had married a woman worth fifty thousand crowns, and how he was now living with her in Amsterdam, and had journeyed hither to seek out his father and friends, that they might share in his good fortune.

Upon this the son sent for a carriage to take his father with him to Diesburg. Bertram wept bitterly; but when James heard that he was a good and honest boy, and had served his father faithfully, he took him also with him, and promised him, if he behaved well, that he would provide for him also.

When old Leonard took his leave, all wept. Paul pressed his hand, and said, "We shall see each other again in eternity."

"Yes," answered Leonard, "he who has lived the life of a Christian may lift up his head and rejoice; but I should like to know what further use God will put me to."

Paul continued: "Do not be uneasy about that; if, as a blind beggar, you have done so much good, how much more will you do when the Lord has given you competence!"

James promised to afford him opportunities enough for doing good. He and his father now rode away, and took Bertram with them. James purchased a house and garden in Diesburg, and gave it to his father. He then promised to send a sum of money yearly, which he could employ for the good of mankind. Bertram, he said, must be put to school, and be industrious, and learn in time to be useful. Leonard then sent for his daughter, and gave her the charge of the house.

The old man's blindness now distressed him doubly, for he longed to look upon his son. The latter had taken measures for this also; for as the disease in his eyes was thought not to be incurable, a skilful surgeon was sent for, who came and operated upon them with complete success. Old Leonard was now perfectly happy. His son returned to Holland, whence he sent him every year the sum which he had promised. With this Leonard purchased cotton, and established a large factory, and thus became a benefactor to the whole country around.

But old Paul and his family did not long remain forgotten. The poor cottage and bit of land which he owned were sold, and Leonard purchased him a comfortable house and garden in the neighborhood of Diesburg, whither the old man moved with his children. The two old men often visited each other, and joined in praising God for his holy care and guidance. Paul died first, and Leonard mourned for him like a brother. Bertram became in time his partner, and after his death was left heir to the house and factory, and lived and died a devout and useful man.

RAMBLES IN LONDON.

REV. MR. MELVILLE—MARCHIONESS OF P.—DUKE OF WELLINGTON—THE QUEEN.

BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

THE first day in a large strange city always awakens peculiar feelings, for the mind has not yet adapted itself to its new home, new associations, and new objects. There is a sense of vagueness, indefiniteness, as if all landmarks and road-marks were mingled in inextricable confusion. As you pass along and fix, one after another, some striking localities, constituting, as it were, points of observation, gradually the chaos begins to assume form and arrangement, till at length the endless web of streets lies like a map in the mind.

I have always had one rule in visiting large cities on the continent. First I get a map and study it carefully, fixing, at the outset, some principal street as a centre around which I am to gather all other highways and byways. This is a capital plan, for all cities have some one great thoroughfare along which the main stream of life flows. Thus you have the Toledo at Naples, the Corso at Rome, the Boulevards at Paris, Broadway in New York, &c., &c. After this is done, I select some day and purposely lose myself, by constant indefinite wandering in the city. Guided by no definite object, following merely the whim of the moment, I am more apt thus to fall in with new and unexpected things, and see every object with the eye of an impartial observer.

But London has three or four thoroughfares of almost equal importance. Its millions of souls must have more than one outlet, and hence a person is easier confused in it than in almost any other large city in the world. There is one thing, however, that helps a stranger amazingly in knowing his whereabouts—the three great streets, Regent street, Oxford street, and the Strand, all empty themselves near Cheapside, and thus fix a centre to the mind.

There is one peculiarity in foreign cities, especially on the continent, which always strikes a stranger, and that is tablets, etc., fixed in the houses, indicating some great event, and the time it transpired. Thus in Florence there are inscriptions fixing the rise of a great flood; and in the pavement near the Duomo, one which informs the stranger that Dante used to come and sit there of an evening, and look on the splendid cathedral, as the glorious sunbeams fell upon it. In another direction you are informed that Corinna inhabited the house before you; and by the Arno, that a man there once boldly leaped into the water and saved a female. So in walking along Aldersgate street, London, I saw a tablet fixed in the walls of a house, stating that there a bloody murder was committed, and warning all good people against the crime. Sauntering along I came to Smithfield, famous for the martyrdom of Rogers and his family; but I never was so bothered to get up any feeling or sympathy about an interesting locality in my life, for there before me, in the open space, were countless sheep pens, composed each of some half a dozen bars, while the incessant bleating of the poor animals within made a perfect chaos of sound. Smithfield is now a *sheep market* in the heart of London—thus changes the world about us—and the old Roman Forum is a *cow* market.

There is nothing I have regretted so much in travelling as carelessness in providing myself with letters of introduction, the most essential of all things, if you wish to know *men*, though utterly worthless, if you are anxious only to see *things*. I do not know that I should have taken a single one to London, had not a friend put it into my head, by offering me a couple, one to Thomas Campbell, and another to William Beattie. These, however, were quite enough for one who wished only to see the literary men of London, for it is one of the excellent traits of an English gentleman that he takes pleasure in introducing you to his friends, and thus you are handed over from one to another, till the circle is complete. But I was unfortunate, for I found neither of these gentlemen in London. A day or two after my arrival, I drove down to the residence of the latter, in Park Square, Regent's Park, and was told by the servant that Mr. B. was in Dover. Leaving a little present for him, with which I had been entrusted by one of his friends, I returned to my lodgings somewhat disappointed. A few days after, I received a letter from Mr. Beattie, saying that he regretted exceedingly that his absence from London prevented him from seeing me, and adding the unpleasant information that Campbell had just left him for France. This dished all my prospects in that quarter, and I set about amusing myself as I best could, now wandering through Hyde Park at evening, strolling up the Strand, or visiting monuments and works of art.

On the Sabbath I concluded to go to Camberwell, and hear the celebrated Mr. Melville preach. I had read his sermons in America, and been struck with their fervid, glowing eloquence, and hence was exceedingly anxious to hear him. Camberwell, which, though a part of London, is three miles from St. Paul's, resembles more some large and beautiful village than the fragment of a city. I had been told that it was difficult to get entrance to the church, as crowds thronged to hear him; and as I entered the humble, unpretending building, packed clear out into the portico, I could not but wonder why he should not choose some more extensive field of labor. By urging my way to the door, and consenting to stand during the whole service, I succeeded in getting both a good view and good hearing. As he rose in the pulpit his appearance gave no indication of the rousing, thrilling orator I knew him to be, unless it was the expression about the eye. There was that peculiar lifting to the brow, a sort of openness and airiness about the upper part of the face, which belongs more or less to all your ardent, enthusiastic characters. No man who has a soul with wings to it, on which it now and then mounts upward with a stroke that carries the eye of the beholder in rapture after it, is without some feature which is capable of lighting up into intense brilliancy.

Mr. Melville looks to be about forty-five. His full head of hair, which lies in tufts around his forehead, is slightly turned with grey, while his voice, without being very powerful, is full and rich. His text embraced those verses which describe the resurrection of Lazarus. The topic promised something rich and striking, and I was expecting a display of his impassioned eloquence, but was disappointed. He had divided the subject into two sermons, and the first which I was to hear was a train of reasoning. He commenced by taking the infidel side of the question, and argued through the first half of his sermon as I never heard a sceptic reason. He took the ground that the miracle was wholly improbable, from the fact that but one of the evangelists had mentioned it. Here was one of the most important miracles Christ ever performed—one which, if well established, would authenticate his claim and mission beyond a doubt, and yet but one single evangelist makes mention of it. All the other miracles were open to some criticism. The son of the widow of Nain might have been in a trance, or the functions of life suddenly suspended, as is often witnessed, and the presence and voice of Christ been the occasion only, not the cause, of his awaking at that particular time. As for healing the sick, that had been done by others, and there were many instances on record where the excited action of the mind in a new channel had produced great bodily effects. But here was a case in which none of these suppositions could be of any weight. Lazarus had lain in his grave four days, and decomposition had already commenced. All the friends knew it, for they had been present at the funeral. They had not only closed his eyes, but laid him in his grave, and placed a huge stone upon it. Shut out from the light and air of heaven, his body had begun to return to its mother earth. In this state of things Christ arrives, and going mournfully to the tomb of his friend, calls him from his sleep of death. The dead man moves in his grave clothes, arises, and comes forth! Now, in the first place, was it likely that so wonderful an occurrence as this should have escaped the knowledge of the disciples, or if known, would have been omitted in their biographies of him? Did not the unbroken silence of all these writers argue against the occurrence of the miracle? These disciples mention with great minuteness many acts of the Saviour apparently of less importance, and yet this wondrous miracle is unaccountably left out. Mr. Melville went on in this way, bringing forward argument after argument, and applying them with such power and force, that I really began to tremble. That his views were correct, I had no doubt; but I feared he was not aware of the strong light in which he was putting the case, nor of the impression he was making on his hearers. I knew he designed to meet and overthrow this tremendous array of argument, which no infidel could have used with such consummate ability; but I doubted whether the audience would feel the force of his after reasoning as they evidently had of his former. To his mind the logic might be both clear and convincing, but not to the hearer. But I was mistaken. The giants he had reared around his subject became men of mist before him. They went down, one after another, under his stroke, with such rapidity, that the heart became relieved, as if a burden had been suddenly removed. He denied, in the first place, that there was anything so peculiar about the miracle as the whole argument of the infidel assumed. He adduced several other miracles giving more convincing proof of Christ's divinity than it—furnishing less grounds for cavil; and then went on to show that this very omission proved, if not that miracle, the truth of the statements of the evangelists, and their perfect freedom from all collusion, and thus in the end proved the miracle itself. His argument and illustration were both beautiful, and I was very sorry when he was through.

I should like to have heard the other part of the subject, when he came to speak with the faith and love of the believer of that thrilling scene. I have no doubt it gave occasion to one of his finest efforts, and around that grave he poured light so intense and dazzling, that the *hearer* became a *spectator*, and emotion took the place of reason. Mr. Melville is the younger son of a nobleman, and exhibits in his manner and bearing something of the *hauteur* so peculiar to the English aristocracy. He, however, does not seem to be an ambitious man, or he would not stay in this village-like church in the suburbs of the city. His health may have something to do with it; but I imagine the half rural aspect and quiet air of Camberwell suit him better than the turmoil, and tumult, and feverish existence of a more metropolitan life.

It is quite a long step from this to Hyde Park, and the scene that presents itself is quite different from that of a house of worship. It is a week day, and through this immense park are driving in all directions the gay and luxurious nobility of England. About five o'clock in the evening the throng is the thickest, and along every winding road that intersects these magnificent grounds are passing splendid carriages, or elegant delicate structures of the wealthy and noble, making the whole scene a moving panorama. Here English ladies show their skill with the whip, and drive their high-spirited horses with the rapidity and safety of a New York omnibus driver. Look, there goes a beautiful, light, graceful thing, drawn by two cream-colored ponies, or rather *very small* horses, with silver manes and tails. Of faultless form, they tread daintily along, while behind, on two other ponies of the same size and color precisely, are mounted two outriders, who dog that light vehicle as if it were death to lose sight of it. The only occupant of that carriage is a lady, fat and handsome, with auburn hair, blue eyes, and a full, open face, who, with the reins in one hand, and the whip in the other, is thus taking her airing. As she passes me, a long stretch of road is before her, and with a slight touch the graceful team spring away, while the fair driver, leaning gently forward, with a tight rein guides them in their rapid course. Those two outriders have hard work to keep up with the carriage of their mistress as it flies onward. That lady is the Marchioness of P., a noted beauty.

I give this simply as a specimen of the manner in which the ladies of the English nobility amuse themselves. It is no small accomplishment to be a good whip, and the lady who can manage a spirited team is prouder of her achievement than if she performed a thousand domestic duties. What a singular thing custom is! I have seen women in our frontier settlements going to the mill, and driving both horses and oxen with admirable skill, nay, pitching and loading grain. The Dutch girls in Pennsylvania will rake and bind equal to any man, and many of our western females perform masculine duties with the greatest success; but we have not generally regarded these things as accomplishments. It makes a great difference, however, whether it is done from necessity or from choice. It is singular to see how our refinement and luxury always tend to the rougher state of society, and not unfrequently to that bordering in many respects on savage life. Gladiatorial shows, bull fights, &c., spring out from the weariness and ennui of a refined, lazy, voluptuous life. The want of excitement produces these spectacles, for when men become insensible to the more refined pleasures from their long gratification, they seek the stimulation of grosser ones. Exhausted luxury must terminate in brutal debasement or brutal ferocity, and just in proportion as the senses are gratified does man seek for the stronger stimulants, which are found in that state of society bordering nearest on animal life. This luxury produces the opposite of true refinement, say what those will who rule in the high places of fashion.

But I will speak of Hyde Park again, and will just step across to St. James's Park, which is laid out with an eye as much to taste as to convenience. A little lake slumbers in the centre, on which ducks are quietly sailing, and green and beautiful trees are shaking their freshness down on the dreamy groups that are strolling about, while palaces on every side shut in with their gorgeous fronts the large and delightful area. I was sauntering along, musing as I went, when a single horseman came on a plunging trot towards me. It needed no second look to tell me it was the "iron duke." That face, seen in every print shop in London, with its hooked nose, thin, spare features, and peculiar expression, is never mistaken by the most indifferent observer. He had on a grey tweed overcoat, which cost him probably five or six dollars, and his appearance, manner and all, was that of a common gentleman. He is an ungraceful rider, notwithstanding so much of his life has been passed on horseback and in the field; but I must confess that the kind of exercise he has been subjected to in that department was not the most favorable to elegance of attitude in the saddle. His long and wearisome campaigns and fierce battles have demanded endurance and toil, and though his seat is not that of a riding-master, he has nevertheless ridden to some purpose in his life. As I turned and watched his receding form, I could not but think of the stormy scenes he had passed through, and the wild tumult amid which he had urged his steed. There are Albuera, Badajos, Salamanca, St. Sebastian, and last of all, Waterloo, about as savage scenes as one would care to recall. Where death reaped down the brave fastest, and the most horrid carnage covered the field; amid the smoke and thunder of a thousand cannon and the fearful shocks of cavalry, he has ridden as calmly as I see him now moving away into yonder avenue of trees.

The Duke has a house near by in a most dilapidated state, which he, with his accustomed obstinacy, steadily refuses to repair. The mob in their fury thus defaced it, and he is determined it shall stand as a monument of lawless violence. His great influence in the administration of the government has made him the object of marked hatred to that whole class of men who are starving for want of work, and yet have sense enough to know who are their oppressors. Once he came near being trodden under foot by them. They pressed fiercely upon his steps as he rode along the street, and were just about to drag him from his horse, when a cartman drove his cart right behind him, and kept it steadily there, notwithstanding every effort to push the bold fellow aside. His devotion saved the Duke, and the latter was so grateful for it, that he made every effort afterwards to discover his name, for the purpose of rewarding him, but never did.

Soon after, I came to Buckingham Palace, the royal residence, and seeing a crowd at the main entrance, I asked a sentinel on guard what it meant. He replied that the Queen was every moment expected. This was a sight worth stopping to see, so I fell into the ranks that were arranged on each side of the gate. I had not waited long before several outriders came up on a full gallop, and the ponderous gate swung back on its hinges as if touched by an enchanter's wand, while those horsemen reined up on either side, and stood as if suddenly turned into statues. Soon an open carriage, drawn by six horses, came up with a rapid sweep, followed by several men in gold lace on horseback. There was quite a movement at the sight of this cortége, yet there was nothing particularly imposing in it. The top of the carriage had been thrown back, giving it the appearance of a barouche, and within sat two ladies and two gentlemen, looking for all the world like any other well dressed people; yet one of those ladies was the Queen of England, and one of those gentlemen was Prince Albert. The Queen had on a straw hat and a light shawl, and with her very plain face, full and unpleasant eye, retreating chin, and somewhat cross expression in her look, seemed anything but an interesting woman. The portraits of her have as little of her features in them as they well could, for Victoria, as Queen of England, is a very plain woman, while Victoria, a milliner, would be called somewhat ugly.

The royal cortége swept into the court, the gates swung back on their hinges, and the blessed vision had departed. The Queen, however, had deigned to bow to me—that is, to us, some fifty or a hundred,—and I turned away to my hotel, wondering when the farce of queens would end. Here is one of the most powerful empires in the world, sustained by the most powerful intellects it possesses, with a mere stick, a puppet moved by wires, placed over it. A young woman who probably could not manage an ordinary school well, is presented with the reins of government, because the registry says that her great-grandfather's uncle, or some similar relative, once wore a crown legitimately. So hoary-headed statesmen, the proud, the great, and the wealthy, come and bow the knee, and hail her sovereign who they know really exercises no more sway than a wooden image placed in her stead, with a little royal blood dropped into its mouth by way of consecrating it. This putting up the mere symbol of royalty, and then bowing with such solemn mockery before it, will yet appear as ludicrous as the worship of the Grand Lama, when an infant six months old, by the people of Thibet.

WORLD-WORSHIP.

BY BAILLIE WOOD LANBURN.

WAKING with my being's dawn,
Rushing with my harness on,
Till the sands of life are gone.

"Loving Spirit!" then I said,
"Teach me in thy paths to tread,
'Mid the living—'mid the dead."

Forth she led my willing feet,
Where the sounds of millions beat,
In the temple, hall, or street.

Swift-pursuing, on I flew,
Ever meeting something new,
While I kept my end in view.

Rising o'er the distant plain,
Orbed in glory's richest strain,
Broke a world-subduing train.

Springing forth in brightest birth,
Rolled parhelia o'er the earth,
Boasting splendor's countless worth.

Dazzled they the eye that sought
Nobler things than e'er were brought
From th' Elysia long forgot.

Then rejoicing strains were sung,
Swelling loud from every tongue,
By the trancing mystery strung.

Vision-tracing in the sky,
Where the lines scarce meet the eye,
Ere they fade away and die.

Phantom-chasing day by day—
Loving things that flit away
With the promise of decay.

Fame-pursuing, where the breath
Uttering what the trumpet saith,
Stills the echo in its death.

Fashion-changing every hour—
Courting splendor's regal power—
Purchased with the spirit's dower.

Wealth-increasing—gilded dross—
Swiftest gathered, swiftest loss—
Slaying souls on Mammon's cross.

Treading where Ambition calls—
Standing in the Senate halls—
Pleading still where Justice falls.

Rushing on 'mid Battle's din—
Plunging in the tide of sin—
Fame's ensanguined meed to win.

Castle-building, where the ground
Groans with marble strewn around,
Ivy-covered—ruin bound.

Building temples in desire—
Lighting altars with the fire
Kindled at the spirit's pyre.

Vanish earth's delusive schemes—
Pearls that seek Lethean streams—
Hope's bright gossamer of dreams.

Perish they though high they rise—
Crumble they before our eyes—
Prostrate where all greatness lies.

Thus this worship cheats the soul—
Leads it on to find the goal
Shifting on a dang'rous shoal.

But I found one refuge still—
Come, World-Worshipper! who will,
Find a soul-pervading thrill.

Find it breaking, beaming bright.
Through the soul's delaying night,
Hastening on the wing of Light.

NIGHT AND DAY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JUNG-STILLING, BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

Night and Day contended for the pre-eminence. Day, the fiery, brilliant boy, began the strife.

"Poor, dusky mother," he said, "what hast thou like my sun, my heaven, my fields, like my busy, restless life? What thou hast deadened, I awake to the sense of a new being; what thou hast benumbed, I reanimate."

"But hast thou ever thanks for this?" said the modest veiled Night. "Is it not for me rather to refresh what thou dost weary? And how can I do this, except by bringing forgetfulness of thee? But upon my bosom all recline with joy, as upon the bosom of a mother; let them but touch the border of my garment, they forget thy glare, and sink softly to repose. With heavenly dew I revive and nourish the soul, now grown calm in my embrace. To the eye that beneath thy sunbeams never ventured to look towards heaven, I, the veiled Night, disclose a host of countless suns, countless images, new hopes, new stars."

The babbling Day now touched the border of her vesture; silent and weary, he himself sank into her dusky lap. She, the while, sat in her starry mantle and with her crown of stars, with ever peaceful aspect.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

So many months, dear girl, have pass'd
Since my unskilful fingers last
Essay'd the slumbering lyre to wake
To melody for "friendship's sake;"
So long in silence, and unstrung,
In cold neglect that lyre has hung,
That all its sweetness (if my lay
Had sweetness in't) is pass'd away;
And should I strike the chords again
  Of that neglected lyre,
Silence so long has clasp'd her chain
  Around each slumbering wire,
That naught but discords wild, I fear,
Will now salute thy startled ear.
Yet 'tis *thy will* that I should pay
The tribute of my humble lay—
The offering, too, however small,
Must be, thou say'st, *original.*
Heaven help my wits! I ne'er could boast
Ten ideas of *my own* at most,
And those are now so hackney'd grown
I scarcely know them for my own;
Yet, by thy long entreaty press'd,
I must obey thy high behest,
And with unpractised hand the lay
Waken once more, as best I may;
But if thou thus hast hop'd to gain
From pen of mine a flattering strain,
Thou wast deceived—howe'er uncouth,
My lines must bear the stamp of truth.
To say that form of thine is fair,
In motion light as fairies are—
To say thou hast a sparkling eye,
And glossy locks of auburn dye—
And that thou ever wear'st a smile,
Pleasing, because 'tis void of guile,
And bright with all the hopes of youth—
All this were saying simple truth;
The mirror you consult would tell
Unvarnish'd facts like these as well!
To say thou hast a cultur'd mind,
High talents, and a taste refin'd—
That thou hast treasured up a store
Of elegant and varied lore—
That thou hast *wit*, right well I ween
(May I aver that wit is keen)—
Even this were saying nothing more
Than all who know thee knew before.
Then wherefore rack my brain for rhyme,
And spoil my pens and waste my time
In lengthening out a lay, to tell
What thou already knowest so well?

Fain would I clothe my humble lays,
Dear Charlotte, in more courtly phrase;
But should I tell thee that thine eye
Sparkled with *Health's* own brilliancy—
Or should I say her rose had shed
O'er that dear cheek her liveliest red—
Though I in rhyme such fibs rehearse,
They are but falsehoods clad in verse,
Which differ not, the whole world knows,
From downright fibs in vulgar prose.

Yet truth forbids me not to tell
How fervently I wish thee well,
Or pray that Heaven would kindly shed
Its choicest blessings on thy head.
Thee may God guard from snares and sin,
And purify thy soul within,
Leading thee, shouldst thou ever stray,
As mortals will, back to that way
Which all the "pure in heart" have trod—
The "narrow way" that leads to God.
And when thou stand'st beside that "bourne
From whence no travellers return,"
May God be with thee to sustain
The soul thou render'st up again,
And when the pangs of death are pass'd
Receive thee to His love at last!

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

Influence of Physical Causes on Religious Experience.—A little volume with this title, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Jones, of Philadelphia, has lately been published, the design of which is to show how greatly our religious feelings are affected by causes external to the mind, such as bodily disease, nervous derangement, the peculiar natural temperament and idiosyncrasy, and even the state of the surrounding atmosphere. This is a large subject and an important one. Few persons are aware of the amount of influence thus exerted upon them. The habit of discriminating in this respect would often relieve those who have all their lifetime been subject to the bondage of doubt and darkness. And, on the other hand, the joyful frames of self-deceived persons might readily be traced, not to a spring within their own bosoms, but to the agreeable and gladdening influences that surround them. This whole subject, we repeat it, is one of much practical importance, and it were to be wished that Christians might be induced to turn their thoughts to it more than is generally their habit, until they should at least learn when the advice of the minister is needed, and when the counsel of the physician; for many a man has sent for his minister when he needed the doctor.

Clubs! Clubs!—Not to lose any lesson in morals or manners of European origin, seems to be a prevalent and very determined ambition of many of our population, and before any particular fashion is fairly established in Paris or London, it is caught up and reproduced in Broadway. Hence a thousand ridiculous oddities that our native ingenuity would never have dreamed of, combine to give a foreign and sometimes quite a ferocious air to very harmless native born young people. Some of these imitations are merely ridiculous, and hurt nobody, such as goatees, moustaches, and various peculiarities of dress; but some of them are working serious social and individual mischief. Of this character, beyond question, are the clubs, now extensively coming into vogue in our principal cities, composed principally of young and youngish men, and got up with all those attractive circumstances of elegance, luxury, and show, and all those convenient and but moderately expensive appliances of pleasurable ease and respectable excitement, which are so enticingly adapted to win the patronage of the lovers of social enjoyment, and to lure them away from wiser and better habits and companions. We have not space to name a tithe of our objections to these clubs; but we may say in general, that admitting the materials, i. e. the members of any club to be of fair character in the start, the tendency to deterioration is too strong to be ventured. The single circumstance that intelligent, virtuous female influence is excluded is enough, to our mind, to counterbalance any advantage, and to render nugatory the best social regulations. They are the occasion also of positive wrong to the ladies—to wives, sisters, mothers, who are deprived of that attention and kindly intercourse which they have a right to expect, but which are incompatible with that frequent absence from home which the club demands of their male friends. We only hint at the subject, hoping that some one of our correspondents may incline to give us an article setting forth the mischiefs of the club to our social habits.

The Heroes of this World.—How universally mistaken people have been in their estimate of true heroism, everywhere regarding it as the peculiar attribute of military men, fearless and foremost in the battle-field! The Bible, with its usual discrimination and justness, takes us elsewhere to see the true hero. It points not to the blood-stained warrior, but to the simple believer in God's truth, standing up before a perverse, wicked, and gainsaying world, and through evil as well as good report, maintaining a sincere, humble, consistent piety. And in every just definition of the term heroism, it is pre-eminently theirs who endure the cross, despising the shame, and through much tribulation press into the kingdom. The dangers and the enemies they encounter, are sterner, fiercer things than mere flesh and blood, or all the dreadful engines of war; and the intrepidity essential to success is not the sudden, sweeping impulse of valor which sometimes carries a battle, and then reposes on its laurels, but a life-long strenuousness of attack, and a life-long watchful endurance. These heroes, unknown, unsung in the world's book of worthies and great ones, no trail of blood-red glory blazing along their pathway, are found in corners and closets, in nooks and solitary places, perhaps in caves and prisons, for the world knows them not, as it knew not their Master, or knows only to despise and wrong them. What a list of heroes is that in the 11th chapter of Hebrews! This world has nothing that will compare with it. One of the most touching and sublime examples in modern history is that of the Scotch worthy, John Brown, and his wife. The infamous Claverhouse, who had gladly undertaken to dragoon the country and destroy its religious light, found Brown with his wife and children in a retired glen, engaged in prayer. Riding up to the holy man, he upbraided him for his prayers, and drawing a pistol shot him through the head, scattering his brains all about! The tender but dauntless wife stooped to gather up the shattered remains of her martyred husband, while the fiendish murderer, looking on, jeered and taunted her. "What think you of your husband now, woman?" "I ever thought muckle good of him, but now more than ever!" The monster, abashed by the sublimity of her courage and affection, rode off. She tied up the mangled, lifeless head with her napkin, composed his body, covered it with her plaid, and drawing her children around her, sat down and wept. This was a scene for angels to gaze at and wonder!

Some pretty gems in literature are found in the Persian poets; this, for example, addressed to an infant:

When born, in tears we saw thee drowned,
While thy assembled friends around
With smiles their joy confessed;
So live, that at thy parting hour
They may the flood of sorrow pour,
And *thou* in smiles be drest.

Everybody has admired Sterne's celebrated figure of the Accusing Spirit and the Recording Angel. The Persians have a parable quite as beautiful. "Every man," says the parable, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is once well done is done for ever. When he does evil, the angel on his left shoulder writes it down, but does not seal it. He waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows down his head and exclaims, '*Gracious Allah! I have sinned—forgive me!*' the angel rubs it out; but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps."

Beautiful June.—This bright and smiling month invites us to admire and cultivate the beautiful in nature. All around us is teeming with life and gladness, and it is a delightful and healthful employment, if we can command a plot of ground, ever so small, or even a flower-pot, to plant a shrub or a flower, and thus make a contribution to the glories of the season. Every lady, especially, should cultivate a taste for flowers. Indeed, a lady destitute of taste for flowers and birds seems to us to betray defective sensibilities, or a faulty mental or moral constitution. If the outward beauty and delicacy of nature have no charm for us, we may suspect ourselves of an inadequate appreciation of internal moral loveliness. The simple process of training a vine or tending a sweet flower, is a sort of moral exercise, full of moral suggestions, of spiritual meaning, and by a reflex influence acts upon our sensibilities and improves our hearts. Plant flowers, therefore, young ladies! "Speaking of flowers," are not these lines by Willis very pretty?

"Take of my violets. I found them where
The liquid south stole o'er them, on a bank
That leaned to running water. There's to me
A daintiness about these early flowers
That touches me like poetry. They blow
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herds of pasture, and breathe
Out their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.
I love to go in the capricious days
Of April, and hunt violets, when the rain
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.
It may be deemed too idle, but the young
Read nature like the manuscript of Heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry."

Long Life.—That is unquestionably a just view of the subject which measures long life not by the number of months or years spent on earth, but by the number of events, circumstances, and conditions we have seen, felt, or perceived—by the amount of what we have done, suffered, and enjoyed. And measuring the length of life by this standard, we must conclude that our lives in these days are very much longer than those of our forefathers, perhaps as long as that of Methuselah. Life may thus be likened to the revolving wheel, which describes the same circumference and measures the same space, whether its revolution be rapid or slow. Now it flies so rapidly as sometimes to set its axle on fire. The conclusion of the poet is true when he sings,

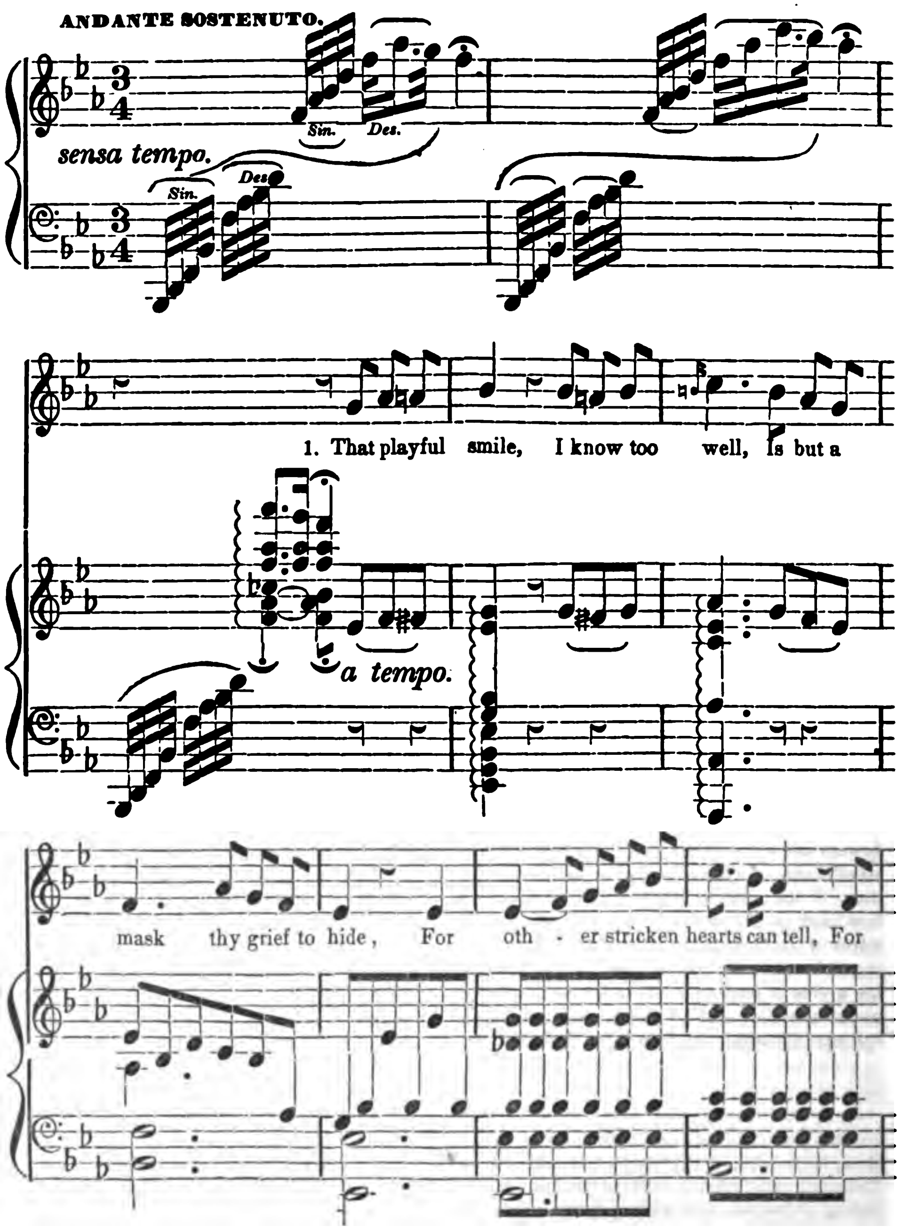
"That life is long which answers life's great end!"

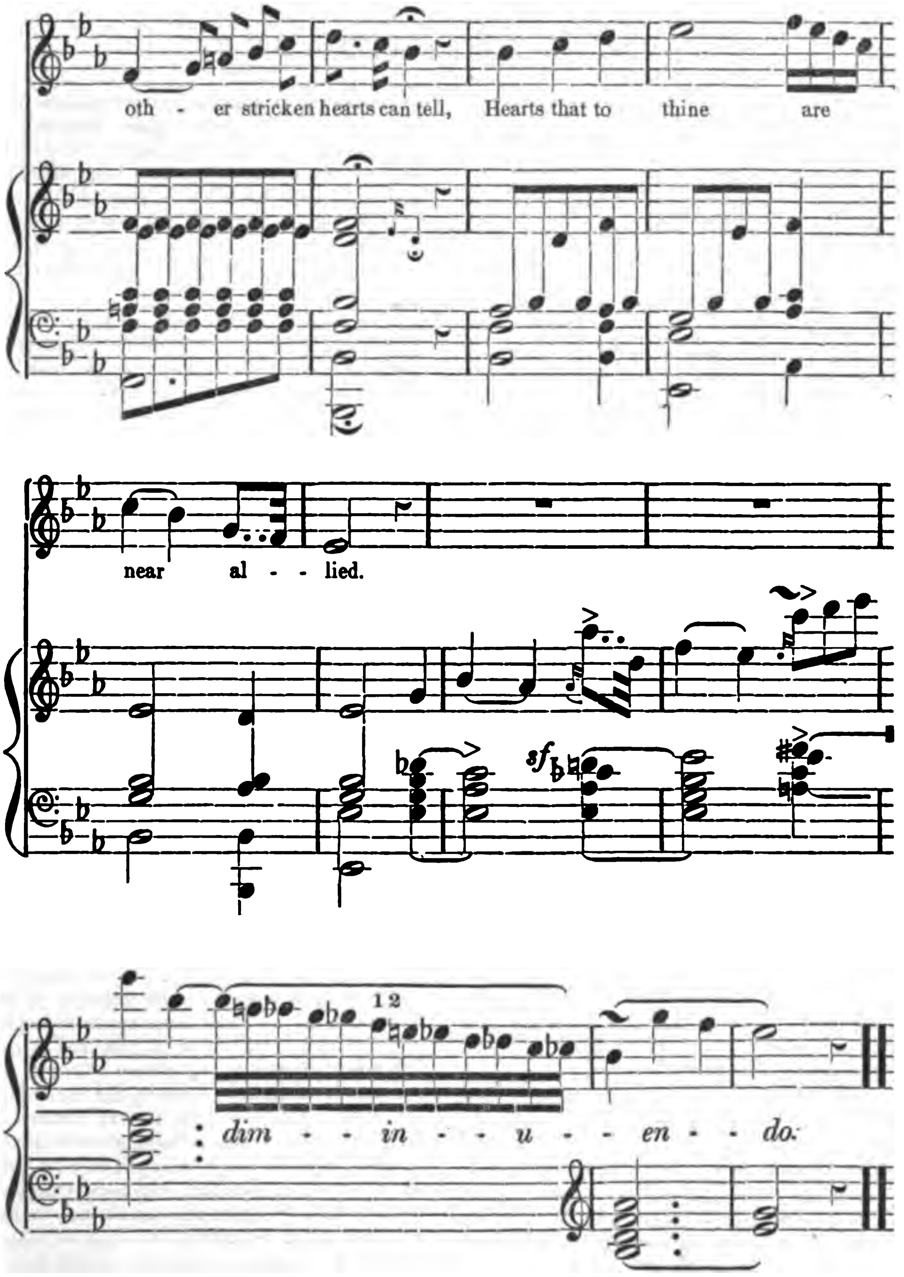
The question, "How old art thou?" may be answered, then, not by telling when we were born, but how we have lived; and by this rule many a grey-haired man would be found a child, and many a child a mature man.

Venomous Things.—It is a common notion that venomous creatures of the reptile and insect kinds suffer no injury when by accident or otherwise they sting themselves. Their venom, however deadly to other creatures, is innoxious to themselves. If this be so, their case differs from venomous-natured men and women, such as slanderers, backbiters, censorious talkers, &c. By a law of man's moral constitution, he who spits his venom at his fellow, sooner or later finds his own soul poisoned and swollen with its deadly influence. Let all concerned think of this!

THE MASK-SMILE.

POETRY BY E. G. WHEELER. MUSIC BY IBERIUS.


ANDANTE SOSTENUTO.
Sin.
Des.
sensa tempo.
Sin.
Des.
a tempo.
1. That playful smile, I know too well, Is but a
mask thy grief to hide, For oth - er stricken hearts can tell, For


oth - er stricken hearts can tell, Hearts that to thine are
near al - - lied.
sf
12
dim - - in - - u - - en - - do.

II.

That deep-drawn sigh—that pallid cheek—
  That wasted form and wand'ring gaze;
Deep-rooted sorrow they bespeak,
  Yet on thy lips that mask-smile plays.

III.

And thus the tree with blighted core,
  May yield sweet odors to the breeze;
Thus may the winds when summer's o'er,
  Sigh softest strains through leafless trees.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

The Parlor Table for the last month has been adorned with many beautiful books, more by far than we are able to notice in a single page.

The Reminiscences of a Country Congregation, which have been published in successive numbers in our magazine, have been gathered into a volume, and issued by Robert Carter, of this city. They were widely read in our pages, and those who admired them will now be able to have them in a compact form.

The Wilderness and the War Path is the title of a series of spirited sketches, by Judge Hall, of western scenery and Indian habits, in which the power of the graphic writer is finely developed. Wiley & Putnam have added the work to their American series, which also includes

Scenes and Thoughts in Europe, by an American, another book of pilgrimage and meditations in the Old World, by a child of the New. But the most attractive book of the month is

Napoleon and his Marshals, by J. T. Headley, illustrated with engravings, and published by Baker & Scribner. The style of Mr. Headley is well known to the readers of this magazine, as his contributions have often enriched its pages. He has already attained the reputation of a beautiful, descriptive, and glowing writer; few men, if any, have so fine a faculty of transferring scenery to paper, so that the pen becomes the pencil, and the reader *sees* what he is reading of, as if it were spread before him. In this work he enters upon a new field of composition, and as the biographer and historian, attempts to combat the opinions of the age and the philosophy of most of those men who have given us their views of the "man of destiny." This work will undergo rigid examination, and whether we yield to the author's opinions or not, his book will be read and admired for the power with which it is written, and the life with which the wonderful scenes of Napoleon's brilliant career are drawn.

Solitude and Society, with other Poems, by John R. Bolles. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. It is probably our own fault that we have been unable to be deeply interested in these beautifully printed pages; yet we are pleased with the gentle spirit that pervades them, and the writer's love for the pure and true, while he has not much of the poetic fire. But our ear for poetry may not be as delicate as that of some, and we venture no opinion upon the merits of the volume before us.

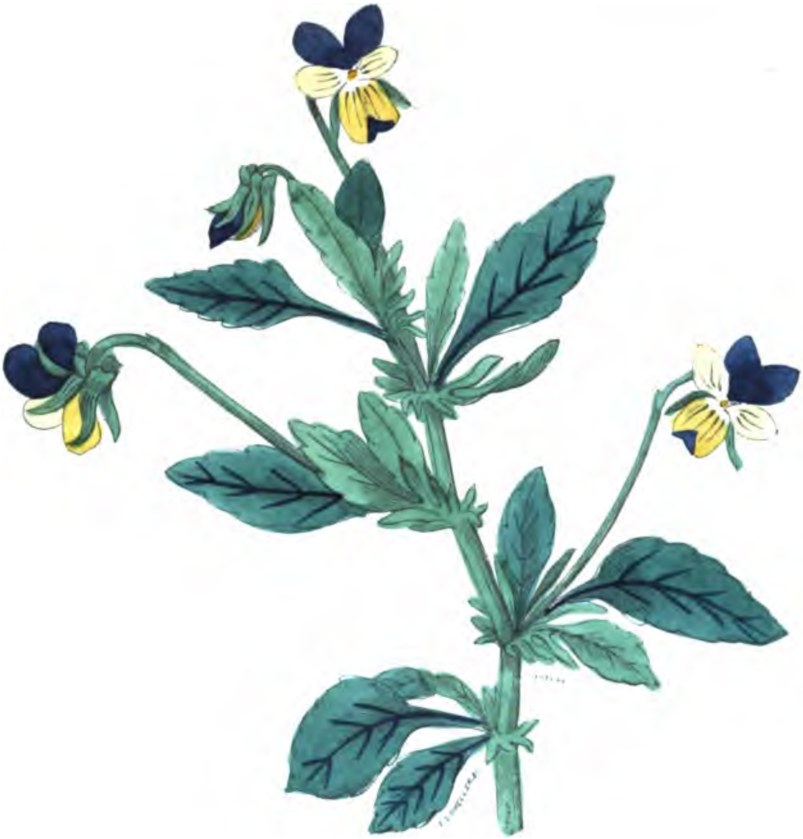
The Mount of Olives is another volume from the splendid pen of the Rev. James Hamilton, of London—a man whose soul burns fiercely, and his pages glow with fervent heat. Several of his productions are marked by a high order of eloquence, and all of them breathe a spirit of exalted devotion. It is published by Robert Carter, and is designed as an exposition of the duty and pleasure of prayer.

Lilla Hart, a tale of New York, by Charles Burdett, is a little book that illustrates with great force and beauty this truth, that "sin will find out the sinner." The story is well told, and notwithstanding the air of improbability that hangs over some of the incidents here mentioned, the moral tendency of the whole is excellent, and the book will be read with profit and pleasure by the old and the young.

Saturday Evenings, by Mrs. Hale. This is a very pleasant volume, by a lady whose name will yet command the attention of the reading community. Her pages are glowing with the spirit of pure and exalted piety, while there is also a tone of subdued emotion, as if she had been in the school of affliction. We are sure that our friends will admire the productions of Mrs. Hale's pen.

Wiley & Putnam have given another volume of Hood's Poetry in their Library of Choice Reading, and some of the poems are certainly very striking, though the most of the productions of Thomas Hood were written for the brief hour in which he sported with the world.

And we need not have any delicacy in saying that our last volume is now bound in various and elegant styles, to adorn the parlor, for which it was designed. The press has been pleased to speak in high terms of commendation of the work as it has advanced from month to month, and now that another year is presented in one handsome "Parlor Book," we are willing to invite public attention to it, and to the engravings which embellish it, and the literary contents by which its claims to general favor must be chiefly judged. It is our aim to diffuse a taste for a refined and elegant literature, such as the Christian fireside should cultivate and cherish, and we are mistaken in our estimate of the religious public, if this effort will not receive their support in preference to the sensual and corrupting issues of the press which have been hitherto so popular in our land.



Viola tri-color—three-colored Violet

THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1846.

LUTHER AT THE DIET OF WORMS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MARHEINEKE.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

Accompanied by Justus Jonas, afterwards provost of Wittemberg, Nicholas von Amsdorf, Peter von Schwaven, a Danish nobleman, Jerome Schurf, a professor of law at Wittemberg, and Caspar Sturm, who had been appointed to escort him personally in the capacity of herald, Luther set out in God's name upon the road towards Worms. At Eisenach he was taken sick. He was here bled, and the Avoyer of the city gave him a cordial, after drinking which he fell asleep, and on the following morning pursued his journey. Whenever he entered a city, crowds thronged to see the bold man who ventured to place himself in opposition to the Pope. Some few, indeed, gave him but poor consolation, saying that, as there were so many Cardinals and Bishops at Worms, they would certainly burn him straightway to ashes, as they had done with Huss at Constance.

But he said, " Even if they should kindle a fire from Wittemberg to Worms that should reach heaven, yet in the name of the Lord he would appear, and strike the Behemoth between his tusks, and confess Christ to be the Lord." When in Frankfort, he wrote to Spalatin, on hearing that the imperial edict was placarded about the streets: " We are coming, dear Spalatin, although Satan has laid various ailments in the way to hinder us; for, during the whole journey from Eisenach hither I have been ill, and am so still, and in a way that I have never felt before. I hear likewise that the Emperor Charles has published an edict to affright me. But Christ liveth, therefore we will enter Worms in spite of the gates of hell and the powers of the air. I have resolved to terrify Satan and to cover him with shame. Wherefore prepare the inn for us "

At Oppenheim, Spalatin admonished him not to travel thus directly to Worms, and expose himself to such danger. Hereupon he answered him: "And if there were as many devils at Worms as tiles on the roofs, yet I would enter." When he related this a few days before his death, he added, " for I was undaunted—I feared nothing; God indeed can make me thus reckless; I know not if I should be as ready now."

He reached Worms on the sixteenth of April. In front of the carriage rode the imperial herald in his robes, with the escutcheon of the empire. Justus Jonas followed the carriage, with his amanuensis. Many of the nobility had ridden out to meet him, and as he entered the city about ten o'clock in the morning, more than two thousand men escorted him to his quarters, not far from the Swan tavern, where Louis, the Elector Palatine, lodged

On the following morning he was cited by the marshal of the empire, Pappenheim, to appear in the afternoon before the imperial council, and this nobleman himself called for him about four o'clock, and preceded him with the herald. So great was the throng of people in the streets, that many mounted upon the roofs to catch a glimpse of him, and he was obliged to pass through some houses and gardens in order to avoid the crowd. As Luther was about to enter the hall of assembly, the famous general, George Frondsberg, clapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Monk, monk, thou art treading the path to a deed which neither I nor many a chief would venture upon, were it even in the heat of battle. If thy belief is firm and thou art certain of thy cause, go on in God's name, and be of good cheer; God will not desert thee."

Ulerich von Hutten likewise had encouraged him by two noble epistles, which were superscribed—"To Martin Luther the invincible Theologist and Evangelist, my devout friend." The first begins thus: "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee; send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion; grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel. The Lord fulfil all thy petitions, and hear thee from his holy heaven. For what else should I wish you at the present time, best and worthiest Luther, most revered father? Be strong and be of good courage. You see what a trial is before you, and what the end may be. From me you may expect all help. If you remain steadfast, I will stand by you to my last breath."

Many also in this illustrious assembly of princes, counts, barons, bishops, and other deputies, did not conceal from him their approbation of his conduct. According to the testimony of an eye-witness, the spectators in the hall, in the ante-chamber, and at the windows, numbered over five thousand men, Italians and Germans. Luther was encouraged on all sides to take heart and be of good cheer, and not to fear those who could only kill the body.

Herr von Pappenheim (the Pappenheims were not as yet made counts) reminded him that as he now stood in the presence of the Emperor and the States, he should not speak until he was first questioned; and thereupon Johann von Eck, chancellor of the Archbishop of Treves, came forward and asked him, in the name of the Emperor, "whether he acknowledged the books which were pointed out as lying before him to be his own, and whether he would retract what was therein contained." Hereupon Dr. Schurf, who had been appointed as a kind of advocate for him, said, "Let the books be mentioned by name."

When this had been done, Luther assented to the first question, but begged time for reflection before he answered the second. It was in the highest degree worthy of him and of the dignified assembly in whose presence he stood, to display the greatest calmness in matters of so high and holy an import, and to banish every semblance of levity, or want of earnestness, or violent passion, at a crisis so momentous.

As the following day was appointed for his second appearance before the imperial council, every one was so much the more intent and eager for the decisive answer. He was escorted to this audience by the herald, about four o'clock, but he was obliged to stand and wait amid a great crowd of people until six. The torches were already lighted in the hall of assembly.

When admitted at last, and directed to speak, he began in the German tongue, as follows: "Most serene Emperor, gracious Electors, Princes, and Lords, I appear, as in duty bound, at the time which was appointed yester evening, and I pray, through God's mercy, that your Majesty and illustrious Highnesses will be pleased graciously to hear and judge this just and true cause; and as from ignorance I may perhaps fail in giving to each one his suitable titles, and may not demean myself in courtly wise, I pray you graciously to overlook it, as I have never been at court, but have always been pent up in a cloister, and can give no other testimony of myself than this, that in all which with simplicity of heart I have hitherto taught and written, I have sought and aimed at nothing but the glory of God and the profit and welfare of the faithful."

He then drew a distinction between his writings. In some of them he had taught of faith and good works in a plain and Christian manner, as appeared by the testimony of his very adversaries. These he could not retract. "Nay, even the Papal bull," he said, "although it is hasty and violent indeed, looks upon some of my books as harmless, notwithstanding that these also are condemned by a strange and preposterous sentence. In others he had attacked popery, and the doctrine of those papists who, with their false teachings and evil examples, had laid Christianity waste and ruined the bodies and souls of men. For no one," he said, "can deny and dissemble, since experience proves, and all devout hearts lament, that by the Pope's decrees and precepts, the consciences of believing Christians have been miserably and cruelly ensnared, vexed, and distressed; also their goods, lands, and possessions, especially in this glorious German nation, have been drained and swallowed up, and are still at the present time swallowed up, indecently and shamefully, without cessation. These writings also he could not retract, since by so doing he would strengthen the hands of tyranny and malice. Oh, gracious God!" he exclaimed, "what a great cloak I should then become for tyranny and malice! The third division of his books," he continued, "attacked some private persons who had undertaken to defend the tyranny of Rome, and to falsify and suppress the divine doctrines which he had taught; although in these, perhaps, he might, at times, have been more violent than became his office; yet he could not retract them, lest he should afford a pretext for the defence of various Godless acts in time to come, and thus bring about new cruelties and horrors. Yet, as I am but man, and not God," he continued, "and cannot help my writings, nor defend them otherwise than my Lord and Saviour helped and defended his teachings, who, when being asked concerning them before the high priest Annas, and having received a buffet upon the cheek from an officer, answered, 'If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil.' If, then, our Lord, who knew that he could not err, did not refuse to hear testimony against his doctrines, even from a mean and shameless servant, how much more shall I, who am but dust and ashes, and who can easily go astray, desire and wait for some one to bear testimony against my teachings; therefore by the mercies of God, I beg your Imperial Majesty, your Electoral and Princely Highnesses, or such as may be able to do it, whether exalted or humble, to bear testimony and prove, from the writings of the prophets and apostles, that I have erred. When I am convinced of this, I shall be very willing and ready to recant all my errors, and be the first to cast my books into the flames. From this I hold that it appears clear and evident that I have sufficiently considered and weighed the need and danger, the trouble and discord, to which my writings, it is said, may give occasion, and of which I was yesterday harshly and severely reminded."

This and still more Luther spoke in the German tongue; but as it was well known that the Emperor understood Spanish better than German, and also that he could not endure the latter language, therefore (as Luther himself relates) "while I was speaking they desired me to repeat what I had said in Latin; but I perspired freely, and was very hot, on account of the crowd, and because I stood in the midst of the princes. Herr Frederick von Thuman said: 'If you are unable to do it, Herr Doctor, let it suffice.' But I repeated all my words in Latin. That pleased Duke Frederick, the elector, greatly."

All this Luther did in the most humble and submissive manner; he did not raise his voice vehemently, but spoke gently, mildly, respectfully, and very modestly, but with great cheerfulness and steadfastness. Yet, as the chancellor of the Archbishop of Treves now interrupted him in a tone of rebuke, and desired a plain and definite answer, whether he would recant or not, Luther spoke as follows:

"Since, then, his Imperial Majesty and their Electoral and Princely Highnesses desire a plain, clear, and simple answer, I will give one which shall have neither horns nor teeth, to wit then: unless I shall be vanquished and convinced by proofs from the Holy Scriptures, or by clear and manifest arguments (for I believe neither the Pope nor councils alone, since it is plain as the day that they have often erred, and have often contradicted each other); and unless I be convinced by the texts that have been adduced and cited by me, and unless my conscience be taken prisoner by God's word, I can and will retract nothing, since it is neither safe nor profitable to do aught against conscience. Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen."

Dr. Eck answered that Luther had spoken impudently, in that he had condemned the councils and contradicted the opinion of the church; he should have answered plainly and simply, yea or nay. But Luther stood firm in his avowal, and professed himself ready to prove that the councils had sometimes erred.

Whereupon, as it was now night, everybody went home. The Spaniards laughed and scoffed at Dr. Luther as he came out of the hall. But Duke Erich, of Brunswick, sent him a draught of Einbeck beer in a silver goblet. Luther received it with these words: "As Prince Erich now remembers me, so may our Lord Jesus Christ remember him in his last hour."

On Friday, when the States were assembled in the imperial council, the Emperor sent them a writing to the following purport: "Since Dr. Luther had resolved not to recede even a finger's breadth from his errors, therefore he, the Emperor, could not depart from the example of his praiseworthy ancestors, who had ever been obedient to the Church of Rome. He was resolved accordingly to pursue Dr. Luther and his adherents with ban and outlawry, and otherwise, without prejudice, however, to the safe-conduct which had been granted him, but would see that he was restored in safety to the place whence he had been summoned."

This decree the States of the Empire had debated upon for three days. In the interval Dr. Luther was visited by many princes, counts, lords, and other friendly people, both temporal and spiritual; they were always collected in the courtyard when he was at his inn, and were never weary of gazing at him. Among these were many brave noblemen, who bade him be of good courage, and said: "We hear they intend to burn you; but that must never happen; they shall all perish first." His hopes, however, were not placed upon man, but upon God alone, as may be seen by the fervent prayer which he then uttered, and which those who heard it wrote down.

"Almighty, eternal God, what a vain thing is this world! How soon does it draw away its hand and follow the beaten course, and is attracted only by pomp and splendor, greatness and might! If I should turn my eyes thitherward, it were all over with me; the clock had already struck, and sentence been pronounced! Ah, God! ah, God! thou, my God, stand by me against all worldly wisdom and reason! ah, do it; thou must do it, thou alone; it is not my cause, but thine; for myself I have nothing to do here; I have no concern with these great worldly lords; I myself would fain enjoy quiet and pleasant days, and remain undisturbed. But the cause is thine, oh Lord; it is just and everlasting; aid me, thou true, eternal God; I place no dependence upon man. It were in vain; everything that is fleshly halts. Oh, God! if thou hast chosen me to this work, as I know of a surety thou hast, let God's will be done; for during all my life I never thought to stand up against such great lords. Oh, God! help me then, in the name of thy son Jesus Christ! Lord, where dost thou tarry? Thou, my God, where art thou? Come, come, I am ready to give up my life patiently as a lamb. It is but the body alone that will suffer; the soul is thine; it belongs to thee, and will abide with thee for ever. Amen."

On the Monday following, the Archbishop of Treves sent word to Dr. Luther that on the coming Wednesday he should appear before him and other princes and bishops, since out of Christian love and the especial favor of his Imperial Majesty, they were permitted to admonish him graciously and as a brother. Obedient to this summons, Dr. Luther appeared with his companions. Dr. Veus, Chancellor of the Margrave of Baden, then began, and admonished Luther with many friendly yet serious words. "He ought to remember his character," he said, "his honor, welfare, the law, justice and order, his conscience, the common weal of the empire, and especially the danger which might befall him, if he should bring upon himself the enmity of their highnesses; therefore it behooved him well to weigh and consider this admonition, which had proceeded from these princes out of a favorable will and especial grace." This neat and ingenious speech Dr. Martin himself afterwards praised, although it excited his wonder, that the Word of God and of Jesus Christ had not been even mentioned by so great a jurist in addressing a doctor of the Holy Scriptures. He expressed his thanks to the princes, and said "he was bound in duty and willing to obey the temporal magistracy in everything that was just and lawful; but in this matter, which concerned the Almighty God and his everlasting and unchangeable Word, both he and every man who hoped to enjoy eternal happiness must, according to the express words of St. Peter, obey God rather than men. Now, although this might give offence, yet it was certain that the gospel of Jesus Christ could not be taught and acknowledged without offence. Therefore he could not, from fear of scandal or of danger, desist from his teachings, much less suffer himself to be persuaded or compelled to deny the

Word of God, which is the only and highest truth."

The princes who were present then spoke together; after which the Chancellor repeated his former address, with this additional warning, that Dr. Luther should submit his writings and his cause to the judgment of his Imperial Majesty and of the empire, that they might pass sentence thereupon. Dr. Luther answered, "that he was unwilling it should be said that he had feared and avoided the judgment of his Imperial Majesty and of the empire; he was willing therefore that his books should be examined with the utmost strictness, except that such examination should be in accordance with the Holy Scriptures. For God's Word," he added, "is above all the wisdom and might of the world; and without this no man could know aught certain and sure of God, but would only err and go astray."

As he uttered these words with Christian modesty, the Elector asked him if he would not yield unless he were vanquished out of the Holy Scriptures. Dr. Martin answered, "Not otherwise." Whereupon this assembly broke up. Dr. Luther's safe-conduct from the Emperor, however, was extended to two days longer; and when the Archbishop of Treves, who was a polished courtier, held friendly communications with him, and at last had a private interview to inquire of him how and by what means this business could be helped and adjusted, Luther answered: "There is no better counsel than that given by Gamaliel, as St. Luke testifies, Acts, chap. v.: "For if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

Not long afterward the Chancellor of the Archbishop of Treves came to him in his inn, and at the command of the Emperor declared, "since he had so often and in various ways been admonished by his Imperial Majesty and the states of the empire, and still would not take it to heart, nor return to the bosom of the church, nor come to an accord with her, therefore his Imperial Majesty, as a defender of the Catholic faith, was bound to proceed against him. It was his Majesty's command, therefore, that within twenty days he should return to his home with a public escort, that should be freely granted him, but that he was forbidden to excite the people by preaching or writing on the way."

Luther then spoke with great and heartfelt earnestness. "The Lord's will has been done; blessed be the name of the Lord." And after having most humbly commended himself to his Imperial Majesty and all the states of the empire, and having blessed his friends, he set out on the following day, the Friday after Jubilate, with the imperial herald and his companions. On the way, he wrote from Friedberg to his Imperial Majesty and the states of the empire, and excused himself for having been unable to subject the word of God to temporal power; and the conclusion of this epistle ran as follows:

"Although I have in no wise been able to obtain a decision that my books should be confuted by the Holy Scriptures, and although I have been constrained to depart unconvinced, nevertheless I most humbly thank your Imperial Majesty that the safe-conduct granted me to Worms has been held inviolate, and that you have further promised me that it shall be so held until I come in safety to my home. And I pray your Imperial Majesty once again, for Christ's sake, that you will not permit me to be oppressed, nor suffer violence, nor be condemned by my adversaries, since I have so often shown a readiness to submit to all that is fitting and becoming a Christian and a subject. For I am still ready and willing to appear under your Imperial Majesty's safe-conduct, before disinterested, learned, free and impartial judges, whether temporal or spiritual, to acknowledge and abide by their decision, subject to no exception but such as may proceed from the open, manifest, and free word of God, which should justly stand above all things, and remain the judge of all men. This I most humbly pray, not for myself alone, but for the sake and in the name of all Christendom; for I wish from my whole heart health and prosperity to your Imperial Majesty, to the whole empire, and to the noble, praiseworthy German people, and that all may, with God's grace, receive every spiritual and temporal blessing!"

THE CONVICT'S STORY.

BY C. M. SISSON.

Being lately on a visit to a friend in New York, and, like most persons who have lived altogether in a quiet country village, desirous of seeing all the wonders of a mighty city, I gladly accepted an invitation to visit the prison of Blackwell's Island. We felt our hearts gladdened by the sunshine, the pure air of a summer morning came to us laden with fragrance, and there were amongst us light and happy hearts; but I felt a weight on my spirits for which I could not account, which might be the shadow of a coming sorrow, or, as in a fanciful mood I should have imagined, a proof that some one I loved was suffering; besides, although curious to see the buildings of which I have heard so much, I had no heart to look on human misery I could not relieve, and no wish to see beings with the same nature, the same faults, follies, and passions as myself, shut out from the enjoyment of *all* that makes life beautiful to me. I was, perhaps, as much influenced by these feelings as by weariness, to accept the seat offered me by the courteous overseer, while my companions wandered from one apartment to another of the gloomy mansion. I had grown almost impatient for their return, when my eye accidentally caught that of a convict, who passed near me returning from his work, and after a second's thought I recognized James Thornton, the son of our good old Rector, and one of my earliest and dearest playmates, who had many years before left his home on the banks of the Quinnebaug, to seek fortune and fame in New York. A rumor had reached me that he had in some way disgraced himself, and I remembered grieving at his *fate*, though what that fate was I never exactly knew. As it was evident he also recognized me, I prevailed on the overseer to allow me half an hour's conversation, which he did the more readily as the convict's peaceable demeanor and ready obedience to prison regulations had rendered him rather a favorite. While waiting for James to join me, my heart was swelling with a thousand memories of my gleeful childhood, and of the dear old parsonage, with its deep windows covered with clustering vines, its garden so shaded by fruit trees that the flowers had scarcely light enough to bloom into perfect beauty, yet which looked to me and to all for whom our venerable Rector delighted to gather them, more beautiful than any to be found elsewhere. I remembered the quiet, prim-looking parlor, with its old-fashioned book-case, its straight high-backed chairs, its comfortable "round-about," in which the good man took his afternoon nap, the pipe-box hanging by the side of the fireplace, and the almanac so near that he could, without rising, either ascertain, as was his daily custom, the precise moment for the rising and setting of the sun and moon, and the ebbing and flowing of the tide, or help himself to a pipe of the soothing weed, lighting it in the summer (for as yet lucifer matches were not) with the flint and steel, which he kept for the purpose in the pipe-box drawer, a place, by the way the only one in the house, into which we curious urchins were forbidden to thrust our mischievous fingers. I thought of the hours I had played with James and his sweet little sister in that sober yet cheerful room, and how of a Sunday we have seated ourselves on a little bench, that is, James and I, on the bench at his father's feet, and Lily, dear, beautiful Lily, leaning on his knee, with her round fat arm resting on the big Bible, which he held to show us the pictures and tell us stories of the holy men whose doings and sayings were worthy of record there. Memory was *too* faithful; the contrast between that happy past and the shadowed present, both for them and me, was too powerful, too sad, and I was relieved when James came, and, at my urgent persuasion, seated himself by my side. After a few eager questions and answers, I begged him to tell me by what unfortunate circumstance he became an inmate of that melancholy home. It seemed impossible that *he*, who as a boy had been famed for his high moral principle, his strict integrity, his scorn of wrong, deceitfulness, and cunning, should have *deserved* confinement there; and yet I had been reared in such habits of reverence for the *laws*, that I dared not, even in my heart's inner chamber, say he must have been condemned unjustly. I fear that many times circumstantial evidence is so clear and convincing, that the most mercifully inclined jury cannot do otherwise than condemn; and that such was the case with James, I think no one will doubt who hears his story, which I shall render as nearly in his own words as possible.

"You remember," he began, "with what high hopes I left my home, and you can imagine the pride I felt in bringing my sister, after our honored father's death, to New York, where, by industry and attention to business, I had acquired the esteem of my employers, and been enabled to lay by a small sum annually out of the generous salary paid for my services. I should have been wiser to leave Lily with your mother, who kindly offered her a home, or even with old nurse White, who had loved her from her cradle with almost maternal affection; but I longed to introduce her to my city friends. I wanted them to admire her beauty and do homage to her virtues, and did not consider that in thus desiring their acquaintance for her, I was exposing her to the slightest danger. I soon learned my error, however, for of all my acquaintance, the one I least liked, the last I would have chosen for my sister's husband, although I did not at that time know him to be vicious, became her suitor; and finding her happiness depended on a union with him, I at length gave a reluctant consent, and one year after the death of our father Lily became the wife of Larned Grey. For a time all went on well; Lily's sweet young face was bright and happy, and Larned seemed all that even my jealous affection could desire; and fearing I had done him injustice in withholding so long my consent to their marriage, I endeavored by every means in my power to convince both that I had no longer any doubt or misgiving about the matter. Soon after my sister came to New York, an acquaintance of hers, whose delicate health demanded a residence in a milder climate, came to take leave of us, and at parting placed in Lily's hand a small richly wrought antique gold cup, which, she said, as the gift of her grandmother, she valued so highly she scarcely knew where to deposit it during her intended absence.

"'I wish you would take care of it for me, Lily,' she added, 'for, independently of its being my grandmother's present and very valuable in itself, there is a saying in our family that that cup will yet be the means of restoring us the estates of one of our ancestors, to which we cannot *prove* a *legal* claim, although every one who hears the case allows that we are in deed and in truth the rightful heirs; so keep it carefully, Lily dear, and let it sometimes remind you of me.' Then, with a smile and a sigh, the warm-hearted girl took her leave, and my sister hastened to deposit the cup in a place of safety. Lily had been married more than a year, and her child was several months old, before I perceived any material change in her husband; and even then so afraid was I of again doing him injustice by judging him unkindly, that I compelled myself to believe it was anxiety about business affairs which gave him the wild, haggard look all his acquaintance began to comment on. I knew he was pressed for money, as he often applied to me for small loans; yet I had no suspicion that the very sums I straitened myself to oblige him, lest my sister should learn his embarrassments, which he assured me were only temporary, were squandered on worthless objects, or lost before he had held them an hour, at the gaming table. I should have said that my brother-in-law nearly resembled me, so nearly that we were sometimes mistaken for each other in the street, and Lily used laughingly to say she scarcely knew us apart. This resemblance, in fact, has been the chief cause of my disgrace, for one day when I was standing near Grey's house, hesitating whether to go in and speak freely to my sister about her husband's affairs and conduct, or to go on in my usual way, leaving her to suppose, as she evidently wished, that I had not noticed her sad and anxious looks, a man thrust a note into my hand, and hurried on without speaking, while I mechanically broke the seal and found it to be, without address or signature, merely a few words of warning, the last of which were, 'You must be off immediately, for the officers are on your track.' Surprised at receiving such a communication, knowing I had done nothing to make *an officer* an object of dread to me, I began to think it a joke of some friend, the point of which I might discover by and by; so I put it in my pocket and entered my sister's house. She sprang from her seat when she saw me, and throwing her arms around my neck, wept convulsively, uttering between her sobs broken sentences, by which I learned that Larned had just left her. Having received information that constables were in pursuit of him, he had come home, made some hurried preparations for a journey, and flown, leaving on the table before his heart-broken wife, a pawnbroker's ticket, some unpaid bills, and a note signed by my name, warning some one of the impending arrest. I do not know for whom it was intended, as it had no address, probably for one of his associates in crime, to most of whom I believe he was only known as James Thornton. I could almost have been willing to swear that I wrote that note, so exactly was my hand imitated, though I knew I had never had occasion to write a line to Grey in my life. I was just folding it round the pawnbroker's ticket, when the door was thrown violently open, and several men entered, accompanied by an officer, who advanced directly and arrested me as one of a gang of swindlers, and as a forger and thief. Confident that I could immediately prove my innocence, and really desirous of knowing how I came to be *suspected even* of such crimes, unwilling also to agitate yet farther my already unnerved sister, I submitted, and quietly allowed them to lead me away, and soon found myself in the presence of a magistrate, who immediately commenced his examination, or rather his accusation. Larned Grey had been suspected of forgery for some time, and the day of my arrest, having presented a check signed by a person whose deposit was already withdrawn, something in his manner excited a suspicion; which was confirmed, when, on the entrance of a gentleman, beneath whose glance of recognition and distrust his eyes fell, he left the bank so hastily that the check he had presented remained on the counter. Immediately on his departure the check was examined, and by all pronounced a forgery. Then one of the clerks remembered that several had been lately presented, drawn in favor of the same James Thornton; and another asked if that were not the name of the man from whom the pawnbroker had received the curious cup he deposited there several weeks previous. Before any one could answer his question, the gentleman who had entered so inopportunely for Grey exclaimed, 'A cup! Was it of gold, and of antique form and curiously wrought? and was the name of Franklin engraved on the bottom?'

"'I believe so, sir,' replied the clerk; 'but I will get it that you may see for yourself;' and in a moment more the cup stood on the desk between them.

"'Tis the very same,' said Mr. Franklin, 'and the villain has stolen it from his sister, with whom my daughter left it for safe keeping when she went to Europe, several years ago, and since our return we have been unable to hear anything of it, the Thorntons having moved during our absence, and neglected to send my daughter their address. Just give me, if you please, the number of the pawnbroker, whom I will instantly see, and ascertain, if I can, what he paid for the cup and what I will be compelled to pay for its redemption.'

"More eager perhaps to secure the criminal than even to recover his lost cup, Mr. Franklin hastened to a magistrate, procured a warrant for the arrest of James Thornton, and then proceeded, accompanied by an officer, to the den of the pawnbroker. That respectable individual possessed, like most of his class, the convenient faculty of rendering himself invisible, and disappointed at not finding him, Mr. Franklin took his way to my boarding house; and learning there that I might probably be found at my sister's, he hurried on with the speed of an avenger and heedless of my protestations of innocence, of ignorance even of the crimes attributed to me, unmindful of my sister's agony, for she lay half dead with fright and excitement on the sofa, he effected my arrest, as I told you. I need not tell you of my *trial*. Suffice it that the name of James Thornton was familiar to the set of swindlers with whom my brother-in-law habitually associated, he having borne it among them, and my resemblance to him was sufficient to warrant better men than they in swearing to my identity. Besides, the pawnbroker's ticket and the notes of warning were found in my pocket. I had no influential friends, no money, that *surest friend* to a 'stranger in a strange land;' and so, after a mockery of investigation, I was 'found guilty, and sentenced to five years' hard labor in the penitentiary.' Long before the term is expired all the world will have forgotten my existence. My heart-broken sister is already dead, and you are the only being I have seen since I came here who has evinced the least interest in my fate."

"I *do* indeed feel a deep interest in your fate, James, and will, immediately on my return, interest others in your behalf—men who have influence with 'the powers that be,' and who will, I am sure, be able to procure your discharge, and to prove to the world your perfect innocence."

He looked in my face for a moment sadly and kindly, and then said, "Years have not chilled your heart nor blunted your enthusiasm; but, if you please, do not speak of me to the persons you have mentioned; I have no wish to mingle again with the world; many would believe me guilty, spite of all the proof which could be brought of my innocence; there are none left to love me, and I am too old, too spirit-broken to begin life again even with the faintest hope of happiness; besides, the hand of Death is already upon me, the vulture misery is gnawing at my heart, and I thank God daily for the conviction I have that I have but a short time longer to endure existence. One bitter, remorseful memory haunts me continually, the certainty that I caused all my sister's suffering, and laid her beautiful form in an early grave—I, who loved her so devotedly, who would have endured any torment, any privation, to shield her from pain or sorrow. I brought her here because I pined for her sweet society. I missed her gentle, affectionate ministering to my daily comforts, selfishly exposing her to dangers of which she had never dreamed in her quiet New England home. Better, far better, had I left her there; then she had not poured out the whole rich treasure of her loving heart on an object so unworthy of her. Oh, would I had died before I allowed her to make his acquaintance! would I were dead now, and sleeping by her side in our little churchyard! I should love to feel that the beautiful willows and magnificent chestnut trees under which you and I have so often played, would shadow my grave; and now, although I thought when I began talking with you that I had not *one* wish but to die, so vividly has our conversation brought back the bright peaceful home of my childhood, that I cannot resist the impulse to solicit your promise to see that I am buried in that beautiful spot, instead of desiring any one to endeavor to shorten my term of confinement."

With a swelling heart I gave the promise, and rejoining my party, related something of the tale I had just listened to, and we left the Island, saddened that our evil natures make us *need* such gloomy dwelling-places for any of our race—some of us, perhaps, inclined to question the *right* of any man or class of men thus to punish an erring brother; and I at least, in most unchristian temper, bitterly and angrily lamenting that there could have been a jury found cruel and unjust enough to condemn, on circumstantial evidence, my childhood's cherished friend. In vain I tried to reason myself into better temper. I could *only feel* for the sufferings of my friend, and for the time, at least, I hated the laws and all their ministers, more convinced than ever that it is better for a thousand criminals to go unpunished, than for one noble heart like his to suffer so unjustly. Yet was I wrong in this. I, too, was condemning others, and, as we all do too much in our daily and hourly intercourse with our fellow men, was attributing to others evil and unkind motives, and persuading myself that all men were indeed evil because I had not *proved* them *good*. Would that the days were come when each will "love his neighbor as himself, and the laws of kindness will be on every lip and in every heart!"

HYMN OF THE AMERICAN SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

Oh! Thou who lend'st a gracious ear
To secret prayer, in pity hear!
Humbly before Thy throne I bow;
My refuge and my help art Thou!
Oh, then, with hope my heart inspire,
And hear my prayer and save my sire!

He goes not with oppressors forth,
To waste and desolate the earth;
But 'midst his country's foes to stand
The guardian of his native land.
Oh, God of battles, hear my prayer,
And be thou with my father there!

In danger's path, in battle field,
Be Thou his helper and his shield;
And while his father's sword he draws
In Freedom's and our Country's cause,
Oh! be Thou ever near to save
From danger and from death the brave!

S. S. C.

TYPEE: THE TRADUCERS OF MISSIONS.

An apotheosis of barbarism! A panegyric on cannibal delights! An apostrophe to the spirit of savage felicity! Such are the exclamations instinctively springing from our lips as we close a book entitled "Typee: a Residence in the Marquesas," lately published in Wiley & Putnam's interesting "Library of American Books." It is even so, reader! A work coming from the press of one of the first houses in this country, and published simultaneously by the same house in London, gemmed with enthusiastic descriptions of the innocent felicity of a savage tribe—tinselled with ornate pencillings of cannibal enjoyments—drawing frequent contrasts between the disadvantages and miseries of civilization, and the uninterrupted paradisaical bliss of a tribe which has traced in ominous characters of blood on the outer battlements of its natural fortresses of rock and mountain that omnipotent and talismanic "TABU."

We do not purpose in our examination of this book to enter into an analysis of its contents, its literary execution, or its claims to fidelity in the general description it gives of the people among whom our author resided during a period of some four months. Such a "review" belongs properly to the acknowledged critical journals of the day, and would occupy far more space than we can appropriate to such a task. Nevertheless, we shall attempt to canvass some of its statements, wherein the cause of MISSIONS is assailed, with a pertinacity of misrepresentation and degree of *hatred*, which can only entitle the perpetrator to the just claim of traducer. We know what we are saying when we use these terms; we have read this book word by word; we have studied it carefully with reference to these very points, for to all that appertains to the missionary work we are sensitively alive; and were gladdened when we first saw it, with the prospect of learning something more from an impartial source concerning the practical operations of the missionary enterprise in that interesting region of the earth known as POLYNESIA. But we were soon disappointed; instead of a calm and unbiassed view, we have on every occasion a tissue of misrepresentation, and detraction of the labors of the devoted men and women who have exiled themselves for the purpose of carrying the blessings of the gospel to some of the most degraded and benighted children of Adam—who have been debased from the spiritual "image and likeness" of their God to naked and roving savages; and who, in the wildness of their character and the helplessness of their social condition, are but little exalted above the "brutes that perish."

We do not look at the history of the missionary work from the merely enthusiastic or poetic point of view. We do not view the overthrow of the system of idolatry, the destruction of *Maraes*, the burning of idols, the cessation of infanticide, the extinction of the Areoi, the abandonment of cannibalism, the termination of desolating wars, and the partial substitution of the arts of civilization and of peace—together with the construction of a written code of laws and the presentation of a written and printed language to the Polynesians, as a brilliant establishment of Christianity in the hearts of the people of those insulated tribes. These are but pulling down the outworks of the fortresses of idolatry and spiritual degradation, which have their foundations in the hearts and souls of the people. But these results are not the less brilliant because the soul, which has become inwrought in its inmost tissues with everything that is corrupt and degraded, has not been taken, as it were, by a Gabriel, and in a moment, by a stupendous miracle of all-sanctifying grace, washed from its impurities and prepared for the fullest beamings of unsullied bliss: they are not the less splendid because the laborers have not been able to pour the broad beam of day upon every soul, and extirpate every vestige of babarism and sin. No! the history of the world furnishes no parallel to the reformation in the South Seas, except under the preaching of the inspired apostles, when the enlightened and refined idolators of Rome and Greece forsook the temples of their gods, both known and unknown, and offered up the daily incense of praise from the altars of sanctified hearts, and sang round their wide domains the songs of a purer faith.

The results of the missionary enterprise are to be measured not by what is to be done, but by what has been achieved; and when a contrast is made between the present condition of the Polynesians, and that in which they were found by the early navigators, and even only thirty years ago, callous indeed must be the heart of that man who would not rejoice with every lover of the gospel, in the change which has been made in their political and social condition—deeply stained with depravity must he be who would not be gladdened by the improvement in their moral and spiritual aspects. Partial the change certainly is, and it could not, in the short space of one generation, be much more extensive under the circumstances, than we see it; but the work has been begun—the citadel has been thrown down, the altars destroyed, and the Christian religion acknowledged as infinitely superior to the ancient and bloody superstitions.

It would occupy too much space for us to present these contrasts now; we shall incidentally allude to them, and as we have future occasion shall endeavor to make known to the Christian public the past, the present, and the future of the missionary work. And here we revert to the task before us.

The book whose title we have given may be called a respectable publication. The author seems to possess a cultivated taste and a fair education, but a deficient reading, and to this latter cause we assign many of his errors of general fact, as well as gross misstatements concerning the missionaries. With a lively imagination and a good and often graceful description, together with a somewhat happy strain of narrative, he has written an attractive history of personal adventure and unwilling *abandon* among the happy and sequestered Typees.

Come, oh celestial Spirit of Primitive Bliss! and waft me on thy golden pinions to the lovely abodes of the Typeeans! Bear me, oh genial spirit of unrefined progression, to the eternal landmarks of thy tabued groves! Waft me, benignant genius of undisturbed repose, to the overhanging peaks of thy untainted solitudes, where the dulcet strains of an uncaring minstrel shall thrill the sighing spirit with the newer life of a "healthful physical enjoyment!" Come, oh yearning soul of the angelic FAYAWAY! let me henceforth be the chosen partner of thy tabued pleasures! let me bask beneath the mild ray of thine azure eye, and repose on the swelling oval of thy graceful form! No lingering love for the griefs of a civilized home shall tempt *me* to leave thy presence! no profane desires for the pains and miseries of these pent-up cities, and sin-cursed streets, and fashion-worshipping crowds, shall distract my sighing heart, and cause me to leave thee weeping amid the dashing waters of thine entrancing abode. With thee let me sport on the mirror-surface of thy sacred waters, and ramble beneath the refreshing shades of the cocoa and the palm! No recreant will I be to thy matchless love—no reckless fugitive from thy twining arms! So let me rest, and no palaces of earth, or lands of other names and customs more refined, shall tempt me to flee thy loved abodes!

We have remarked that this is a respectable book, but yet we have doubted whether it were worth a notice. To give circulation to such statements as our author makes may seem unwise, but as extracts from it of the nature we condemn are obtaining a channel through the public journals, we have determined to do our part in the work of making him known to the public. Although ordinarily we should not have regarded it as being worth an extended notice, we think the mode of its publication and the rank it holds, deserve a passing remark. In the first place it is dedicated to Hon. LEMUEL SHAW, *Chief Justice of Massachusetts;* it is published by WILEY & PUTNAM, in *New York* and *London;* and it is permanently lettered XIII. and XIV. in their *Library of American Books.* These considerations serve, then, to give the book a respectability and an influence which it could not have without them, and without which we should probably have passed it by.

Before proceeding to our investigation of his statements concerning the missionaries, we remark of the book generally: 1. It is filled with the most palpable and absurd contradictions; 2. These contradictions are so carelessly put together as to occur in consecutive paragraphs; 3. It is throughout laudatory of the innocence and freedom from care of the barbarians of the South Seas, particularly the Marquesans; 4. It compares their condition with civilized society as being the more desirable of the two; 5. It either excuses and wilfully palliates the cannibalism and savage vices of the Polynesians, or is guilty of as great a crime in such a writer, that of ignorance of his subject; and, 6. It is redundant with bitter charges against the missionaries, piles obloquy upon their labor and its results, and broadly accuses them of being the cause of the vice, misery, destitution, and unhappiness of the Polynesians wherever they have penetrated.

Brevity requires us to keep close to the point indicated in the title of our article, or we could furnish numerous extracts to justify these charges. On page 30 we have an account of a vessel whose crew was decoyed by the natives to a secluded spot and barbarously murdered. On page 31, we are told "the 'savages' are made to deserve the title. When the inhabitants of some sequestered island discover the 'big canoe' of the European, they rush down to the beach in crowds, and stand ready, with open arms, to embrace the stranger. Fatal embrace! They fold the viper to their bosom." We give the following paragraphs as they follow each other on page 32. The innocence of these islanders implied in the first is well sustained, according to our author's opinion, in the second, where we find that very aged men have never crossed the confines of their native vale from a fear of being murdered!

> How often is the term "savages" incorrectly applied! None really deserving of it were ever yet discovered by voyagers or by travellers. They have discovered heathens and barbarians, whom by horrible cruelties they have exasperated into savages. It may be asserted without fear of contradiction, that in all the cases of outrages committed by Polynesians, Europeans have at some time or other been the aggressors, and that *the cruel and bloodthirsty disposition of some of the islanders is mainly to be ascribed to the influence of such examples.*
>
> But to return. Owing to the *mutual hostilities* of the different tribes I have mentioned, the mountainous tracts which separate their respective territories remain altogether uninhabited; the natives invariably dwelling in the depths of the valleys, with a view of securing themselves from the predatory incursions of their enemies, who often lurk along their borders, ready to cut off any imprudent straggler, or make a descent upon the inmates of some sequestered habitation. I several times met with *very aged men, who from this cause had never passed the confines of their native vale, some of them having never even ascended midway up the mountains in the whole course of their lives*, and who, accordingly, had little idea of the appearance of any other part of the island, the whole of which is not perhaps more than sixty miles in circuit. The little space in which some of these clans pass away their days would seem almost incredible.

It will be admitted by our readers that this is a charming picture of the innocent Typees, "among whom, without being clamorously invoked, virtue is unconsciously practised."—Vol. ii., p. 245.

This state of society dates back long years anterior to the visits of Captain Cook in 1774, or Marchand in 1789, or Lieut. Hergest, in the Dædalus, when on his voyage from the Falkland Islands to Hawaii, in 1792. These navigators having preceded the missionaries many years, the latter cannot be responsible any more than the former for this affection among the Marquesans. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and so we suppose Mr. Melville will attribute the "mutual hostilities" of the islanders to be the foreshadowing, through some magnetic sympathy, of the coming of the missionaries. The transient visit of Alvaro Mendano, in 1595, had probably long been forgotten by the Marquesans, as we find that the profound Kory-Kory, the royal Mehevi, and the gentle and incomparable FAYAWAY, were alike ignorant of that remarkable event.

We are inclined to doubt seriously whether our author ever saw the Marquesas; or, if he did, whether he ever resided among the Typees; or, if he did, whether this book is not a sort of romantic satire at the expense of the poor savages who are too far removed ever to give "TOMMO" the benefit of another *tau-piti*, or feast. "Tommo"—for so our author ycleped himself for their unlettered convenience, the Polynesians being unable, in obedience to the genius of their dialects, to pronounce the liquid appellative of "Herman Melville"—"Tommo," gives such enthusiastic descriptions of their happiness and exemption from care, that we think he is a poor commentator upon his insatiable desire to escape from the abodes of bliss and return to the vices and miseries of civilization. We presume, however, this desire is covertly hinted at in the following paragraph:

> The term "Savage" is, I conceive, often misapplied, and indeed, when I consider the vices, cruelties, and enormities of every kind that spring up in the tainted atmosphere of a feverish civilisation, I am inclined to think that so far as the relative wickedness of the parties is concerned, four or five Marquesan Islanders sent to the United States as missionaries, might be quite as useful as an equal number of Americans despatched to the Islands in a similar capacity.

Were we to say his anxiety to return was only one of those evidences of incurable depravity fostered by Christianity among a civilized people, we might commit a mistake: we must therefore impute it to a zeal to act as one of "the four or five missionaries from the Marquesas to the United States." Native missionaries are generally the best pioneers in evangelising and enlightening a people; and here, American "Savage!" is one of our own countrymen, from the renowned valley of Typee in the Marquesas, who has sacrificed his happiness with an unparalleled devotion to your welfare to convert you to Typeeism! All hail! Apostle of Cannibalism! Welcome, self-immolated herald of classic barbarism! Thou hast published the ritual, how soon shall we be initiated into the high masonry of savage enjoyment with the perpetual seal of the picturesque tattoo!

The worst feature of the book is the undisguised attempt to decry the missionary work in its every feature Here is a paragraph which condenses the matter into a trifling compass:

> The naked wretch who shivers beneath the bleak skies, and starves among the inhospitable wilds of Terra-del-Fuego, might indeed be made happier by civilization, for it would alleviate his physical wants. But the voluptuous Indian, with every desire supplied, whom Providence has bountifully provided with all the sources of pure and natural enjoyment, and from whom are removed so many of the ills and pains of life—what has he to desire at the hands of Civilisation? She may "cultivate his mind,"—may "elevate his thoughts,"—these I believe are the established phrases—but will he be the happier? Let the once smiling and populous Hawaiian islands, with their now diseased, starving, and dying natives, answer the question. The missionaries may seek to disguise the matter as they will, but the facts are incontrovertible; and the devoutest Christian who visits that group with an unbiased mind, must go away mournfully asking—"Are these, alas! the fruits of twenty-five years of enlightening?"

There are several classes of men who compose the grand order of antagonists to missions. We roughly classify as follows:

1. The merchants, traders, speculators, and others, who go to the South Seas for the purpose of engaging in mercantile pursuits.
2. Masters and crews of whaling and trading vessels, who stop a day or two, or longer, at the islands, for supplies and refits.
3. Deserters from vessels of every description, of which class our author is a lively specimen.
4. Adventurers and passengers who are on their route to distant points, and who are prejudiced against religion anywhere.
5. Convicts escaped from Botany Bay and other parts of New South Wales.

These, it will be perceived, are all directly interested parties. Attracted by purely selfish motives, and often as reckless of virtue and as abandoned as the most depraved of the Polynesians, they find their schemes of aggrandizement at the expense of the ignorant tribes, or their gross and corrupt appetites checked by the presence of the missionary establishments, and the, at least partial, establishment of Christianity. Hence the continual and virulent attempts to throw *infamy* upon the laborers in the remote Pacific. We make one short quotation here in passing, to show that our author has given a true representation in one instance, of an evil universally complained of by all the missionaries:

> Our ship was now wholly given up to every species of riot and debauchery. The grossest licentiousness and the most shameful inebriety, prevailed, with occasional and but short-lived interruptions, through the whole period of her stay. Alas for the poor savages when exposed to the influence of these polluting examples! Unsophisticated and confiding, they are easily led into every vice, and humanity weeps over the ruin thus remorselessly inflicted upon them by their European civilizers. Thrice happy are they who, inhabiting some yet undiscovered island in the midst of the ocean, have never been brought into contaminating contact with the white man.—Vol. i., p. 17.

Had our romantic adventurer been as candid in regard to the rest of the South Sea Islands, he could not have thrown the burden of "*licentiousness and misery*" upon the bearers of the gospel. It will be remembered that a mission was commenced in the Marquesas by Mr. Crook, on the island of Tahuata, in 1798, but he was obliged to abandon it about a year afterwards. In 1825, another attempt was made, and in 1828 still another, by English missionaries, aided by native assistants; but owing to the ferocious and corrupt character of the tribes they were successively abandoned. In 1833, some American missionaries, a deputation from the Sandwich Islands, undertook a mission, but the following year they, too, were obliged to withdraw—the foreign and native teachers living under continual apprehension of being devoured by the irreclaimable savages. The Tahitians, taken to the Marquesas in 1825 by Mr. Crook, although accustomed to the corrupt and brutal life of a former heathenism, after laboring some time, were so disheartened with the horrible state of the islanders, that they abandoned the group in despair. Only two natives remained at the island of Uahou. A mission has been abandoned on the island of Nukuheva, where the licentious revelry above described occurred.

To prevent any charge of unfairness in our quotations, we give the following pencillings, which embody a full expression of the sentiments of the author. They may be found in vol. ii., pp. 249–254.

How little do some of these poor islanders comprehend when they look around them, that no inconsiderable part of their disasters originates in certain tea-party excitements, under the influence of which benevolent-looking gentlemen in white cravats solicit alms, and old ladies in spectacles, and young ladies in sober russet gowns, contribute sixpences towards the creation of a fund, the object of which is to ameliorate the spiritual condition of the Polynesians, but whose end has almost invariably been to accomplish their temporal destruction!

Let the savages be civilized, but civilize them with benefits, and not with evils; and let heathenism be destroyed, but not by destroying the heathen. The Anglo-Saxon hive have extirpated Paganism from the greater part of the North American continent; but with it they have likewise extirpated the greater portion of the Red race. Civilization is gradually sweeping from the earth the lingering vestiges of Paganism, and at the same time the shrinking forms of its unhappy worshippers.

Among the islands of Polynesia, no sooner are the images overturned, the temples demolished, and the idolators converted into *nominal* Christians, than disease, vice, and premature death make their appearance. * * * *

When the famished wretches are cut off in this manner from their natural supplies, they are told by their benefactors to work and earn their support by the sweat of their brows! But to no fine gentleman born to hereditary opulence does this manual labor come more unkindly than to the luxurious Indian when thus robbed of the bounty of heaven. Habituated to a life of indolence, he cannot and will not exert himself; and want, disease, and vice, all evils of foreign growth, soon terminate his miserable existence.

But what matters all this? Behold the glorious result!—The abominations of Paganism have given way to the pure rites of the Christian worship,—the ignorant savage has been supplanted by the refined European! Look at Honolulu, the metropolis of the Sandwich Islands!—A community of disinterested merchants, and devoted self-exiled heralds of the Cross, located on the very spot that twenty years ago was defiled by the presence of idolatry. What a subject for an eloquent Bible-meeting orator! Nor has such an opportunity for a display of missionary rhetoric been allowed to pass by unimproved!—But when these philanthropists send us such glowing accounts of one half of their labors, why does their modesty restrain them from publishing the other half of the good they have wrought? Not until I visited Honolulu was I aware of the fact that the small remnant of the natives had been civilized into draught-horses, and evangelized into beasts of burden. But so it is. They have been literally broken into the traces, and are harnessed to the vehicles of their spiritual instructors like so many dumb brutes!

Among a multitude of similar exhibitions that I saw, I shall never forget a robust, red-faced, and very lady-like personage, a missionary's spouse, who day after day for months together took her regular airings in a little go-cart drawn by two of the islanders, one an old grey-headed man, and the other a roguish stripling, both being, with the exception of the fig-leaf, as naked as when they were born. Over a level piece of ground this pair of *draught* bipeds would go with a shambling, unsightly trot, the youngster hanging back all the time like a knowing horse, while the old hack plodded on and did all the work. * *

At the town where this paragon of humility resides, is a spacious and elegant American chapel, where divine service is regularly performed. Twice every Sabbath towards the close of the exercises may be seen a score or two of little wagons ranged along the railing in front of the edifice, with two squalid native footmen in the livery of nakedness standing by each, and waiting for the dismissal of the congregation to draw their superiors home.

Lest the slightest misconception should arise from anything thrown out in this chapter, or indeed in any other part of the volume, let me here observe, that against the cause of missions in the abstract no Christian can possibly be opposed: it is in truth a just and holy cause. * Subject as Christianity is to the assaults of unprincipled foes, we are naturally disposed to regard everything like an exposure of ecclesiastical misconduct as the offspring of malevolence or irreligious feeling. Not even this last consideration, however, shall deter me from the honest expression of my sentiments. * *

To read pathetic accounts of missionary hardships, and glowing descriptions of conversions, and baptisms taking place beneath palm-trees, is one thing; and to go to the Sandwich Islands and see the missionaries dwelling in picturesque and prettily furnished coral-rock villas, whilst the miserable natives are committing all sorts of immorality around them, is another.

In justice to the missionaries, however, I will

> willingly admit, that whatever evils have resulted from their collective mismanagement of the business of the mission, and from the want of vital piety evinced by some of their number, still the present deplorable condition of the Sandwich Islands is by no means wholly chargeable against them. The demoralizing influence of a dissolute foreign population, and the frequent visits of all descriptions of vessels, have tended not a little to increase the evils alluded to. In a word, here, as in every case where civilization has in any way been introduced among those whom we call savages, she has scattered her vices, and withheld her blessings.
>
> As wise a man as Shakspeare has said, that the bearer of evil tidings hath but a losing office; and so I suppose will it prove with me, in communicating to the trusting friends of the Hawaiian Mission what has been disclosed in various portions of this narrative. I am persuaded, however, that as these disclosures will by their very nature attract attention, so they will lead to something which will not be without ultimate benefit to the cause of Christianity in the Sandwich Islands.
>
> I have but one thing more to add in connection with this subject—those things which I have stated as facts will remain facts, in spite of whatever the bigoted or incredulous may say or write against them. My reflections, however, on those facts may not be free from error. If such be the case, I claim no further indulgence than should be conceded to every man whose object is to do good.

With all these evils, if they exist, would Mr. Melville consent to have the Polynesians relapse again to what they were one hundred years since—withdraw the foreign population—recall the missionaries—burn up the Bible and the various works in the dialects of the Pacific—destroy the written languages, with the written constitutions, and abrogate codes of printed laws—rebuild the Maraes—reinstate the idols, Oro, Taaro, Tangaroa, and a thousand others—re-organize the Areoi—rekindle the sacred fires—slay new victims for sacrifice—and then join in celebrating the restoration of the Polynesians to their blissful condition, in a feast of a thousand human victims, moistened with an inspiriting draught of the oblivious ava? If not, Mr. Melville deserves the scorn of an intelligent community.

In the perusal of these volumes the reader would inevitably arrive at the conclusion that the presence and the influence of the missionaries are the predominant causes of all the deplorable evils of the South Sea Islands. If the missionary work had achieved nothing more, the abolition of the Areois, than whom a more loathsome and demoralizing band probably never existed—who swept the islands with a periodical pestilence of pollution and crime, would be reward for the labors of a quarter of a century; the abolition of infanticide would have been alone a splendid work—but these, with the extinction of the bloody rites, the impure orgies, and the thousand crimes of heathenism, are countless benefits resulting from the progress of Christianity. Says this remarkably consistent author on p. 245:

> The Areoi Society—one of the most *singular* (!) institutions that ever existed in any part of the world—spread universal licentiousness over the island. It was the voluptuous character of these people which rendered the disease introduced among them by De Bougainville's ships, in 1768, doubly destructive. It visited them like a plague, sweeping them off by hundreds.

Shades of all the classic anachronisms! 1768! Why, Mr. Melville, that was only *thirty years* before the first missionary doubled Cape Horn! and tradition does not furnish a date for the foundation of the Areoi! Do you not know that the good ship *Duff*, Capt. WILSON, did not reach Tahiti with its first band of missionaries until the 6th of March, 1797, when she anchored in the Bay of Matavai? Do you not know this was the deplorable condition of the Sandwich Islands when the American missionaries first rested there, in 1820, and which they have in some measure reformed? If the exaltation of these nations would be effected by the withdrawal of the missionaries, let us blot out Polynesia from our maps, and bid the elevating influence of heathenism restore the islanders to their "paradisaical condition." If Mr. Melville would not do this for the "ill-fated people," he has less of the milk of human kindness than his lachrymose whinings over their civilization would lead the reader to suppose.

We have no room to speak of the caricature he gives us of tea-parties, and the "red-faced" "paragon of humility." The reader can judge of the value of the author's observations, and make his own estimate of his claims for common truth and intelligence. For the "red-faced lady," we refer to OLMSTED'S "*Incidents of a Whaling Voyage*," where the popular custom is referred to, and to WILKES' *Exploring Expedition*, vol. iii.

We see for ourselves no reason why public porters should not draw a cwt. of humanity as well as a cwt. of goods, if circumstances make it expedient. But why need our author go to the Pacific to find "evangelized draught-horses?" He may find them every day in front of nursery-wagons—even young girls dragging the children of their employers through the streets! He may find "civilized beasts of burden," in the shape of public porters, drawing heavily loaded hand-carts after them in every city of the United States! Why, we even recollect when the evangelized and refined citizens of Baltimore took a pair of elegant draught horses from the carriage of a foreign *danseuse* of somewhat questionable reputation, and "harnessing" some hundreds to it, actually dragged the "*divine* Fanny" through the streets of that refined city! We venture a modest opinion that, had our author been present, he would have volunteered a prominent position as a draught-*horse* (?) on that occasion. But the whole thing is too contemptible to notice, were it not that it seems to have some weight in the minds of readers, as though the Hawaiians had been *evangelized into draught-horses for their spiritual instructors alone.* Better to earn a subsistence by industry as porters than to slaughter and devour each other!

The little coral villas which excite the author's jealousy in contrast with the residences of the natives, are necessary. They are an advanced standard which the natives are encouraged to reach—and although the work must be slow, it will probably be finally attained. Were it not for the men who visit and frequent these seas and impede the progress, the work of evangelizing would be synonymous with civilizing the people. To elevate nations of indolent barbarians in one generation from the depths of brutalization to a civilized, faultless, and industrious community, will not be realized in this world; it is a progressive work—painful and laborious—and from the nature of the case must be slow and toilsome. To change the intellectual and moral character of savages is not the work of a day. Capt. WILKES says, vol. ii., p. 12,

> No one can visit the island without perceiving on every side the most positive evidence of the great benefits they [the missionaries] have already bestowed, and are daily conferring upon the inhabitants.

We have one brief answer in the words of the MARTYR MISSIONARY, WILLIAMS, in his remarks on *Raratonga:*

> The graceful foliage of the banana, young bread fruit, and cocoa-nut trees, by which they are surrounded, invests our premises with an appearance of neatness and elegance. *It was my determination when I originally left England to have as respectable a dwelling as I could erect;* for the missionary does not go to barbarize himself, but to civilize the heathen. He ought not, therefore, to sink down to their standard, but to elevate them to his.—*Miss. Enterprises*, p. 429.

Capt. Wilkes, whom we must select from a host of witnesses, and who had frequent opportunities of becoming familiar, by his protracted visits to many of the groups of islands, with the missionaries and their labors, says in his remarks on Tahiti (the Italics are our own),

> All this good has been done in the face of many and great difficulties. The most serious of these is the evil influence of the other foreign residents. Although among these are some who are truly respectable, the majority is made up of runaways from the English convict settlements, and *deserters from vessels.* These men, the outcasts and refuse of every maritime nation, are addicted to every description of vice, and would be a pest even in a civilized community. It may easily be conceived what an injurious influence such a band of vagabonds, without trade or occupation by which they can support themselves, guilty of every species of profanity and crime, must exert upon the morals of the natives, and what a barrier they must oppose to their improvement in morals and religion.
>
> Tahiti, *when first visited*, was proverbial for its licentiousness, and it would be asking too much to require that, after so short an enjoyment of the means of instruction, and in the face of such obstacles, its inhabitants should, as a body, have become patterns of good morals. Licentiousness does still exist among them, but the foreign residents and visitors are in a great degree the cause of its continuance, and an unbridled intercourse with them serves to perpetuate it. Severe laws have been enacted, but they cannot be put in force in cases where one of the parties is a foreigner. I see no reason, however, why this island should be pointed out as conspicuous for licentiousness. When compared with other parts of the world that arrogate a superior civilization, it appears almost in an advantageous light. Vice, at any rate, does not stalk abroad in the open day, as it did in some places we had lately visited upon the American continent. It would be unfair to judge of these natives before they had received instruction, by our rules of pro-

> priety; and now many of those who bear testimony to the laxity of their morals, visit their shores for the very purpose of enticing them into guilt, and of rioting without fear or hindrance in debauchery. Coming with such intentions, and finding themselves checked by the influence of the missionaries, they rail against them because they have put an end to the obscene dances and games of the natives, and procured the enactment of laws forbidding illicit intercourse.—*Narrative of the Exploring Expedition*, vol. ii., pp. 12–13.
>
> I cannot pass without notice, the untiring efforts of many of the foreign residents to disparage the missionaries and vilify the natives. They endeavor on all occasions to prepossess the minds of visitors against both. These efforts, however, generally fail of success; for no reflecting mind can fail to perceive how devoid they are of any foundation, nor avoid noticing the baneful effects these residents are themselves producing, by inculcating principles for which many of them have been compelled to fly their own countries, or teaching the practice of crimes from whose penalty they have made their escape.—*Ex. Expedition*, vol. ii., p. 13.

We recommend Capt. Wilkes' Narrative to the author of Typee, where he will doubtless find a portrait photographed from life, which he will be able instantly to recognize.

We are not "bigoted," although we are by anticipation placed in that category by our adventurer. "Facts are facts, and will remain such, notwithstanding all that the bigoted and incredulous may write to the contrary." In an appendix, which is the refined essence of all that is mean and hateful, he says:

> It is needless to rehearse all the abuse that for some time previous to the spring of 1843 had been heaped upon the British residents, especially upon Captain Charlton, her Britannic Majesty's consul-general, by the native authorities of the Sandwich Islands. High in the favor of the imbecile king at this time was one Dr. Judd, a sanctimonious apothecary adventurer, who, with other kindred and influential spirits, were animated by an inveterate dislike to England. The ascendancy of a junto of ignorant and designing Methodist elders in the councils of a half-civilized king, ruling with absolute sway over a nation just poised between barbarism and civilization, and exposed by the peculiarities of its relations with foreign states to unusual difficulties, was not precisely calculated to impart a healthy tone to the policy of the government.

Capt. Wilkes' position as an official representative of the United States government, afforded him facilities of observation and opportunities for inquiry which enabled him to arrive at a candid opinion after hearing every complaint and statement, from every party, of every complexion and pursuit. Of the events which transpired at Tahiti, he says:

> Much complaint has been made of the influence which the missionaries, and Mr. Pritchard in particular, exercise over the government. They have, unquestionably, great influence; BUT I AM SATISFIED THAT THEY ARE JUSTLY ENTITLED TO IT. *Indeed, I cannot but consider it as part of their duty, nay,* THE GREAT OBJECT OF THEIR MISSION, to acquire and exercise a salutary control over their converts, both of high and low degree.—Wilkes' *Narrative*, vol. ii., p. 12.

Once more, concerning the Sandwich Islands. When speaking of the difficulties with Laplace, he says:

> The foreigners, both residents and missionaries, keep aloof from him [the king], although now was a juncture at which the true friends of this people might have acted to advantage, by stepping forward in support of the laws under which they lived. *They cannot be too much blamed for* [their neglect], &c. THE MISSIONARIES, IN PARTICULAR, LOST A GLORIOUS OPPORTUNITY. (!!) —*Ex. Expedition*, vol. iv., p. 17.

Our space will not permit extracts from Byron's Narrative of visits to many of the Polynesian Islands, in the Blonde, in 1824–5; of Capt. Waldegrave, in the Seringapatam, and a host of others, whose responsibilities pledged them to candor, and we must pass them by. Among the latest authorities, however, and contemporaneous with the Residence in Typee, we mention "Darwin's Voyage of a Naturalist," and Russell's Polynesia, for a lucid condensation of many valuable facts. These and other merely scientific and historical works are of interest and value with reference to a fair view of the missionary work.

Capt. Wilkes again, in reference to the difficulties between foreigners and the government, in which he introduces those of English vessels of war, makes these declarations;

> In this state of things it became evident to the king and chiefs that they were in want of information in regard to international law, and they in consequence desired to obtain a competent person to give them advice on that subject. For this purpose they endeavored to procure a suitable counsellor from the United States. Failing in this attempt, they requested Rev. Mr. Richards, one of the missionaries, to undertake this duty.

The missionaries, as a body, seem to have thought it a duty to abstain from meddling with any temporal matters, but Mr. Richards was prevailed upon to serve. As respects the internal policy of the island, no better guide could have been chosen. But, like the missionaries, he was but little versed, and had no experience in the affairs of government. He was unused to the petty squabbling of foreign officials, and his mind was far above the ignoble task of disputing with the revilers of all law and religion.

I had the pleasure of becoming intimately acquainted with Mr. Richards in his private capacity, and enjoyed an opportunity of judging as to the manner in which he performed his public functions; and I cannot but felicitate the government and people of Hawaii upon their fortune in obtaining the services of one who has made such exertions in their behalf, and who is so well qualified for the responsible position he holds.

Mr. Richards had, as a missionary, been for some years a resident of these islands, and was thus in close connection with the king and chiefs in their spiritual concerns. That they should have desired his counsel in their temporal affairs, is a strong proof of the affection and esteem with which they regarded him, and is alike creditable to their character and the soundness of their judgment. It was not, however, to be received as an evidence of any undue influence of the missionaries in political questions; and from a close examination I am satisfied that no such influence exists.

If anything more positive is required, the following will probably reach the point. It is extracted from the correspondence between P. A. Brinsmade, U. S. Commercial Agent at the Hawaiian group, and Kamehameha III.

U. S. Consulate,
Sandwich Islands, Oct. 26, 1839.

As the opinion seems to be to some extent entertained that American citizens residing in the Sandwich Islands as missionaries, under the patronage of an incorporated institution in the United States, have exerted a controlling influence upon the framers of the laws of this country, I have very respectfully to inquire if they have ever had any voice in the passage of laws affecting the interests of other foreigners, and particularly whether they have ever had anything to do in the measures adopted by your government for the prevention of the introduction of the Catholic religion into your country; and whether, in the treatment which has been shown to any subject of the government of France, they have directly or indirectly recommended the course pursued by your government? * * P. A. Brinsmade.

To this the king replied, under date of Oct. 28th, in a letter, from which we must only quote as follows:

I have received your letter asking questions respecting the American missionaries, supposed by some to regulate the acts of my government under me; I, together with the chiefs under me, now declare to you that we do not see anything in which your questions are applicable to the American missionaries. From the time the missionaries first arrived, they have asked liberty to dwell in these islands. Communicating instructions in letters and delivering the word of God has been their business. * * * * *But that thing which you speak to me of, that they act with us, or overrule our acts, we deny it; it is not so.* Kamehameha III.

The correspondence in full may be found in the appendix to "Jarves' History of the Sandwich Islands."

It is enough. We regret that our limits prevent our entering farther into the details of the various questions relating to the "temporal destruction" of the Polynesians, charged by our author to the account of the missionary establishments in the Pacific. We reserve these for future consideration.

For the rest, we must content ourselves with saying that he is either unfortunately ignorant, or barely worthy of that civilization which has alone been the means of preserving him from being made a sacrifice upon the altar of a bloody superstition.

Here is a gentle palliative for cannibalism:

Cannibalism to a certain moderate extent is practised among several of the primitive tribes in the Pacific, but it is upon the bodies of slain enemies alone; and horrible and fearful as the custom is, immeasurably as it is to be abhorred and condemned, still I assert that those who indulge in it are in other respects humane and virtuous.—p. 262.

If Mr. Melville's idea of humanity and virtue were to be measured by his regard for facts, we would be sufficiently curious to see his system of ethics. Doubtless the Areoi Society would be the legitimate expounders of the canon law of such a system—while the infanticide which universally prevailed prior to the introduction of the gospel, would be the highest and most authoritative evidence of their humanity. One chief of Raiatea, at a public meeting in 1824, bitterly mourned while he confessed he had destroyed *nineteen* children. Three women of whom Mr. Williams speaks, had destroyed *twenty-one* between them—while another mother on her death-bed confessed to the slaughtering of *sixteen* children. The "humane and virtuous" lives of depraved and polluted cannibals!

On the 11th of February, 1840, Messrs. Hunt and Lythe, with their ladies, missionaries to Carolib or Goat Island, were witnesses to a cannibal entertainment. The circumstances are briefly these: The king had sent a servant to Lauthala, and a quarrel arising, he was killed. An order was given to attack the town, when, according to some reports, *three hundred*, according to others, *thirty* persons, without respect to age, sex, or condition, were slain and eaten on the spot. *Eleven* bodies were brought to the king's square, immediately in front of the missionaries' dwelling. *Mr Hunt stood within his garden fence and saw the bodies distributed, and one cut up and roasted within two or three yards of it,* and eaten —Wilkes' *Narrative*, vol. iii., 153, 155. This is being "*primitive*" with a *witness!*

The following tragic events recently transpired in Viti Levui, the principal island of the Feejee group, between Ambua, Mbua, or Bau and Rewa districts. Rev. John Marston gives these among other facts:

> We have found that the cruelties and cannibalism of Feejee exceed all the description which has been given; not one half has been told. The whole cannot be told. The war between Bau and Rewa is still carried on. Some towns have been burned, and many persons have been killed and eaten, since we last wrote; and it is more than probable that hundreds more will follow them ere the war terminates. At Bau, perhaps, more human beings are eaten than anywhere else. A few weeks ago they ate twenty-eight in one day. They had seized their wretched victims while fishing, and brought them alive to Bau, and there half-killed them, and then put them into their ovens. Some of them made several vain attempts to escape from the scorching flame. It makes our hearts bleed to hear of their fiend-like cruelty; and we pray God, and beseech the Christian world to pray with us, that the wickedness of this cruel people may soon come to an end.

The above specimens of "moderation" among the anthropophagi need not be followed by an account of the murder of Rev. John Williams and his colleague Harris, on the 20th of November, 1839, and the subsequent events at Erromanga.

Some of our readers will perhaps be surprised at our review of "Typee: or Residence in the Marquesas." It is matter of surprise to us that such a work could have obtained the name of Lemuel Shaw, and such a press as that of Wiley & Putnam. The author manifests a palpable ignorance in regard to every question of interest, and redeems that feature by laying his tribute upon the altar of cannibal felicity and barbaric society. He looks at the savage life with a captivated eye, and seals his approbation with a constant phrenzy to be freed from this happy vale—being in almost daily fear of finding himself hashed in the most approved style of Typee epicurean rites, or tenderly roasted and served up in calabashes for "the regal and noble Mehevi" and his chiefs!

We have borne with the pretensions of this book as though it were a narrative of real events. It may be, and likely is, though somewhat highly colored. But whether true or false, the real or pseudonymic author deserves a pointed and severe rebuke for his flagrant outrages against civilization, and particularly the missionary work. The abuse he heaps upon the latter belongs to the vagabonds, fugitives, convicts, and deserters of every grade—and there let it rest. We have meditated nothing in a spirit of harshness or "bigotry." We have sought only to present the other side of the case to the public, with the hope of rendering at least a little service to the cause of truth; while we regret that a book possessed of such high merit in other respects, should have been made the vehicle of so many prejudiced misstatements concerning missions.

We purpose on some future occasion to take a view of the present state of the missionary work, and what is needed to make it more efficient and exceptionless than it is, and shall endeavor to give every side a fair hearing. We shall probably give Typee a glance among the authorities, as a specimen of that genus of writers whose poetry and poetic feelings lead them to admire only what is savage, and condemn, under assumed pretexts, the ripening fruit of the gospel of Christ. The author having anticipated and challenged investigation, will doubtless duly appreciate our pains-taking in comparing his statements with the contemporaneous reports of Capt. Wilkes and other authorities.

THE DEATH-SEAL.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

My days are almost over! Life to me
Hath lost its ardor, and I stand and sigh
On the lone shores of Death, where chilling air
Comes fanning my pale cheek. Its damping breath
Bids the cold drops to gather on my brow,
While on the verge I stand, and see the waves,
One after one advancing ripples leave
On the smooth shore, whereon a bony hand
With its long finger marks their silent tread.

I once did fondly reckon on a life
Of highest honor—trusting that my aim
Me leading through the paths of bright renown,
Would make my name immortal. I aspired
To weave Fame's laurel round my brow, and seal
Ambition's deeds with virtue. On my path
My hopes, not selfish, led my hastening feet
Up Alpine cliffs, and through the deepest gorge
Of Labor's realm, where rose the giddy height
My ardor oft would scale. There tipped the sun
The beetling crag with golden dreams—and there
Submission in the vale of humble deeds
Inured the soul to Love, and made it know
Alternate lights and shades, and heights and depths,
Contrasted strong to discipline and teach.

But strength lasts not for ever. Golden harps,
Though strung with angel hands, whereon they breathe
Immortal song among the chosen wires,
Must weaken and decay. And so I change!
My pulse beats slow and feebly. Yesterwhile
I felt it leap with vigor, while the tide
Coursed on through every limb. It seemed to win
Life through its ruddy channels, that my joy,
Clad in a roseate flush, might welcome me
In every scene. But now a dull, faint throb
That seemeth fearful to disturb the rest
In my heart's chambers, slowly tolls the knell
Of dying moments on their seaward flight.
I know my limit. Day by day I see
The drapery of the tomb close round my bed,
And soon I shall lie down to breathless sleep,
And make my pillow on my mother's breast.
So in the earth's dim silence shall my heart
Keep silence too: so in the earth's dull ear
Shall my dull plaint be spoken, there to die
As echoless as in unbounded space.

Methinks all things are changing: they to me
Have lost their beauty—slowly come they all
With a strange look of sadness that creates
A world within my stirring world of thought.
Yet they must change still further—I must see
Deep-cherished things bedimmed, while strange death-films
Steal silently o'er eyes that loved them long:
Sweet sounds that raptured me entrance no more,
And scenes that kindled Hope's imparted fire
Have no delighting token—all are lost
In the blank desert-haze that fills my soul
And seals with listlessness my inmost being.

But all shall yet once quicken ere the heart
Beats its last throb. My soul shall bathe again
In strains of harmony—my eyes shall see
With keener vision—I shall love again
With stronger fervor than I ever knew—
And one bright view delightfully shall pass
Across my spirit ere I launch away.

Let the waves come! I have no terror now!
I am not dead to Faith! Its holy power
Thrills me with new emotions, and awakes
New life within my heart. It gently speaks,
And kindling up my spirit, I behold
The hills eternal, where these transient joys
And sense-loved things are not. There purer scenes
And purer air delight the ransomed soul.
I can well trust the promise—Sight to Faith,
Fruition Hope's deliverer—Joy for Tears—
Etesian smiles for Time's complaints—a world
Where seraphs sweep their bliss-strung harps of gold
For one where walks the traveller in gloom.

Oh I do breathe once more! I feel the life
Tingling my veins and leaping on its tide
Toward my rest—I will now step to meet
Th' advancing wave. Oh Thou, Supremest Good!
Let me be wafted from the sands of Time
To see Thee in thy realm where ever flows
Life's crystal river by its golden shore!

HEAD-QUARTERS OF WASHINGTON, AT TAPPAN.

(SEE PLATE.)

THE name of Washington, honored and immortalized in itself, has also conferred a romantic interest upon every spot where he was present in life. Our plate for the present number gives a graphic and picturesque view of his head-quarters at Tappan, during one of the most thrilling and threatening periods of the revolution. It was while he was here that the defection of the traitor Arnold took place, an event which spread gloom as well as indignation through the army and the country, and which so deeply affected the heart of the Father of his Country, that he wept in very bitterness of spirit—the only time, it is said, that he was ever known to lose the control of his feelings.

It was here, too, that the gallant but unfortunate André was brought to trial for his connection with the treachery of Arnold. Here the stern sense of duty struggling with and overcoming the yearnings of his generous heart compelled Washington to sign the death-warrant of the young officer; and here, too, the fearful penalty, which by all military law is awarded the spy, was paid by the unfortunate André, amid the tears of those who had condemned him to perish.

When we contemplate such a spot, and recall the gloom and perils amid which our political redemption was achieved, and the sacrifices which were endured that we might be a free and happy people, and while we bless God for our Washington and his fellow patriots, and for the fruit of their toils, we should remember that a no less sacred duty devolves upon us of maintaining and transmitting to the future the inheritance we have received.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON FINDING A ROSE LEAF IN MY BIBLE.

BY ALEXANDER MACDOWELL.

WITHIN the pages of this Sacred Book
There lies a little rose leaf fair—
And from my own loved isle 'twas took—
Yes! 'twas my mother placed it there.
Sweet relic! as I gaze on thee,
A thousand scenes allure my mind—
My spirit flies beyond the sea
To that sweet home I left behind.

I think of friends—of other years—
Of artless childhood's hallow'd hour;
My eyes with retrospective tears
Bedew the loved but scentless flower.
Emblem of hope, and life, and love,
Within the page of Truth sublime
Thou still to Memory's sight shalt prove
As lovely as in blooming prime.

Ah! here on words of death and tears,*
In innocence thou dost repose,
And points to me, 'mid trembling fears,
The cross where JESUS' life-blood flows.
Oh! may I in eternal day
In heaven's bright fields its glory share,
And when the earth shall pass away
Rejoice with her that placed thee there.

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* The death of Christ, Matt., chap. 27.

RAMBLES ABOUT LONDON.

THE THAMES—HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT—SIR ROBERT PEEL, LORD LYNDHURST, AND LORD BROUGHAM—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

I FREQUENTLY strolled through the streets of London to the Thames, for I loved to stand on one of the many noble bridges that span it, and gaze on the graceful arches of the others, and watch the throng of little steamboats that flew about on every side in the most funny manner imaginable, as if worried to death in the effort to keep the multitudinous craft around and the busy wharves in order. They shot and darted hither and thither—now bowing their long pipes to pass under an arch, and now emerging into view, flying along the stream as if possessed with the power of will. And then their names were so pretty—"Daylight," "Starlight," "Moonlight," "Sunbeam," etc., etc., just fitted for such wee bits of things. This world-renowned Thames is a small affair, and bears about the same proportion to our noble Hudson as our Croton aqueduct does to it. No wonder that an Englishman, born and bred in London, and taught to consider the Thames as a very fine river, should regard the accounts of our majestic streams with incredulity. An American standing beside the Thames one day with an Englishman, took occasion to speak of the Missouri, a mere *tributary* of the Mississippi, and in order to convey some definite idea of its size, told how many of the Thames it would hold. When he had finished, the Englishman simply gave a long whistle and turned on his heel, as much as to say, "You don't suppose I'm such a fool as to believe that!" This, by the way, is a fair illustration of the manner we this side of the water get wrong impressions of foreign nations from Englishmen. It must be remembered that an Englishman never looks on any country in the abstract, or by itself, but always in comparison with his own. England is the standard by which to judge of the size, and state, and degree of civilisation of all other countries on the globe. Thus we have heard a thousand changes rung on the clear sky of Italy, till every traveller looks up, the moment he touches the Italian coast, to see the aspect of the heavens. He finds them blue and beautiful enough, and immediately goes into ecstasies; when the fact is, the sky that has bent over him from his infancy is as clear and bright an arch as spans any land the sun shines upon. There is a softness in the Italian sky not found in the United States, but no clearness equal to ours. The English, accustomed to everlasting mists, are struck with astonishment at the pure air of Italy, and utter endless exclamations upon it. This is natural, for a Londoner considers a perfectly bright and clear day at home as a sort of phenomenon, not expected to occur except at long intervals. The atmosphere of London is a perpetual fog; the pleasant days are when this fog is thin and light, and the cloudy days when it soaks you to the skin. As you get up morning after morning and see this moveless mist about you, you wish for one of those brisk north-westers that come sweeping down the Hudson, chasing all vapors fiercely out to sea.

But let me take a peep at the two houses of Parliament. Our minister, Mr. Everett, has sent me his card with his ambassadorial seal upon it, which gives me the entrée to the House of Lords; while Mr. Macauley has kindly given me access to the House of Commons. I visited the latter more frequently than the former, for there is always more life in the representation of the people than in that of a mere shadow *nobility*. A very fine building for the sessions of Parliament is going up, but the rooms in which the two houses now meet are very ordinary affairs. The chamber of the House of Commons looks more like one of our mongrel churches—met with in some country places—half church half school-house, than anything I can think of. Some of the members are compelled to sit in the gallery, while the seats are of the most common kind. One is struck on approaching the House of Commons in seeing so many saddle horses held by servants, as if a squadron of troopers had just dismounted; but on entering the mystery is dispelled, for there sit the owners, some with hats on, others with their feet on the backs of benches before them, with their riding whips in their hands. The younger Members of Parliament regard the sittings of the House a bore, and come in only now and then, and stay a short time, for the sake of propriety; then mount their horses and away. I heard Robert Peel speak here one evening, in reply to young O'Connell, nephew of Daniel O'Connell. O'Connell, a short, thick-set man, was full of fire and ardor, like his race, and dealt his blows on the right hand and on the left with downright good will, if not always with the greatest skill. Peel's whole manner and reply were characteristic of the well-bred Englishman. He was carefully dressed, and his entire speech was marked by that urbanity and good sense which usually distinguish him. He had on light colored pantaloons, a light vest, and brown coat, and with his full fresh face, looked the perfect picture of health and good living. Probably there is not a man in England that does more thinking and downright hard work than he, and yet his appearance indicates one who lives a life of ease and comfort, sets a fine table, and enjoys a good glass of wine. How, amid the harassing cares of his station, and the incessant toil to which he is subject, he manages to retain that florid complexion, full habit, and bland expression, I cannot divine. I believe it is a mere physical habit, that is, the expression of his face; but still that does not explain how he is able to keep in such good bodily condition. There is much complaint of the rude manners of our representatives in Congress, and they are an unruly, rough set of men as one would wish to see in any legislative hall; but the members of England's House of Commons are quite as uncouth and ill-bred in their behavior.

The House of Lords, like the Senate, has more dignity, but the room in which it sits is inferior even to that of the lower House. It would make a respectable session room for some church, and nothing more. Lord Lyndhurst was on the woolsack when I went in, and with his immense powdered wig and gown looked comical enough to my republican eyes. I could hardly divest myself of the impression that I was looking on some old picture, till he opened his mouth to speak. This same Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of England, was once a poor boy in the streets of Boston. His father was a painter in the city, but managed to give his son a good education; and industry and genius did the rest. A lawyer in England, he went up, step after step, till he finally found himself on the "*woolsack*," which, by the way, is simply a huge red cushion somewhere near the centre of the House of Lords. I had also a fair look at Lord Brougham, whose face indicates anything but greatness. But with all his genius he bids fair to make a wreck of himself. His misfortunes or own evil nature have made him a dissipated man; and there are stories told of him in London which would disgrace a member of the Empire Club of New York.

It is stupid sitting in the House of Lords when no exciting topic is on the tapis, for it is simply a dull routine of business.

Westminster Abbey is close by, and let us step into it a moment and walk amid the tombs of the mighty dead. This old structure has stood the wear and tear of centuries, witnessed the rise and fall of kingdoms, and seen changes that have altered the face of the world. Yet still it stands in its ancient strength, the sepulchre of England's kings, and poets, and historians, and warriors. Its exterior would arrest the eye as a fine specimen of architecture. It is built in the form of a cross, four hundred and sixteen feet in length, and nearly two hundred feet in breadth. Two noble towers rise from the west end, and are two hundred and twenty feet high. But the interest is all within. The choir occupies the centre of the building, and hence destroys the effect of the nave, and indeed lessens to the eye the magnitude of the building. All around the sides are small chapels, in which lie kings and queens in great abundance, each surmounted by monuments characteristic of the age in which he or she lived. Here lies an old Saxon king, and near by sleeps Henry V. The chapel of Henry VII. is the greatest curiosity in the Abbey, being built itself in the form of a cathedral, with nave and side aisles, and is adorned with Gothic towers, while the ceiling is wrought into a variety of designs, and all from the solid stone. Two heavy brass gates open into it, and one feels, as he stands amid its strange architecture, as if he were in the presence of the ancient centuries.

But let us stroll around this old Abbey, whose atmosphere is so different from that of the busy world without. It is all tombs, tombs, tombs, standing silent and mournful in the "dim religious light;" and one treads at every step on the ashes of greatness and pride. Here is a monument to Shakspeare, and there lies Milton, the poet of Heaven, whose lyre rang with strains that had never before fallen on mortal ears. Underneath him sleeps Gray, and on the tablet above him stands the Muse, pointing to the bust of Milton, with this inscription:

"No more the Grecian muse unrivalled reigns.
To Britain let the nations homage pay;
She felt a Homer's power in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

Near by is Dryden's monument, and a little farther away that of Chaucer and Spencer. Here, too, are Thompson—sweet poet of the seasons—and Addison, and Butler, the author of "Hudibras." But what a contrast do the monuments of John Gay and Handel exhibit! On the former is the epitaph written by himself and for himself:

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it."

Before the figure of the other is placed the "Messiah," opened at the passage, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Can anything illustrate more forcibly the difference between the views of the wicked man and those of the Christian—one saying, even in his grave, "Life is a jest, and now I know it;" and the other uttering in exulting accents, "I know that my Redeemer liveth?" With what different hopes and feelings must two men, each of whom can utter these sentiments in sincerity, go out of the world! Which is most likely to have his knowledge prove false?

A little further on is a monument to André, the spy, and Garrick, the actor. Here, too, are sleeping side by side Pitt and Fox, rivals no more; and here also are Grattan, and Canning, and Sheridan, and more than all, Isaac Newton. But step once more into this side chapel. There are sleeping, almost within reach of each other, Mary and Elizabeth. The beautiful but erring Queen of the Scots rests in her mouldering tomb as quietly as her proud and successful rival. The haughty Elizabeth sent her to the scaffold and held her proud sceptre in security, and vainly thought that her reputation was secure. Years rolled by, and she, too, was compelled to lie down in death. A nation mourned her departure—princes and nobles followed her to the tomb, and there were all the pageantry and pomp of a kingly funeral when she was borne to her resting place. Centuries have passed away, and history has drawn the curtain from before her throne; and now pilgrims come from every land to visit her tomb and that of her rival. Ah, could she listen to the words spoken over her grave, hear the sighs breathed over the beautiful Mary, and the scorn and contempt poured on her own queenly head, she would learn that the act by which she thought to have humbled her rival has covered her own head with infamy. The two queens sleep side by side; but who thinks of Elizabeth over the tomb of Mary but to scorn her? Had she let her rival live, her errors would have ruined her fame; but now the mournful and cruel fate to which she fell a victim covers her faults, and fills the heart with sympathy rather than condemnation.

Oh! what a contrast the interior of this old Abbey presents to the world without! London, great, busy, tumultuous London, is shaking to the tread of her million of people, while here all is sad, mournful, and silent. The waves of human life surge up against the walls, but cannot enter; the dead reign here. From the throne, the halls of state, and the heights of fame, men have come hither in their coffins, and disappeared from the world they helped to change. As one stands beneath these old arches, it seems as if a monarch whose word was fate had sat enthroned here century after century, and slowly beckoned to the great to descend from their eminences and lay their proud foreheads in the dust at his feet. Overlooking all the common herd, he would have none but the lordly as his victims. He beckons the king, and he lays aside his sceptre and royal apparel, and with a mournful countenance obeys and descends into the tomb. He waves his imperial hand to the statesman whose single intellect rules the nation, and he ceases his toil, and lies down beside his monarch. He nods to the orator, and his eloquence dies away in indistinct murmurs, and with a palsied tongue he too yields to the irresistible decree. The poet is stopped in the midst of his song, and with lyre snapped in his hand hastens to this great charnel-house. Thus, century after century, has this invisible being stood under the gloomy arches of Westminster Abbey and called the great and the kingly to him; and lo! what a rich harvest lies at his feet! and still he is calling, and still they come, one after another, and the marble falls over them. What a congregation of dead are here! Some of the noblest hearts that ever beat are mouldering under my feet, and I tread over more greatness than ever did the haughtiest tread upon when alive.

After wandering for an hour in this sombre place, I emerged into the daylight once more with strange feelings. For a moment I could not shake off the belief I had been dreaming. I had lived so completely with the past that the present had been forgotten; and now, as it came back again, it seemed that one or the other must be a dream. Carriages were rattling around, and the hasty multitude went pouring on, and the jar and hum of London went up like the confused noise from some great battle-field. The tide of human life rolled fiercely on, shaking the grey Abbey on its ancient foundations; but none of it reached the ears of the mighty sleepers within. Their work was long since done. I do not remember ever to have had such feelings but once in my life before, and that was in emerging from the tombs of the Scipios, near Rome. The sun was just sinking in the west as I entered the gloomy portals by torchlight, and roamed through the damp and sombre apartments. As I saw the names of those ancient Romans above the place where they had reposed, time seemed suddenly to have been annihilated, and I felt as if standing in the burial ground of those who had but just died. The familiarity of the scene made it appear real, and when I again stood at the mouth of the tomb and looked off on the landscape, it was some time before I could fairly recall my scattered senses. The fields appeared strange, and the glorious light that glowed where the sun had gone down, looked mysterious and new.

With my heart full of mournful reflections on the fleeting nature of all human greatness, and with a deeper awe of the tomb that crowds such great souls into its portals, I strolled homeward, scarce mindful of the throng through which I passed, and noticing it only to sigh over its evanescence, still sweeping on to the dark inane, wave after wave striking on the unseen shore of the future, but sending back no echo. Flowing ever onward, and no returning wave,

> "————We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

THE ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

"I see every flower around me wither and die, and still I alone am called the fading and quickly perishing Rose. Ungrateful man! Do I not render my brief existence pleasing enough to you? Even after my death I leave you a memento in sweet odors; I supply you with medicines and unguents full of healing and of strength. And still I hear you ever sing and say, 'Alas, the fading, the quickly perishing Rose!'"

Thus lamented the queen of flowers upon her throne, in the first consciousness perhaps of her declining beauty. A maiden who stood near, heard her, and said, "Be not angry with us, sweet flower! Call not that ingratitude which in truth is love, the wish of tender affection. We see every flower around us perish, and view it as the fate of flowers; but thee, their queen, thee alone we would keep always with us; thee alone we esteem too sweet to fade; when then we behold ourselves cheated of our wishes, leave us at least the lament with which we mourn over ourselves in mourning thee. To thee we liken all the beauty, youth, and joy of our life; and since, like thee, they wither, therefore is it that we ever sing and say, 'Alas, the fading, the quickly perishing Rose!'"

THE PANSIE, OR THREE-COLORED VIOLET.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

SYSTEMATIC name—*Viola tri-color;* Class V., *Pentandria;* Order I., *Monogynia;* Natural order *Violaceæ.*

Generic Character—See Vol. I., p. 364.

Specific Character.—The stalk grows from four to six inches high, diffuse, thick, angular, succulent: leaves variously shaped, as ovate, crenate, more elliptical towards the upper part of the plant, often in threes on long petioles: stipules lyrate-pinnatifid: flowers solitary, tri-colored, placed on long angular peduncles, which are furnished with a pair of small membranous stipules near the flower: calyx five-leaved, pointed, three uppermost leaves smaller: corol papilionaceous, five-petaled, irregular; the two upper petals are roundish, erect, dark purple; the two lateral ones are ovate, naturally yellow, or yellowish, rough near the base and marked with purple lines; lower one broad, notched, yellow, tinged with dark radiated lines, and forming behind a spur or nectary: anthers united, two-celled, terminated by an orange-colored membrane.

Geography.—A native of nearly all the temperate regions. We have seen it growing very abundantly about Northampton, Mass., and its vicinity, in cornfields and waste grounds, and blossoming profusely throughout the season.

Properties.—"To the taste, this plant, in its recent state, is extremely glutinous or mucilaginous, accompanied with the common herbaceous flavor and roughness. By distillation with water, according to Haase, it affords a small quantity of odorous essential oil, of a somewhat acrid taste. The dried herb yields about half its weight of watery extract, the fresh plant about one eighth."

Many of the old writers on the Materia Medica represent this plant as a powerful medicine in asthma, epilepsy, ulcers, most diseases of the skin, &c.; but modern authors speak of it as being a remedy more especially for the crusta lactea—a disease that mostly attacks some part of the face of infants at the breast. For this purpose, a handful of the fresh herb, or half a drachm of it dried, is to be boiled two hours in milk, and then the liquor may be strained and drunk. This should be the dose every night and morning. A similar decoction may also be formed into a poultice with bread, and applied to the diseased part. By this treatment it has been observed that the eruption during the first eight days increases, but by persevering in this plan a short time, the disease begins to subside, and very soon the skin recovers its natural purity.

Several authors of great respectability on the other continent have said much of the successful exhibition of this medicine; indeed, it seems rarely to have failed under their management. They administered it in various forms and in large doses, and extended its use to many chronic disorders, and from the great number of cases in which it proved successful, we are desirous of recommending it to a further trial in this country.

Remarks.—For the origin of the generic name of the violet, see Vol. I., p. 365. It is named *tri-color* from the union of the three colors in the blossom, yellow, blue, and purple. Pansie or pansy is a corruption of the French name, *pensée,* a thought. Shakspeare says,

"There's pansies—that's for thoughts."

Continued high cultivation makes an astonishing change in this pretty little plant. By it the blossoms are greatly enlarged, and the hues become more varied than one can easily conceive. In the engraving we have preserved both the size and color of the original plant, because we love simple nature as she is, better than when forced and distorted by art. It is a much cherished garden flower, and forms elegant borders for alleys and flower-beds.

Sentiment.—Tender and pleasant thoughts.

"I've pleasant thoughts that memory brings
In moments free from care,
Of a fairy-like and laughing girl,
With roses in her hair:
Her smile was like the star-light
Of summer's softest skies,
And worlds of joyousness there shone
From out her witching eyes.

Her looks were looks of melody,
Her voice was like the swell
Of sudden music, notes of mirth
That of wild gladness tell.
She came like spring, with pleasant sounds
Of sweetness and of mirth,
And her thoughts were those wild flowery ones
That linger not on earth.

I know not of her destiny,
Or where her smile now strays;
But the thought of her comes over me
With my own lost sunny days,—
With moonlight hours, and far off friends.
And many pleasant things,
That have gone the way of all the earth
On Time's resistless wings."

THE INVALID'S PETITION.

OH! bear me away, far away from the gloom
O'er my spirit, that broods in this close-curtained room,
Where each faint ray of sunlight that visits my eyes,
Like a *conscious intruder*, steals through in disguise.
Oh! let me go forth where my weary eye
May look once more on the beautiful sky,
Where in freedom and gladness the feather'd tribes soar—
Let me look on the glorious heavens once more!

From the chamber of sickness, the couch of pain,
Oh! bear me away to some flowery plain,
Where the humming bird glancing on emerald wings,
From each blossom he visits its rich odor flings—
Where revels in sunshine the gay butterfly,
And the grasshopper leaps in his gambols by—
For I pine with the meanest of creatures to share
The common enjoyments of sunshine and air!

Let me listen once more to the fountain's gush,
The oriole's whistle, the song of the thrush!
Let me hear of glad insects the cheerful hum
O'er the flowers of the meadow rejoicing come!
My step would be firmer, less languid mine eye,
Might I tread on the green sward and gaze on the sky!
There is *health* in the fields and the open air,
And music, and sunshine, and gladness are there.

Or away to the woods, the dark woods, let me go!
The forest is now in its summer glow.
His banners the Oak hath thrown ont on the air,
And the Elm her light tassels waves sportively there
While magnolias mingle their bloom on the breeze,
With the fragrance of pines and the sassafras trees.
It is long, oh! how long, since I witnessed the mirth,
The bloom, and the beauty abroad in the earth!
Newport L. I.

Oh! I pant for the far off solitudes,
The shadowy aisles of the grand old woods!
Where the squirrels sport and the wild deer roam,
Undisturb'd, through the glades of their sylvan home.
'Twere delicious to rest 'neath the cool forest bough,
Where the pure breath of heaven might visit my brow;
While the birds carol blithely aloft in the trees,
And fragrance and music flow out on the breeze.

Or away to the beach—I would look on the sea,
Where the bright blue billows are bounding free;
It were soothing to list to their musical flow,
As onward in gladness and grandeur they go,
Flinging up with mad gambols their foam in the air;
No weariness, sorrow, or languor are there;
Where the chainless winds in wild freedom sweep
The sounding shore and the billowy deep.

There the curlew is wheeling his circling flight,
And the ospray, perched on some craggy height,
Looks down where the fisher-boy's skiff below,
Rudely rock'd by the billows, swings to and fro.
Oh! to bound in that bark o'er the bounding seas,
Health and vigor inhaling with every breeze,
While the sea-gull's screams from the echoing shore
Mingle loud and shrill with the breakers' roar.

Let me go, that again I may witness the mirth,
The beauty and grandeur abroad in the earth!
Give me light—give me air—bear me hence from the gloom
And the stillness pervading this close-curtain'd room.
Let me press once again, with free footstep, the sod,
And beholding the glorious works of my God,
In Nature's magnificent temple once more,
Partaking His goodness, bow down and adore.

S. S. C.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

Summer and its Recreations.—A vertical July sun now beats upon us, and the pent-up city population pant for fresh, invigorating air, and a temporary release from the toil and lassitude which oppress them. Almost every one who can afford it, is therefore arranging his affairs for a season of recreation, and the stream of life is setting towards the country, the springs, the sea shore, wherever fresh air and pleasant scenery invite. The utility of summer recreations from home depends mainly upon a quiet, satisfied state of mind. It does but little good to change our place without changing our thoughts. We gain little of strength and vigor amid the most delightful scenes and the balmiest breathings of nature, if we carry our business and our anxieties along with us. Leave these at home. Dismiss them absolutely for the time, and give the mind up entirely to agreeable thoughts, pleasant company, entertaining books, and glad communion with nature and nature's God. Do not go, if you can go but once, so early in the season as to be obliged to return while the summer heat is unabated. Bathe abundantly; live moderately; exercise freely; keep a clear head, a cool temper, and a good conscience; avail yourself of occasions for benevolence, cherish all the kindly feelings, and seek the peaceful enjoyments of religion; and then, when you return to your home and your ordinary labors, you will find yourself *re*-CREATED and prepared for the vigorous performance of every duty.

The War.—The all-exciting, all-absorbing topic of the last two months has been the war with Mexico. For a whole generation we have been at peace, and with slight and distant exceptions, the civilized world, since the battle of Waterloo, has been at rest. We had begun to hope that the dreadful calamity and crime of war had ceased, and that the predicted era of peace among the nations had come. That hope is blasted. The war trumpet has sounded. The blood of conflicting forces has been poured. The dormant war spirit is roused all over the land, and husbands have taken leave of their wives, brothers of their sisters, sons of their parents, and have gone to the field of strife. It belongs not to our province to discuss this subject in its political relations and bearings. But we may remind our readers that a state of war imposes vast responsibilities, from which no individual can escape. Every Christian man must regard war as a calamity of the worst kind, involving great criminality somewhere. Public war, according to the apostle, is the fruit of private lust, of individual sinfulness, and when permitted to break out is to be viewed as a chastisement. Self-examination and repentance become prime duties with all. Each one should endeavor to ascertain his share of the guilt which has called down the chastisement. And especially should we guard against the unhallowed spirit which war awakens. Indifference to the value of life arising from its profuse expenditure in war; fondness for military display; callousness to the misery which war inflicts, and to its demoralizing tendencies; the spirit of revenge, ambition, and aggression which it stimulates, are to be diligently guarded against. It is a time when Christians should pray much, beseeching God to avert his anger, and imploring, in behalf of our rulers and people, THE SPIRIT of wisdom, moderation, and peace.

Fashionable Calls.—This is often styled an utilitarian age, yet many of our practices seem to give it the lie, inasmuch as they appear to answer no purpose of utility whatever. Our fashionable calls, for instance, what useful end do they accomplish? Mrs. A. starts on her round of calls. She finds Mrs. B. at home, is seated, and a conversation is commenced, in which one informs the other that it is a hot day, or a cold day, a damp day, or a dry day, as the case may be; one mentions that Miss C. is to be married to Mr. D., and the other states that Mrs. E. is a disagreeable woman—that the late social party at F.'s was entertaining and pleasant, or otherwise, as it may have happened. These and a few similar topics are disposed of, and the parties separate, Mrs. A. to make more calls and hear the same subjects talked over again. *Cui bono?* Who is benefited? What advantage accrues to any one? Time is spent, fatigue endured, and no one along the whole line of calls is a particle wiser, better, or happier. Cannot this business of "calling" be made subservient to some benevolent purpose?

Ignorance in large Cities.—A writer gives an account of a visit in one of the lanes or courts of London, to an old blacksmith known as "the Bishop," partly because most of the people in the alley were in his employ, or to some extent under his influence, and partly because, like the blacksmith of Gretna Green, he was accustomed to officiate at the marriage ceremony among his neighbors, and tie the knot by sprinkling some salt over a gridiron, reading the Lord's prayer backwards, and recording the names of the couple. "And what is your name, my good fellow?" said the visitor, addressing a young blacksmith who had recently been married by "the Bishop." "They call me Tummas, but I ain't got no second name; but now I'm married I mean to take my wife's, for she's been baptized and has got two." "Yes, sir," said the girl with a vacant face and a back like a grasshopper, "I be a reg'lar born Christian and my mother afore me, and that's what few gals in the alley can say. Tummas will take to it himself when work is slack, and he believes now in our Lord and Saviour Pontius Pilate, who was crucified to save our sins, and in Moses, Goliath, and the other apostles." This, our reader will say, is rather tough—a crayon caricature; and yet, if that reader will take our arm, we will, in a walk of five minutes, show him neighborhoods in New York where he may find ignorance as gross as this. A venerable clergyman, some time ago, stated to us that a woman having some business with his family happened to call during their morning worship, and heard the prayer that was offered. In a conversation afterwards, she told the clergyman it was the first and only prayer she had ever heard, and that she did not remember ever to have heard the name of Christ, or the circumstances and object of his death. We could multiply instances of this sort to the conviction of anybody, that heathenism may be found under the shadows of our Christian temples as ignorant and debased as any in Pagan lands.

THE OLD ENGLISH POETS.—It is gratifying to observe a growing relish for the old English literature, and a consequent demand for authors who have long lain upon the shelf. It is a sign that the enlightened mind of the country is becoming weary of the overstrained style of the Byron and Shelley schools, and is inclining to be content with the simplicity of nature. It is certainly a matter of prime importance, especially to youth, that their tastes should be formed upon these old-fashioned models. It is worth a great deal to possess that relish for, and enjoyment of, the scenery of the country, and that delight in homely pleasures and pursuits which it is the general tendency of the old English poets to create. Between such tastes and the feverish, sickly sentimentalism which is produced and nursed by many later writers, the difference is incalculable, especially in its effect upon the moral tone and healthfulness.

Speaking of old English poets and their simple rural imagery, what fine passages are found in old Herrick, whose writings, could they be expurgated of the indelicacies which tainted the literature of his age, would rank among the most delightful of English lyrics. Herrick was formerly much admired, and is described by one of his critics as the most joyous and gladsome of bards, singing like the grasshopper, as if he would never grow old—fresh as the spring, blithe as the summer, and ripe as autumn. "The spirit of song," continues his admirer, "dances in his veins and flutters round his lips, sometimes bursting out in boisterous joy; sometimes breathing strains 'soft as the sigh of buried love;' and sometimes uttering feelings of the most delicate pensiveness." His poems resemble a luxuriant meadow, full of kingcups and wild flowers, or a holy firmament sparkling with a myriad of stars. Here is a little picture of old-fashioned English hospitality, in which not only the master of the house abounded, but

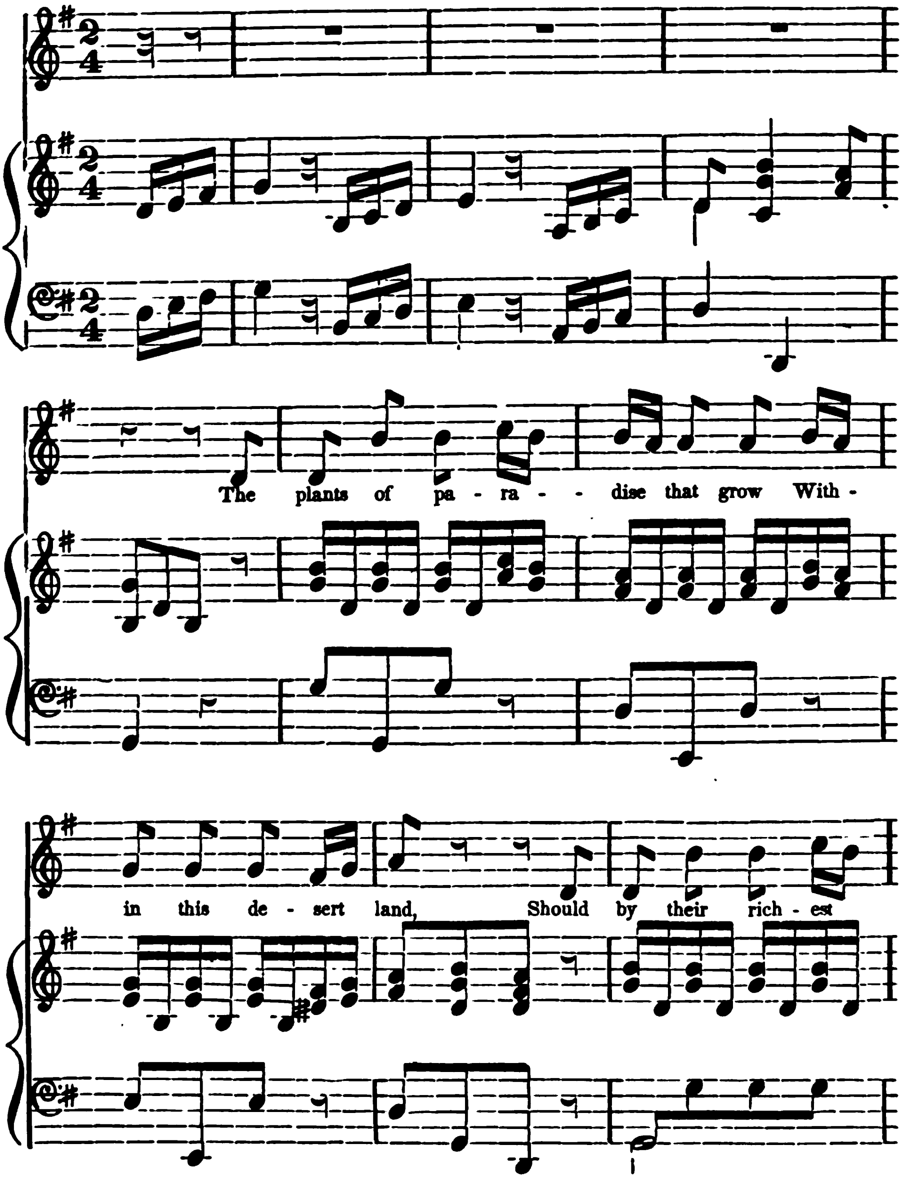
"He had taught his train
  With heart and hand to entertain,
And by the armsful, with a breast unhid
  As the old race of mankind did,
When either's heart and either's hand did strive
  To be the nearer relative.
Thou dost redeem those times, and what was lost
  Of ancient honesty, may boast
It keeps a growth in thee."

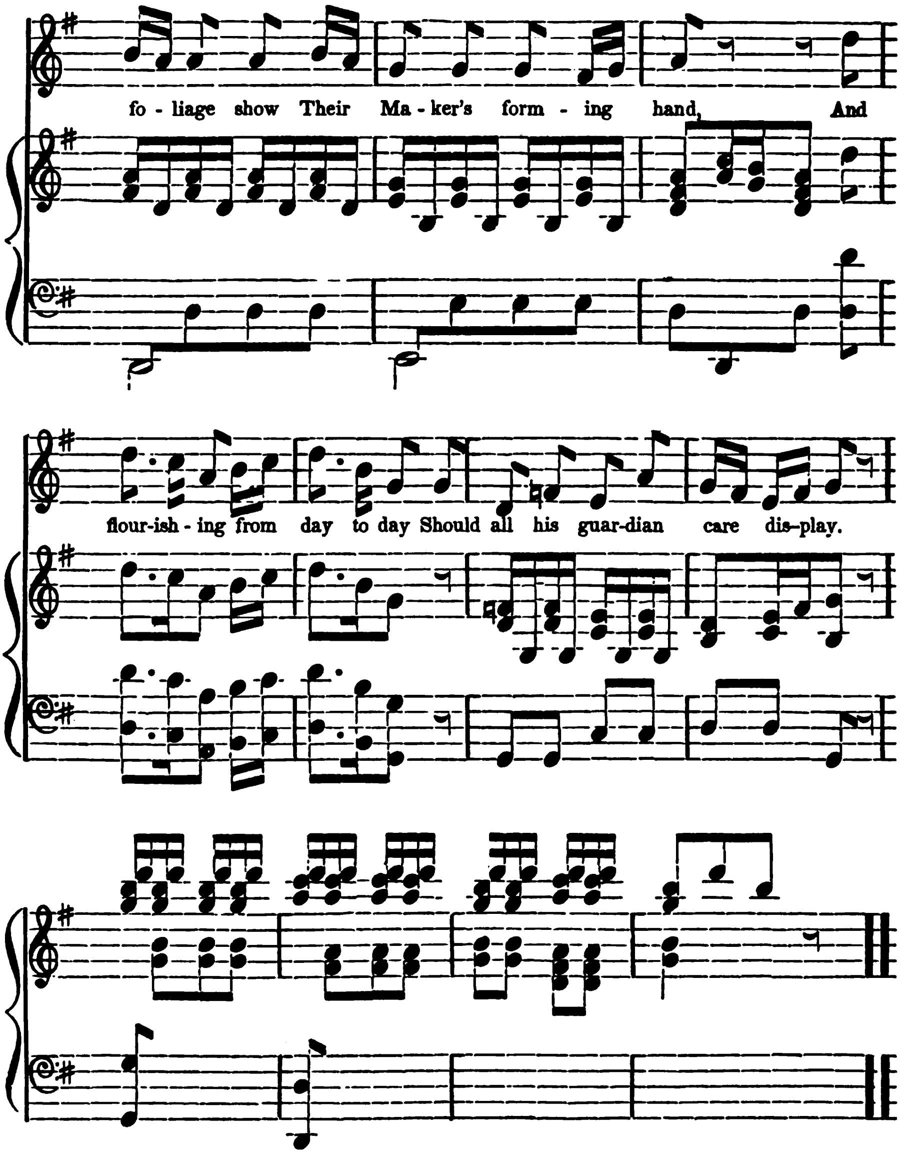
ABOUT COURTSHIP.—The correspondent who wishes us to give our advice respecting courtship, imposes a task of serious import, and one that requires considerable reflection. Courting is a very pleasant but rather perilous business. Love is proverbially blind, and when a young pair have heartily entered upon the business of courtship, ten to one they will be too blind to perceive the applicability of advice, however good and well suited to their condition. They will be incapable of seeing each other's faults and failings, and in this deplorable condition will continue till the plunge into matrimony and the blissful dreams of the honeymoon are passed. Unfortunately his blindness is usually cured with no other physic than time and experience; and what may seem remarkable, the subsequent keenness of vision is such often as to discover blemishes where none exist, or magnify those which are barely visible to other eyes. Then come domestic bickerings, curtain lectures, mutual discontents, and all the tarts and acids of married life. However, we will think of our correspondent's request, and may offer some suggestions in our next on this delicate and important topic.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.—An excellent clergyman, after uniting an interesting couple in marriage, observed to them that the advice he had to give them touching their duty to each other might be summed up in two words, "bear and forbear." There was much practical wisdom in the remark. We will venture to say that if any married couple who now find themselves uncomfortably harnessed together should make a fair, persevering experiment of the virtue of the good clergyman's advice, they would find it a perfect charm in its influence upon their domestic relations. Try it.

"THE PLANTS OF PARADISE."

THOMAS HASTINGS.


The plants of pa - ra - - dise that grow With -
in this de - sert land, Should by their rich - est


fo - liage show Their Ma - ker's form - ing hand, And
flour-ish - ing from day to day Should all his guar-dian care dis-play.

2.

The flowers of paradise that bloom
Within earth's dreary vale,
Should ever shed a rich perfume
Upon the passing gale,
Till holy fragrance seems to rise
Like incense to the bending skies.

3.

The fruits of paradise should be
Abundant, large, and fair,
That all their excellence may see,
And own their virtues rare:
Thus would the favored garden prove
Fit emblem of celestial love. H.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

THE CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.—It may be as well to remind our old subscribers that their back Nos. can be bound for them in a great variety of styles, and on reasonable terms, on application at this office. We may also remark that this is a favorable time for new subscribers to commence. While thankful for the generous appreciation of our labors which our subscription list exhibits, we wish greatly to extend our circulation, not for our sake only, but for the sake of the reading community, whose taste we would desire to see attracted by more wholesome mental aliment than most of our magazines supply. Our enterprise has for its object a higher aim than pecuniary profit. It seeks to do good, to spread elevating truth in attractive forms, to cherish home affections, to improve the heart, wherever its visits are welcomed; and all who feel an interest in the promotion of such ends are invited to co-operate in enlarging our sphere by multiplying our readers.

THE DESERT.—Our Parlor Table is not so entirely occupied by books that we cannot find a corner to spare for some choice music, the mysterious characters of which are occasionally interpreted to us by some fair musician. Among the most recent publications in the musical world, we have been extremely gratified with the "Songs from Le Désert," as sung by Robert G. Paige. They are published by C. W. Benedict, 16 Spruce street, and W. B. Taylor, 150 Fulton street, N. Y. They are elegantly got up, with full but easy accompaniments for the piano-forte, and with the words both in French and English. Those who have, as well as those who have not heard "Le Désert," cannot fail to be pleased with the publication of two such gems as the Hymn to Night and the Evening Reverie.

SACRED PHILOSOPHY OF THE SEASONS, illustrating the Perfections of God in the Phenomena of the Year. By Rev. Henry Duncan, D.D., of Ruthwell, Scotland. Published by Robt. Carter, 58 Canal street.

The Duncan family have highly distinguished themselves for their genius and piety. Who has not heard of Mary Lundie Duncan, and her accomplished and pious mother, her noble and learned father, her devoted and gentle-hearted brother?

The book now under notice is the third in a series of four vols. on the Seasons. Its design is stated in the title, and the execution is what might have been expected from an earnest Christian observer and lover of nature, accustomed to see in all its multiform phenomena the evidences of divine wisdom and goodness. To all like-minded with its ingenious and amiable author—to all who love to wander forth amid the green fields and gather instruction from the opening flowers—to all who are wont to "rise from nature up to nature's God," we commend this admirable volume.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR is the title of a new piece of music, published by Firth & Hall, Franklin Square, and Firth, Hall, & Pond, 289 Broadway. The poetry, a sweet little gem, is from the pen of Rev. Francis C. Woodworth; the music by Pedro A. Andreu. The vignette is very pretty and touching.

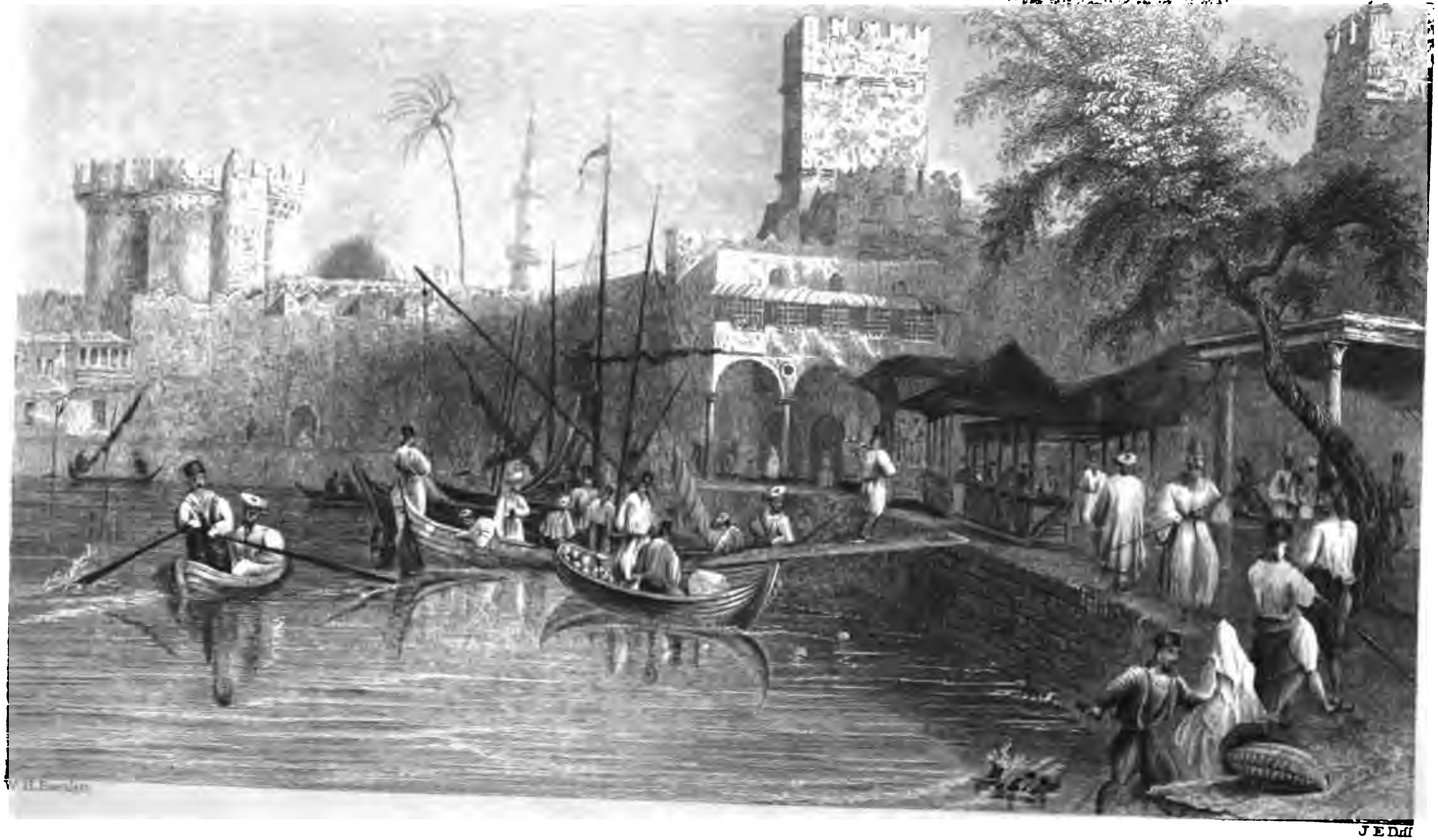
SERMONS, by George W. Bethune, D.D., Philadelphia. The author is well known as one of the most eloquent of American preachers, and this volume will be welcome to many a parlor and carried into many a closet. The feature in these discourses, which more than any other renders them attractive, is the affectionate, tender earnestness which pervades them. This is a sweet passage from the opening discourse on the "Divine Nature."

> "What happiness so pure, so rich as the gushing forth of affection towards those we love? What action so full in its own repayment, as a successful compassion for the wretched, or the winning back of a desolate heart to hopes of peace? This was the refreshment of the SAVIOUR's spirit in his sorrowful pilgrimage; for when he was weary and worn, he but stayed his steps to cause a lame man to leap as an hart, or the tongue of a dumb man to sing, to pour light upon a darkened eye, to bid a leper be clean, or to give back to some mourner her recent dead, and he was strong again as though he had drunk a cup of life. But what must be the joy of GOD in pouring forth from the infinite fountain of his heart streams of affection to every holy and happy child? or in sending consolation to bleeding and broken bosoms, which none but HE can bind up and heal?"

This also, from a discourse entitled the "Good Shepherd," a New Year sermon, is pregnant with solemn thought:

> "The young and giddy may lose all thought of days to come in the hilarity of the moment, but there are few of graver years and responsibilities who can regard the unknown events before them without anxiety. What will the coming months bring forth? Amidst the changes and uncertainties of the world, will our temporal fortunes be secure, and a comfortable plenty crown our household? Shall we, notwithstanding our moral infirmities, and the frequent lapses of others from virtue, be preserved from the snares of temptation? Is there no heavy calamity approaching, though unseen, which, like a sudden thunder-storm, will darken over our heads, and desolate the scene around us? Will our good name be shielded from 'the strife of tongues,' evil, busy, and venomous? May not death be about to drag us from opportunities of preparation before the judgment-seat? These are questions of awful meaning, not only with regard to ourselves, but to those around whose welfare our own is entwined."

We hope our readers will remember this excellent volume when in quest of new books.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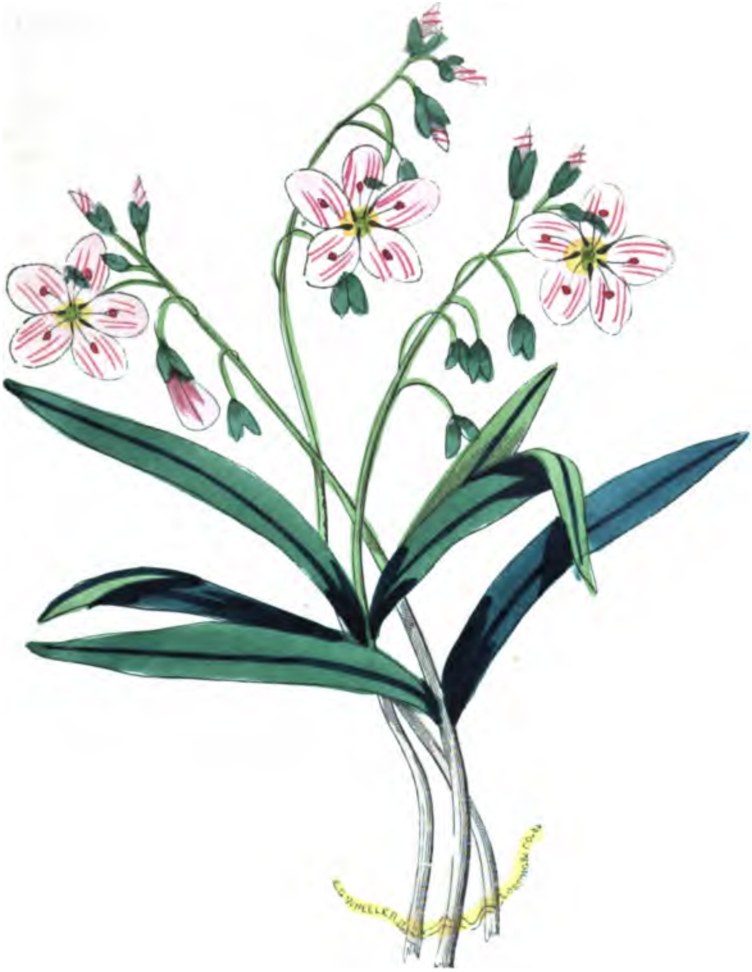


Claytonia Catifoli—Spring Beauty.

THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1846.

RAMBLES ABOUT LONDON.

STARVING CHILDREN—LONDON BRIDGES—MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION —BONAPARTE'S CARRIAGE—WINDSOR CASTLE—THE QUEEN'S STABLES.

BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

I WAS constantly meeting in London evidences of the miserable condition of the poor. Though there is a law forbidding street begging, it cannot prevent the poor wretches from asking for bread. I was struck with the character of many of the beggars that accosted me, so unlike those I had been accustomed to meet. I had just come from Italy, where the whining tone, pitiful look, and drawling "*me miserabile!*" "*fame!*" "*per carita!*" and the ostentatious display of deformed limbs, had rendered me somewhat hardened to all such appeals. But here it was quite different. Men of stout frames, upright bearing, and manly voices, would tell me in a few plain words that they were out of work, and that their families were starving!

One pleasant afternoon, as I was strolling up Ludgate Hill, filled with the multitude, I saw a sight I shall never forget; it even arrested the Londoners, accustomed as they are to all kinds of misery, and a group was collected on the walk. Two children, a boy and a girl, the latter I should judge about eight and the former five or six years of age, sat on the flagging, pressed close against the wall, wholly unconscious of the passing multitude. In their dress, appearance, and all, they seemed to have been just taken from some damp, dark cellar, where they had been for months deprived of light and almost of sustenance. Their clothes were in rags, black, damp, and ready to drop from their crouching bodies; their cheeks were perfectly colorless, as if bleached for a long time in the dews of a dungeon, and the little boy was evidently dying. How they came there, no one could tell; but there sat the sister struggling feebly to sustain her sinking brother. The poor little fellow sat with his head waving to and fro, and his eyes closed, while his sister, to whom some one had given a morsel of bread, was crowding the food into his mouth, conscious that famine was the cause of his illness. The spectators, moved by the touching spectacle, rained money into her lap; but she did not even deign to pick it up, or thank them, but, with her pale face bent in the deepest anxiety on her brother, kept forcing the bread into his mouth. The tears came unbidden to my eyes, and I also threw my mite of charity into her lap and hastened away. Oh! how strange it is that men will roll in wealth, and every day throw away what would make hundreds happy, and yet feel no reproaches of conscience for their acts! We hear much now-a-days of the horrors of war; but there is no battle-field which exhibits such woe, and suffering, and mortality, as the streets, and lanes, and cellars of London. Even our preachers are on the wrong track in their efforts to ameliorate the condition of our race. It is not war, nor ambition, nor intemperance, nor any of the great vices so openly condemned, that lies at the bottom of human misery. It is *covetousness*—the thirst for gold, which fills the church too much, as it does the world—aye, so much that it cannot be touched by the hand of discipline—that makes our earth a place of tears. These very vices, against which such anathemas are hurled, grow out of this very covetousness, that is treated as an imperfection rather than a crime. The place that Christ gave it no one dare now give it, and man is left to mourn in poverty and want, and all the hateful passions of the wretched left to rise up in rebellion and scorn against the heartless religion, that condemns their vices and urges them to repentance, while it leaves them and their children to starve. "*The church*," par excellence, of England may treble her prelates and her incomes, build countless cathedrals, and pray for the salvation of the world till doomsday; but so long as she robs the poor and neglects the physical condition of the suffering, she will pray to a deaf God. "To visit the widow and the fatherless in their distress" is one of the chief duties of religion, and yet the Church of England never does it: on the contrary, she sends the tithe collector in her place. But I have not yet given a general description of London. Well, this city of more than a million of inhabitants occupies about 1,400 square acres packed with houses. It is about eight miles long and between four and five broad; so that, you see, Harlem Island will have to be packed pretty close before New York equals London in its population. It is divided into West End, occupied by the noble and wealthy; the City Proper, embracing the central portion, which constituted old London; the East End, devoted to commerce and trade, and business of every kind, and hence filled with dust and filth; Southwark, made up in a great measure of manufactories and the houses of the operatives; and Westminster, containing the royal palace, parks, two Houses of Parliament, and the old Abbey. There are two hundred thousand houses in this mammoth city, eighty squares, and ten thousand streets, lanes, rows, &c.

The bridges, to which I referred in my former article, constitute one of the chief beauties of London. There are six of them, and magnificent structures they are. A suspension bridge is also in contemplation; and then there is Thames' Tunnel, the wonder of the world, of which I will say something more by and by. Of these six bridges, New London is by far the finest. Vauxhall, about seven hundred feet long, is made of cast iron, and composed of nine arches of seventy-eight feet span. Westminster is of stone, over a thousand feet long, and cost nearly $2,000,000. Blackfriars is a thousand feet in length, and has nine arches. This is also of stone. Southwark is of cast iron, and though nearly seven hundred feet in length is composed of but three arches, the middle one being *two hundred and forty feet span*, the largest in the world. The effect of this central arch is beautiful, especially when a whole fleet of boats is beneath it and a whole crowd of people streaming across it. The New London, which has taken the place of the Old London Bridge, is indeed a noble structure It is built of Scotch granite, and goes stepping across the Thames in five beautiful arches, completing this wonderful group of bridges, the like of which no city in the world can furnish. It cost seven and a half millions of dollars, while the six together were built at the enormous expense of over fourteen and a half millions. Across them is a constant stream of people, and a hundred and fifty thousand are supposed to pass New London alone daily. One is amazed the moment he begins to compute the enormous wealth laid out on public works in this great city. The finest buildings it contains are St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and Buckingham Palace. There are other magnificent buildings, but these are the most prominent. St. Paul's is a noble structure, and as you stand under the magnificent dome, it seems higher than that of St. Peter's, in Rome. The grand scale on which everything in the latter is built, deceives the eye when attempting to measure any one object in particular. But the dome of St. Paul's is so much larger in proportion to other parts of the building, that you look at it almost as if it stood by itself. Around the walls are monuments to the dead warriors, statesmen, &c., some of them being fine specimens of sculpture.

One of the most peculiar things that strikes the eye of the beholder when looking on Buckingham Palace, is a huge bronze lion standing on the top, with head and tail erect. The rampant attitude, as it is presented in such strong relief against the sky, has a singular effect. It is quite characteristic, however, of the nation it represents, for rampant enough it has been, as the history of the world will testify. France, Spain, the East, America, and the islands of the sea can all bear testimony to the appropriateness of the symbol. This Anglo-Saxon race is strangely aggressive; no people, except the ancient Romans, ever equalled them. Without being cruel, their thirst for conquest and desire of territory are insatiable. This evil trait has not disappeared in the children, but exhibits itself just as strongly on our side of the water, and under a republican form of government.

One of the curiosities of London was Madame Tussaud's exhibition of wax figures. She has nearly all the distinguished characters of the present age, as large as life, and executed with remarkable fidelity. Robbers, murderers, &c., figure in this strange collection. As I was strolling around, I came upon Cobbett, in his plain, Quaker-like garb, without noticing him. As I cast my eye down, I saw a man with a grey coat and a white hat sitting with a snuff-box in his hand, his head gently nodding, as if in approval of something he saw; and it never occurred to me he was not a live man, and I passed him a step without suspecting I was giving a wax figure such a wide berth. Among other things was a corpse of some woman, I forget who, the most *human* looking thing I ever saw not made of flesh and blood. In an adjoining apartment were several relics of Bonaparte, among others two of his teeth and his travelling carriage. This carriage Napoleon had made on purpose for himself and Berthier, and was used by him during all his latter campaigns. It was divided into two compartments, one for himself and one for his chief of the staff. Napoleon had it so arranged that he could lie down and sleep when weary, or when travelling all night, with a little secretary, which he could, by a touch, spread open before him, and several drawers for his despatches and papers of all kinds. He had also made arrangements for a travelling library, which he designed to fill with small editions of the most select books in the world. I could not but think, as I sat in it, what vast plans had been formed in its narrow apartments—plans changing the fate of the world, and what mental agitation and suffering it had also witnessed. As it was whirled onward along the road, the restless spirit within disposed of crowns and thrones, changed dynasties, and made the earth tremble. From thence issued decrees that sent half a million of men into the field of battle, and from thence, too, terms have been dictated to humbled kings. Another of the exhibitions in this same building was "*artificial ice*," a curious thing, by the way, to manufacture.

Windsor Castle is some twelve or fifteen miles from London, and of course is visited by every traveller. It was a pleasant morning—that is, as pleasant as it ever is in London—when I jumped into the cars of the great western railway, and shot off towards Windsor. I roamed over this magnificent castle with feelings very different from those I had experienced as I mused amid the ruins of feudal times on the continent. Here was an old castle, yet perfect in all its parts, enjoying a fresh old age, and blending the present with the past just enough to mellow the one and give life to the other. William the Conqueror laid the foundation of this structure when he built a fortress here, and the kings of England have from time to time enlarged and repaired it, till it now stands one of the finest castles in the world. The Queen being at Buckingham Palace, visitors were allowed to pass through it without trouble. I am not going to describe it; but there it stands on that eminence, with its grey turrets, and round towers and walls, and stern aspect, as haughty and imposing an object as you could wish to look upon. There are no jousts and tournaments to-day in its courts—no floating banners that tell of knights gathered for battle; but the sentinel is quietly pacing up and down, and here and there a soldier informs you that you are in the precincts of royalty. I will not speak of the ante-room, vestibule, throne-room, with their paintings both in fresco and on canvass; nor of the Waterloo chamber, where William IV. gave dinners in honor of the battle of Waterloo; nor of St. George's Hall, two hundred feet long; nor of the Queen's presence and audience chamber; nor of the choice paintings that cover the walls of these apartments. One must see them to appreciate their effect on the mind. But you may, if strong of limb, wind up and up the stone staircase of the Round Tower, and look off on the extended landscape. The mist is not thick to-day, and the parks and trees, nay, forests, below, shaven lawns, pools and lakes, are scattered about in endless variety. Twelve shires are visible from the summit of this tower, and the limitless landscape melts away in the distance, for there are no mountains to bound the vision. Windsor town is below, and a little farther away the white walls of Eton College rise amid the green foliage.

Descending from the tower, I left the Castle and entered St. George's Chapel. The architecture of this building is fine. The roof is richly carved, and the western window is a magnificent specimen of stained glass. But one of the most singular things to an American eye is the stalls of the knights of the garter, on each side of the choir. As all the knights of this order have been installed here, each one of course has his *stall* appropriated to him, and there, beneath a carved canopy, hangs his sword, mantle, crest, helmet, and mouldering banner. I looked upon these silent symbols, covered with dust, with strange and blended feelings. Noble names are in that list of knights; but where is the strong arm and stalwart frame? Gone, leaving but these perishing symbols behind. Their effect on the mind is like that of an elegy on the dead—a world of mournful associations cluster around them, and their motionless aspect and unbroken silence are more eloquent than words. There is a beautiful cenotaph here of the Princess Charlotte, erected by Wyatt. The body of the Princess is lying on a bier, covered with the habiliments of death, while the face, too, is shrouded in drapery. Around her, with faces also veiled, kneel the mourners, while the soul of the Princess, in the form of an angelic being, is soaring exultingly homewards. As a group of statuary, it has great merits as well as some great defects.

I turned from old Windsor Castle and its feudal associations, from St. George's Chapel and its solemn and sombre choir, to the Queen's stables. A special permit is required to get access to these; but as I had seen how Victoria and her nobles lived, I was curious to see also how her horses fared. I do not know how many there were in the stables, but I should think thirty or forty. Here were beautiful carriage horses, saddle horses, and ponies, lodged in apartments that tens of thousands of her subjects would thank God if they could occupy. Thus goes the world. Parliament could reject a bill which appropriated a small sum of money to the purposes of education, and yet vote thirty thousand dollars to replenish and repair the Queen's stables. Here, too, are carriages of every variety, from the delicate, fairy-like thing which is drawn by ponies, to the heavy travelling carriage; and bridles and saddles of the choicest kind. I could not but think, as I looked on these fine apartments for the horses, and the useless expenditure in carriages, &c., of the starving population of London and the thousands of poor children in the factories. What kind of government is that which will tax the wretched human being, nay, deprive him of education, to lavish the money on horses and stables? The English government is well fitted for national strength and greatness, but most miserably arranged to secure competence to the lower classes. However, she is slowly changing before that mighty movement that no power can resist—the onward progress of the principle of freedom. One of these days, these now apparently sluggish and wretched masses will rise in their strength and terror, and by one terrible blow settle the long arrears of guilt with the luxurious, profligate nobility of England, and begin to reap the fields they have so long sown. Woe to her when that day shall come!

PRESIDENT DWIGHT.

It is not always the most honored and useful life that supplies the greatest amount of interesting material to the biographer; it depends more on the particular field in which an individual moves, and the direction which his efforts may happen to take, than upon the amount of talent which he possesses, or even the amount of good which he accomplishes, whether his history is to abound in interesting details which are specially fitted to fix the attention and move the feelings. Hence it comes to pass that the warrior, who happens to have conducted successfully some great military enterprise, or the statesman, who has compassed some political object of general interest, forms the subject of a biography which, for a time, well nigh absorbs the public attention; while the record of the unobtrusive and, to a great extent, unvaried labors of a minister of the gospel, or of a president of a college, is virtually condemned by multitudes as a dry and tedious production. We have no fear that any person of intelligence will ever pass such a judgment as this upon the life of the illustrious man who is to be the subject of this article, unless the subject should happen to fall into the most unworthy hands; and yet we freely acknowledge that the biography of Dr. Dwight, whether in a more or less extended form, will present the strongest attraction, not to that class who estimate a work by the amount of thrilling incident which it records, but to those who love to hold communion with virtue and greatness in their less dazzling and imposing aspects, and in an unostentatious devotion to the best interests of man. It is of course only a brief outline of his life and character that our limits will permit us to give; but brief as it may be, we are willing to hope that it may serve to revive the grateful recollections of some who have known him, and to give to those who have not, some idea of a man who, taken all in all, was certainly one of the master spirits of the age.

Timothy Dwight was the son of Timothy and Mary Dwight, and was born at Northampton, Mass., May 14, 1752. His father was a man of great intelligence and respectability, and his mother, who was the daughter of the great Jonathan Edwards, was one of the burning and shining lights of her sex. His education in its earliest stages was conducted entirely by his mother; and his improvement indicates at once the extraordinary powers both of the teacher and the pupil. At the age of about twelve he was sent to Middletown to prosecute his studies preparatory to joining college, under the Rev. Enoch Huntington; and during his sojourn there, which was somewhat more than a year, while he greatly endeared himself, by his amiable deportment, to all with whom he mingled, his progress in his studies was such as to give promise of the highest degree of literary eminence.

He entered Yale College as a freshman, in September, 1765, at a time when there was a combination of circumstances that seemed unpropitious as well to the intellectual as the moral habits of the students; and young Dwight, notwithstanding the favorable tendencies which he had hitherto developed, began insensibly to yield to the temptation to idleness; and if it had not been for the prompt and generous interposition of one of his tutors, who saw his danger, he might not improbably have been ruined. Happily the effort that was made to save him, availed; and to his dying day he never ceased to regard the individual to whom he was thus indebted as one of his greatest earthly benefactors.

From the period just referred to, he seems to have gone forward in his college course with the most diligent application and the most brilliant success; and so intensely was he occupied in study at one period, that he materially injured his sight, and laid the foundation for that permanent weakness of the eyes which proved a source of great suffering as well as embarrassment to the close of his life. He was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1769, at a little past the age of seventeen, with a standing not inferior to that of any other individual in his class.

Shortly after he was graduated, he took charge of a Grammar-school in New Haven, in which he continued with great success for two years, at the same time diligently prosecuting his studies in the various branches of literature and science. At the end of this period he was chosen a tutor in Yale College, and for the six succeeding years occupied this station with the highest reputation and usefulness. During this period of his connection with the government of the college, he projected and carried out some important plans of reform, which marked an era in the history of the institution.

Mr. Dwight made a public profession of religion, and became connected with the college church in 1774. Of the particular character of his religious exercises which had preceded this important step, we are not aware that any record remains; but his whole subsequent life proved that he acted from a high conviction of duty, and that religion, as a vital practical principle, had been established in his heart. In March, 1777, he was married to Miss Mary Woolsey, daughter of Benjamin Woolsey, Esq., of Long Island. This connexion proved a source of the highest domestic enjoyment and usefulness. Mrs. Dwight has survived until within a few months, the model of all that is lovely, and sublime, and venerable in Christian old age. They had eight sons, several of whom are well known in the walks of public usefulness and honor.

As the revolutionary contest was now going forward, and as Mr. Dwight's sympathies were strongly in favor of the party who were fighting for the liberties of their country, he determined to cast in his lot with them; and accordingly, having been licensed as a preacher by a committee of the Northern Association of Hampshire county, Mass., he entered the army in September following as chaplain to General Parsons' brigade. In this character he rendered most important services to his country; and by his efforts, not only on the Sabbath, but during the week, he contributed not a little to give a right direction to the minds of many of the soldiers, and to keep up their confidence and their courage by making them feel more deeply the rectitude of their cause, and their dependence for success upon the God of armies. During this period he formed an acquaintance with many distinguished men of the army, first and foremost of whom was the great Washington, who formed a very high estimate not only of his professional services, but of his general character.

After he had been connected with the army a little more than a year, he was withdrawn from it by the necessity which devolved upon him, in consequence of the unexpected death of his father, of making provision for his widowed mother with her numerous family of children. He seemed to regard this as so unquestionably a call of duty, that, without the least hesitation, he resigned his chaplaincy, and returned to Northampton, the residence of his mother, and passed the succeeding five years in the most diligent efforts for the comfort of herself and her family. It was wonderful how much, during this period, he contrived to accomplish. He established a school which soon acquired great popularity, and was resorted to by so large a number of the youths of both sexes, that he was under the necessity of employing two assistants. He was also occupied extensively during the week in agricultural concerns, and on the Sabbath was accustomed to supply some vacant congregation in the neighborhood.

During his residence at Northampton, he was twice chosen to represent the town in the general court; and so much of activity and public spirit and eloquence did he discover in this capacity, that some leading men in the commonwealth endeavored to convince him that that was the sphere of action for which Providence had specially designed him, and that the interests of his country required that he should have a direct hand in managing her political concerns. His mind, however, was definitively made up in favor of the ministry as his profession; and he was deaf to all the arguments that could be urged in opposition to it. His great popularity as a preacher procured for him calls from two or three of the most respectable churches in Massachusetts; but for reasons of which we are not informed, he declined them, and subsequently accepted a call from the parish of Greenfield, Conn., where he was ordained on the 5th of November, 1783.

In consequence of the inadequacy of his salary to the support of his family, after he had been a short time at Greenfield, he opened a school for youths of both sexes, to which he gave six hours of each day; and this school soon gained a reputation that brought to it the patronage of the best families from various parts of the country. Greenfield now became signalized, not less for its literary attractions than its religious advantages; and multitudes of the greatest and the best resorted thither with an expectation which, it is believed, was rarely disappointed, of being both delighted and improved.

In 1794, he received an invitation to become the pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, in

Albany, which, without much hesitation, he declined. The next year (1795), the presidency of Yale College having become vacant by the death of Dr. Stiles, he was, with great unanimity, appointed to that place; and he was actually inaugurated as president in September of that year. His removal was a source of affliction to his parish; but so unanimous was public sentiment in favor of the appointment, and so remarkably was he qualified for such a station, that his charge, between whom and himself there had always existed the most perfect harmony, yielded, though not without great reluctance, to the paramount claims of the college to his services.

Doctor Dwight (for previous to this time he had received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the college of New Jersey), in entering upon the duties of the Presidency, voluntarily assumed an amount of labor which few constitutions, either intellectual or physical, would have been able to sustain. Beside the general superintendance of the college, including all the duties which belong appropriately to the presidential chair, he conducted nearly all the recitations of the senior class on a greatly enlarged plan, acting as professor of belles lettres and oratory, of intellectual and moral philosophy, and of theology. His mode of conducting recitations was a great improvement upon any previous system that had prevailed in the college; for though he made use of text books, they scarcely served any other purpose in the recitation than to give a general direction to his own thoughts; and not unfrequently he occupied the greater part of the time in exposing the absurdity of the author's views, or the fallacy of his reasonings. One of the most important exercises of the senior class was a forensic debate, which took place in his presence between two members of the class once each week; and after each disputant had closed his argument, the President took a rapid review of the whole debate, and then expressed his own opinion, with a synopsis of the arguments by which it was sustained. These "decisions," as they were called, were always looked for with great interest, and some of them were well nigh unparalleled for strength of reasoning, and beauty and power of illustration.

Dr. Dwight introduced important changes not only in the mode of instruction, but in the mode of discipline also. The offensive distinction that had existed between the higher and lower classes, the latter being looked upon as little better than "hewers of wood and drawers of water," together with the scarcely less odious practice of inflicting fines for a violation of the college laws, were abolished; and the students were taught to regard their instructors as friends, and the discipline of the college became, to a great extent, a system of parental influence. It is a fact that deserves to be recorded, that during the whole period of Dr. Dwight's administration there was never any extensive organized effort to resist the college authority. Such outbreaks, we are aware, are not unfrequent even under the wisest administration; and where they occur they by no means necessarily reflect upon the prudence, or mildness, or firmness of those who conduct the institution; but the fact that nothing of this kind should happen in a long series of years, is certainly proof enough that the affairs of the college were guided by no ordinary degree of discretion.

During nearly the whole period of his presidency, Dr. Dwight was blessed with fine health, which was no doubt the effect, in a great degree, of the regularity of his habits of diet, rest, and exercise. He continued to discharge his various and arduous duties without interruption till February, 1816, when he was severely attacked by the disease of which he finally died. After having suffered intensely for twelve weeks, his disease seemed slightly to yield, and strong hopes were entertained by his friends that he might regain his accustomed health. At the commencement of the succeeding term, in June, he was able to appear in the pulpit, and addressed his pupils in a pertinent and admirable discourse, suggested by his recent approach to the gate of death. In the course of the same month, the General Association of Connecticut met at New Haven, and he was able to be present and participated in most of their deliberations. The part which he took on that occasion in the administration of the Lord's Supper, will probably never be forgotten by any one who was present to witness it; the paleness of his countenance and the feebleness of his frame manifestly pointing towards the grave on the one hand, and the tenderness and fervor of his spirit as manifestly pointing towards heaven on the other, gave to the scene a most wonderful impressiveness; and it was not easy to resist the conviction that he was drawing near to the end of his course. After this he continued to preach in the chapel, and to attend to most of his accustomed duties in connection with the college during the summer, and presided as usual at the commencement in September. During the vacation his health seemed in some degree to amend, and he began the next term with rather better prospects than he had had for some time before. But it soon became apparent that his disease had lost nothing of its power, and that his life would in all probability be continued only as a course of suffering. He, however, attended his usual recitations until the 27th of November, and even after that he met a theological class, consisting chiefly of resident graduates, once a week at his own house, and sometimes in the midst of great suffering discoursed to them for an hour with almost unparalleled eloquence. On the 7th of January his symptoms were thought to be more favorable, and some hopes were entertained that his disease might have passed its crisis; but those hopes were quickly extinguished by a change that seemed decisive of approaching dissolution. He lingered till Saturday morning, the 11th, evincing during the whole time the most dignified composure and tranquillity of mind, and the strongest confidence in the merits of the Redeemer, when, without a struggle or a groan, he put off the earthly house of this tabernacle.

It may be said without the fear of contradiction, that Dr. Dwight was endowed with an intellect of the highest order. His judgment was uncommonly sound, his taste delicate, his imagination brilliant and excursive, and his reasoning faculty, for quickness and strength, rarely exceeded. It would doubtless be saying too much to say that his powers of analysis and abstraction were equal to those of the great Edwards, his maternal grandfather; but his powers of imagination and eloquence were greatly superior; and if the mind of the one was stronger, the mind of the other was certainly not less symmetrical and complete. It is difficult perhaps to find an author in the language who unites in a higher degree than Dr. Dwight strong logic, deep metaphysics, and glowing eloquence.

His manners were a beautiful compound of sweetness, dignity, and simplicity. His powers of conversation were almost unequalled; and though he talked a great deal, and almost always led the conversation in whatever circle he might happen to be, there was nothing about his manner that seemed obtrusive; and it was an uncommon thing that any individual who fell in with him did not consider it a privilege to hear rather than to talk. Such was the extent and variety of his information, that there was rarely a subject introduced but he was able, by some striking illustration or appropriate anecdote, to cast new light upon it. We remember to have heard of his having once been casually thrown into a company of farmers, who were perfectly amazed to find that the President of Yale College knew far more about their appropriate business than they did themselves.

Dr. Dwight's Christian character was eminently consistent and elevated. He was as far as possible removed from every species of ultraism in doctrine, feeling, or practice. At the same time his soul was deeply imbued with love to Christ, and his devotions were of the most simple, earnest, and confiding character. No one could be more deeply interested than he in watching the indications of Divine Providence in respect to the advancing prosperity and ultimate triumph of the church, and no one more prompt than he in projecting and sustaining those great enterprises which contemplate the moral renovation of the world. He was one of those who originally formed the American Board of Foreign Missions, and not only by his eloquence, but by his pecuniary contributions, he continued always to render it an efficient aid. He had an important agency also in originating the American Bible Society, which he regarded as one of the brightest glories of the age; and though he was prevented by ill health from being present at its formation, he aided the enterprise by his eloquent pen, and welcomed it as a blessed indication of the approach of millenial glory. His views of religion were eminently rational, as well as eminently practical. He regarded it as beginning with the understanding, as extending to the will and affections, and thus controlling the life. He had no idea of heat without light, or light without heat—of faith without works, or works without faith; but both were commingled in his experience in just and beautiful proportions.

As a preacher, President Dwight has had few equals either in this country or any other. His manner was deeply solemn and earnest, but yet uncommonly simple. In the early part of his ministry he preached almost entirely from a brief skeleton; but during the greater part of his presidency his sermons were entirely written out and read. We have rarely witnessed a higher effort of pulpit eloquence than we have known him to produce by simply reading a discourse, without a single gesture from the beginning to the end of it. His fine, commanding person, his bright, penetrating eye, his powerful, melodious voice, and his perfectly dignified attitude, gave him an advantage in public speaking which very few, either in or out of the pulpit, have ever possessed.

There was perhaps nothing for which Dr. Dwight was more remarkable than his occasional prayers. His devotional exercises in the chapel were for the most part marked by little variety; but when he was called to officiate on any special occasion, his mind seemed intuitively to comprehend all the peculiar circumstances of the case, and they were embodied in his petitions with an ease and appropriateness the most impressive and admirable. We can recollect two or three of his occasional prayers, which for pathos, fervor, sublimity, and, we may add in the best sense of the word, originality, we do not remember ever to have heard exceeded.

Notwithstanding Dr Dwight's influence as a preacher and an instructor of youth was very great while he lived, and is still felt in almost every department of society, yet it is, after all, chiefly as an author that he is to be known to posterity; and happily, notwithstanding during a great part of his life he was unable, on account of the great imperfection of his sight, to write except by an amanuensis, he is still one of the most voluminous authors which this country has produced. His works may be divided into poetical, historical, and theological.

His poetical works were chiefly his "Conquest of Canaan," and his "Greenfield Hill." The former was commenced when he was at the age of nineteen, and finished when he was twenty-two. It was re-printed in England, and it is much to say of it, that it was read and spoken of in terms of strong commendation by the poet Cowper. The latter poem, which was the production of a later period, received its name from the place of his residence, and breathes a spirit of the most lofty patriotism. Some of his smaller pieces, particularly his "Columbia," have been extensively circulated and admired. He is the author also of a number of hymns, which breathe the genuine spirit both of devotion and of poetry.

Dr. Dwight's historical works are included chiefly in his "Travels through New England and New York," published in four volumes. They contain the result of the most minute and faithful inquiry upon every matter that came under his observation. No other work embodies an equal amount of information of a similar kind, in respect to any portion of our country.

But it is chiefly as a theologian and a writer of sermons that Dr. Dwight is destined to an earthly immortality. His system of theology has gained a circulation on both sides of the water which, we believe, is entirely unprecedented; it is the monument of a gigantic mind, consecrated in all its energies to the benefit of his fellow creatures and the glory of God. Besides his "System," which is now published in four large octavo volumes, there have been published since his death two volumes of his miscellaneous sermons, all of which are excellent, and some of them of the highest order of excellence. But some of his very best efforts are to be found in his occasional discourses, which he published during his life, and which exist only in the form of separate pamphlets. If his sermons on infidel philosophy and his fast-day sermons during the last war, not to mention several others, are exceeded in all that constitutes genuine greatness by any occasional sermons which our country has produced, we know not where to look for them. By the by, it would be a good service rendered to the cause of evangelical truth and piety, as well as pulpit eloquence, to collect Dr. Dwight's occasional sermons and give them to the world in a volume.

We subjoin a brief letter addressed by President Dwight to a friend at Utica, in reply to one informing him of the death of his intimate and endeared friend, the Rev. Dr. Backus. The letter is the more interesting from the fact that it was probably one of the last letters, if not the very last, that he ever dictated, and bears date but five days previous to his death.

New Haven, Jan. 6, 1817.

Dear Sir,—Permit me to thank you sincerely for your early communication to me of the melancholy tidings contained in your letter. The death of such a man as Dr. Backus at any period, and in almost any circumstances in which man can be supposed to be useful, must of course be a serious loss to the world. But when we consider him as a husband, the father of a family, a minister of the Gospel, and the President of a college, it becomes difficult to estimate the extent of the loss. In the country which was the immediate scene of his labors, it must, one would naturally think, be peculiarly felt; but in *this state*, where he was born and educated, and where he spent most of his life, it will be deeply realized. I pray that it may be made a blessing to his afflicted family, to ourselves and ours, and that the vacancy in your seminary may, by a good Providence be speedily filled up with a man possessed of similar powers and of the same excellent character.

I am, dear sir, very respectfully,
Your obd't friend and servant,
T. Dwight.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

The bells! oh, list to the cheerful sound
The Sabbath bells send forth,
When calling to the employ of Heaven
The ransom'd of the earth.

From craggy cliffs and woody glens,
Sweet echoes seize the sound,
And to the mountains and the floods
Tell it in triumph round.

The glad birds hear the joyous peal
Upon the breeze that floats,
And to its mingled melody
Add their exulting notes.

Freed from the tyranny of man,
The browsing cattle stray,
Enjoying on the sunny hills
The peaceful Sabbath day.

And can immortal man, for whom
God hath done wond'rous things,
Thankless, with unbow'd knee, remain,
While all creation sings?

We live upon God's earth—his air
Inspires our heaving lungs;
We hang upon his hand—his praise
Should dwell upon our tongues.

This were enough for thankfulness,
Had we no other theme,
To Him whose mercy round us flows
In an exhaustless stream.

But Sabbath bells come to our ears,
With glorious tidings fraught
Of man's redemption, which the "Lord,
Our Righteousness," hath wrought.

Oh! be our noblest powers attun'd
To songs of thankfulness;
The angel hosts have no such cause
For gratitude as this!

Forsake we then the worldly paths
Where through the week we plod,
To hold, in humble praise and prayer,
Communion with our God!

Up to the temples of his grace;
He will vouchsafe us there
A foretaste of Heaven's blessedness!
Up, to the house of prayer!

The irksome toils, the wasting cares
Of the long week are pass'd,
And the blessed Sabbath of our God
Shines on the earth at last!

And is it not a pleasant sound
That fills the tranquil air,
When all the solemn Sabbath bells
Mingle in chorus there?

Tired Labor wipes his weary brow,
Rejoic'd to hear the chime;
He hath no heavy toils to-day,
For this is holy time!

With hope reviv'd and holy trust,
E'en Sorrow's tearful eye
Once more is lifted from the dust
Up to the glorious sky.

The Sabbath bells bear to the ear
Sweet tidings from above,
Where Death hath no more power to rend
The sacred bands of love!

Pale Sickness lifts her languid head,
And smiles to hear the tone
Which brings to mind a happier world,
Where suffering is unknown!

E'en the doom'd felon, whom from chains
Death only can release,
Like pardoning Mercy's voice it calls
To penitence and peace.

Sweetly it breaks the silence drear
Where the child of penury dwells,
And Misery's aching heart is glad
To hear the Sabbath bells!

For they proclaim a ransom found—
A refuge for the oppress'd;
They tell us of a region where
The weary are at rest!

And is it not a pleasant sound
The Sabbath bells send forth,
When calling to the employ of Heaven
The ransom'd of the earth?

"Glad tidings of great joy" they tell
In sweetly solemn tone—
Joy to the dwellers of the land,
Where their bless'd sound is known!

Newport, R. I.

S. S. C.

MEMOIRS OF MY GRANDMOTHER.

A FEW months since, the attention of our readers was invited to the mode of "Saying the Catechism," which obtained, some forty years ago, in one of the towns in the western part of Massachusetts. In the present article, it is proposed to gather up certain reminiscences of departed worth, which are associated with the indelible impressions of my childhood and youth. HOME,—the home of my earlier years—was cradled among the mountains, which overlooked the bright and beautiful Connecticut, and was rocked by the tempests, which swept through the valleys and over the Alpine heights, that watched, like never-relieved sentinels, around the ancient, paternal domicil. "The summer's ardent strength" was mitigated by the cooling breezes, and tempered by the fresh supplies of oxygen, which were manufactured in the laboratories of the skies, as frequent lightnings and thunderings shook the everlasting hills, by their sublime demonstrations. The rigors of winter were relieved by the pastime of breaking out the roads, through snows piled up some ten or fifteen feet in height by the winds, which seemed to have chosen that spot for their most especial and fantastic revelries. Extensive plains and meadows, sloping away to the margin of New England's most beautiful river, and towering summits, like "Alps o'er Alps," sending up their lofty peaks into the heavens, and clothed with the ever-changing hues of mountain scenery, completed the splendid panorama, with which my youthful imagination was familiar.

But it is none of these scenic accessories,—none of the sublime or the beautiful in nature,—which now invests that spot with its most sacred and endeared associations. *Grandfather, grandmother, father, mother, brothers, sisters*,—gone to their long resting-place,—*these* are the objects which now speak to my heart, and remind me of that dearest, sweetest spot, which we call HOME.

The neighborhood was eminently moral and religious. My grandfather was suddenly called into eternity by a stroke of the apoplexy, and that thunderbolt, which so unexpectedly smote the family, is one of my very earliest recollections. A small circle of godly persons,—relics of the preceding generation,—yet lingered upon the stage, as the season of my childhood advanced. Of this little band of Simeons and Annas, who were "waiting for the consolation of Israel" before their departure, in my partial estimate, *prima inter pares*, was my aged grandmother. To her, the fullness of my heart says that I owe more than can be described by pen or tongue. The moral and religious impressions which she made on my youthful and then susceptible heart, I suppose no lapse of time or eternity can efface. Her simple, unfeigned piety was equalled only by her peculiar ingenuity in devising means and in seizing occasions to impress my mind with divine things.

One or two incidents will illustrate this point. Nearly as far back in the days of my childhood as my "memory runneth," she took this method to fix on my heart the impression of *God's omnipresence*. After conversing with me for some time about the great God who fills heaven and earth, she closed her description of his ubiquity by saying, "My dear grandson, whenever you see *any motion*, you may always be certain *God is there*." At that instant, happening to see *one of my fingers move*, the thought went like a javelin to my heart, that *God was with me* THEN. I retired from her presence with many fears and tremblings, thrilled with the conviction of Jacob at Bethel, "Surely God is in this place, and I knew it not."

In those days of primitive simplicity, coaches and cars were not in fashion, and women as well as men were accustomed to ride much on horseback. My venerable grandmother, though tottering under the infirmities of age, sometimes went to the neighbors, and even to her friends in the more distant parts of the town, by that healthy mode of conveyance. On one of these occasions, though yet quite small, I rode behind her on the horse. Being unused to that mode of travelling, it was with extreme difficulty that I could keep my position, even with all the assistance she could render me. Once, by a sudden movement of the horse, I almost lost my centre of gravity, and came near toppling down headlong to the ground. She seized the incident, with a degree of wisdom and fidelity almost peculiar to herself, and said, "*If God* *don't keep us*, we shall both fall off and break our bones." Never did I feel so keenly as at that moment, and in my then dangerous position, my dependence on God for preservation. Often since that time, in scenes of danger, has that remark occurred to my recollection with great force, and much has it contributed to form within me the firmest belief in the agency of an overruling Providence, that it extends to the atom as well as to the globe, to the insect as well as to the seraph, and is indispensable to our preservation, whether travelling on a horse or after a locomotive—whether lounging on the softest divans in city parlors, or reeling at mast-head in a hurricane.

At another time I was amusing myself with a top in my grandmother's room. Various success attended my efforts at spinning the top. Sometimes it would run against a chair or a table, which destroyed its rotary motion, and then it would instantly fall to the floor and cease to move. Then, again, it would run into the interstices between the boards of the floor (for Brussels and Wiltons were in no favor there in those days), and then it would totter away to its fall, and buzz out, in irregular whirls, its brief career; and, anon, meeting with no impediments, its revolutions would continue for a long time, noiseless and apparently motionless, till the impulse which had been given to it gradually died away, and, seemingly from the imbecility of old age, it would at last yield to a fate which it had no longer either strength or disposition to resist.

My childish play was so absorbing, that I became quite unconscious of surrounding objects. The spell was suddenly broken by my grandmother's voice, calling me by name, "D——, come to me." I obeyed the kind but unexpected summons. She was in tears. I could not divine the cause of her weeping, and inquired what was the matter. "My dear boy," she replied, "your top is a striking emblem of human life. Sometimes, you see, it falls quickly, like your little brother, who died before he was two years old. Then, again, it runs a longer time, like your father, who is now middle aged, but it suddenly strikes some object and instantly falls; and your dear father, too (prophetic remark), may die in the strength of his manhood. Occasionally your top meets with no resistance, and after many revolutions, its strength gradually dies away, and it drops to the floor because it can go no longer. *That* is like myself, worn out with age, and just ready to fall into the grave. *You* are very young; but you, like the top, may drop down suddenly; you *may* die to-night; you should then repent of your sins *now*, and love the Saviour."

So serious a moral, drawn so unexpectedly from my boyish sport, and applied to my conscience with such almost inimitable skill and power, struck me like a voice from heaven. The impression was overwhelming. Trembling like the aspen leaf, I went away and tried to pray.

Such are some of the many specimens of the Christian faithfulness of that eminent and venerated saint. If I have a hope of heaven which will not fail me—if I am at all useful in the ministerial or editorial vocation, it is owing, I doubt not, in a high degree, to the counsels and prayers of that grandmother, whose memory is precious in death, and whose record is on high.

The reader has already been informed of the devoted piety of several of the aged members of the church in that town. For many years they sustained among themselves a weekly prayer meeting, on the afternoon of every Thursday. They met at each other's houses, and devoted the whole afternoon, even in the summer's longest days, to that beloved and favorite exercise. No pressure of business in the busiest seasons of the year, and no degree of heat, or cold, or storm, could prevent these pilgrims, with Rev. Mr. H——, their respected pastor, from these weekly assemblies. In their disclosures of "the lights and shadows" of their Christian experience, sometimes, though rarely, they were found at Vanity Fair and in Doubting Castle; but more frequently you might have seen them on the Delectable Mountains, or on Mount Clear, exercising their skill with the perspective-glass, in attempting to descry the gates of the Celestial City, whither they were bound.

My grandmother loved those seasons of social converse with God next to the closet and the sanctuary; and true to her Christian instinct to "train me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," she used to take me to those little weekly convocations. My own inclinations would have led me anywhere else in preference. To think of spending a long and beautiful summer's afternoon with such old folks, and enduring the penance of a prayer meeting which seemed likely to have no end, when I wished to be engaged in playing ball, or throwing stones, or hunting birds' nests, was, in the last degree, forbidding and irksome. But there was no release; the hour for the meeting had come, and go I must.

Perhaps my readers would like to know how that prayer-meeting was conducted. It was something on this wise. Its principal members, for convenience' sake, we will call Rev. Mr. H——, Lieut. Strong, Capt. Lyman, Ensign Judd, Dea. Sikes, and Mr. Kingsley; for the reader must bear in mind that military titles were then more popular than they are even in these days of war with Mexico, and were always most sacredly appropriated to their respective owners. In my simplicity, I thought those high-sounding titles were the veritable *Christian* names which their parents had given them in baptism. The venerable pastor took the lead of the exercises, for in those times of lay subordination, no man or woman presumed to encroach upon clerical prerogatives; and if any knotty question in theology happened to be started, and any difference of opinion was found among the brethren, the case was referred, by common consent, to Father H——, and his decision, whoever it convicted of error, was received with profound respect and universal acquiescence. After the devout reading of a passage from the Scriptures, interspersed perhaps with a few explanatory remarks, and an occasional quotation from Burkitt or Doddridge, Mr. H—— would call, for instance, upon Lieut. Strong to offer the first prayer. That old octogenarian rarely excused himself. He was not often so afflicted with a cold or a cough that he could not converse with God; but after some apologies for his unworthiness to lead his brethren to the throne of grace and to appear before a holy God, he would rise and turn round his large arm chair, and, supporting himself by the top of it, begin a prayer which was sure to last an hour by the watch. The venerable group around him, male and female, would stand till exhausted nature called for relief, and then, resuming their seats, would remain in the most devout posture till the prayer was ended. I used to rise and sit, and sit and rise, and assume all imaginable positions, and tax my ingenuity to kill the time till the prayer was done. How that old patriarch, who led the devotions of the company in the feebleness and decrepitude of more than eighty years, *could stand so long*, though supported by the high arm-chair, was to me inconceivable. But he was so intent on obtaining "the ear of the Lord of Sabaoth"—so fervent in his supplication for a revival of religion—so absorbed in his wrestlings with the "angel of the covenant"—that he seemed for the time to be absolved from the laws of mortality, and like Milton's angels,

> "Instinct with life, could not,
> But by annihilating, die."

When he had concluded he sat down, and though able partially to join in the remaining exercises, it was sometimes very evident that exhausted nature required repose. Singing usually succeeded to prayer, and the number of quavers and semi-quavers which the tremulous voices of those aged veterans in praise introduced into China, Mear, and Lenox, might not have been in harmony with the scientific notions of Beethoven and Handel; but their music, I doubt not, was highly acceptable to Him who loves the thanksgivings and confessions of "the humble and contrite in heart."

Some case of conscience, some difficult text of Scripture, some problem in Christian experience, or an inquiry why the Holy Spirit was then withheld from the town, would next be proposed for solution. Their plain remarks usually exhibited more good sense, more sound casuistry, more practical wisdom, and more devoted piety, than could be expected from a conclave of cardinals. I have been a member of two theological seminaries of the first grade in our country, and no one entertains a profounder degree of respect than myself for the able professors in those institutions; but they will pardon me, I hope, when I say that I have found no sounder expositors of doctrinal truth, and no more eloquent enforcers of religious obligation, than those holy men who filled those kitchen chairs of instruction in the chimney corners of my native town.

When the topic of religious discourse had become exhausted, and all were satisfied, by this comparison of views, that they had actually ascertained, as their phrase was, "the mind and will of the Holy Spirit," Father H—— would call perhaps upon Ensign Judd to lead in the second prayer. The tall, dignified form of that venerated saint, though it was long since remanded to the dust, is as distinctly traced upon the retina of my mind as if I saw him yesterday. All those patriarchs, like Abraham, their prototype, felt, when they approached "the High and Lofty One," that they were "but dust and ashes." The customary apologies of unworthiness were made, not from any "show of humility" or desire to extort a compliment to his superior goodness; for though Ensign Judd had in his day doubtless been a courageous officer at the head of his platoon of militia, his strength was turned into weakness in the presence of Him who "hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS."

That man of God, after adjusting his chair and his position, would then give Him who occupies the mercy-seat "no rest" for another hour. Petition after petition, argument upon argument, entreaty upon entreaty, tears following tears, were poured out from the fullness of his heart till the very heavens were rent by his supplications, and the assembled group baptized afresh from on high. I have attended many prayer-meetings since those days of yore, but have rarely found men who had apparently so much "power with God." Pure and extensive revivals of religion often visited that town—converts were multiplied "as the drops of the morning," and not a few of the descendants of that generation of Christian worthies are now adorning a religious profession, or preaching the Gospel at the east and the west; and Wisconsin and Iowa, as well as Massachusetts and Maine, are to-day rejoicing in their influence.

Thus hour after hour of those long afternoons would slowly wear away, till the descending sun admonished them that it was time to bring the meeting to a close. Then they hastened to their domestic duties, for much as they loved to converse with each other and with God, in the sacred circle, it was as truly a part of their religion *to observe seasonable hours*, as to pray, or sing, or talk about the things of the kingdom.

The moral effects of that prayer-meeting upon my youthful heart, and that grandmother's influence in forming my tastes and views, and in giving direction to all my course in life, I can never remember with sufficient gratitude to God. If anybody else has, or has had, a better grandmother, their lot is to be envied, and their obligations are great. If these pages shall arrest the attention of any children or youth of this generation who are impatient of parental or other ancestral restraint, and who, in the pride of their hearts and in disdain of the aged, refuse to "rise up before the hoary head" of a plain but godly grandmother, let them be admonished. If Mary, Queen of Scots, dreaded the prayers of John Knox more than the whole English army, such inconsiderate, disrespectful youth may well tremble. Their adamantine firmness will yield and melt away when they come to be confronted in the Judgment with the rejected counsels and prayers of aged relatives, whose "grey hairs," through *their* ingratitude, "were brought down with sorrow to the grave." Respect, then, the wise advice and the Christian anxieties of those veterans in the service of God. "THE HOARY HEAD IS A CROWN OF GLORY, IF IT BE FOUND IN THE WAY OF RIGHTEOUSNESS."

THE LATE REV. DR. GRIFFIN.

AMONG the most eminent names in the list of American preachers is that of the Rev. Edward D. Griffin, D.D. Those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing him, can never forget his fine appearance, his glowing eloquence, his whole-souled earnestness. His elocution has seldom been equalled. His reading of a psalm or hymn would often produce as visible and strong an impression upon the audience as a well-studied and well-delivered sermon from other men.

His best preaching days were spent in Newark, N. J. His physical strength and his mental vigor were at their highest while ministering there, and many were the witnesses to his fidelity in that interesting city; many yet surviving owe their hopes to his fervent instrumentality. To Newark, after a distinguished public career of nearly forty years, and when nearly three score years and ten old, he returned to close his pilgrimage and fall asleep in Jesus. It was an affecting and kind Providence that ordered the closing circumstances of this good man's life, and brought him, after his public labors were done, to the bosom of his kindred and early friends, and gave them the privilege of his last prayers and his last counsels, and permitted them the sad but grateful office of committing his honored remains to the tomb. It was kind that he who was sent in his youth to teach them how to live, should be sent again in his old age to show them how to die. There was a beautiful propriety in the Providence which appointed him to be carried to his grave by those whom he had taught how to triumph over the grave—which ordained that he should lie side by side till the resurrection with those who in life had been moved by his thrilling eloquence and fervent prayers, to confide in Him who is the resurrection and the life

The last days of Dr. Griffin exemplified in an interesting and affecting manner the power and beauty of the religion of which he had been so eminent a minister. No one could fail to observe the ardor of his longings for the prosperity of religion, and its revival in all the churches. He was constantly inquiring of ministers and others how the cause prospered in their churches; and if any one mentioned a single case of anxiety on the subject, his feelings kindled and his countenance was illumined with joy. His pleasure upon hearing of a hopeful conversion seemed exquisite. In his private diary, written at this time, he says, "Since I have been in Newark, I have been distressed at the low state of religion in this city, and have prayed much for a revival here and through the country I have visited many families, and talked with the unregenerate as faithfully as I could. I have remembered above forty individuals in my daily prayers. I am nothing; but God in his boundless mercy is the hearer of prayer."

His personal experience of the preciousness of religion was increasingly rich and refreshing to the end of his course. "I do love," says he in his diary, "I do love to lie at his feet, and to look up from the dust and see him on the throne. I desire above all things to see him known and honored as God. It is because he is in heaven that I wish to be there. I love to repent. It is a luxury to lie down at his feet and mourn for sin. Christ is precious to my soul, the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. That God should have regenerated me, making all the difference in my favor between an eternal hell and an eternal heaven, lays me under boundless, boundless, boundless obligations."

For more than a month before the decease of the venerable man, he was unable, from the nature of his disease, to lie down. Of this he speaks in the following extract from his diary, which was one of the last he ever wrote: "I have done lying in bed, and sit in my chair all night and all day The other day Dr. S. told me, at my request, that it was very doubtful whether I should live till next month. The idea was delightful. I have looked forward to death by dropsy on the chest as very dreadful, but it no longer appears so. A conviction that infinite wisdom and love will order everything for me, leaves no anxiety about anything. It was very fatiguing to sit up at nights, and I dreaded it much; but that consideration of infinite wisdom and love removed in a minute all that anxiety some days ago, and it has not returned for a moment since. I have been deeply affected of late," he continued, "by those most merciful and faithful provisions for a poor, wretched sinner, so needful for an old man going down into the grave after his beloved wife. Not one anxious thought is left me from day to day about the event or the manner. I am taken up in thanking the blessed God for his wonderful mercy and faithfulness in thus dealing with me. That he should select this time to do for me what he never did before—to remove every concern—to fill me with peace—to make that most solemn event and all the dreaded means no longer dreadful, but delightful—is proof of mercy and faithfulness beyond the power of language to express. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

On the last day of his life, it was evident to himself and the anxious friends who surrounded him, that the hour of dissolution was just at hand. He was in perfect possession of his faculties and his brightening hopes of a blessed immortality. Sometimes the fulness of his joy would burst forth in expressions like these: "My heavenly Father, my dear Redeemer, wonderful in mercy and faithfulness, I pray you give him glory for ever and ever!" Being asked if he still continued to dread the dying struggle, "No, I leave it all with God; I refer it all to his will."

About noon a clerical friend called to see him for the last time in the flesh. He pressed the visitor's hand in his usual affectionate manner. "You see me," said he, "just going home." "My dear friend," said the visitor, "it has often been your privilege to minister consolation to the dying. I trust you now experience that consolation in your own soul." With an earnest and affecting emphasis he replied, "More, more, much more." In this delightful frame he continued till, a few hours after, he sweetly and without a struggle fell asleep in Jesus.

So fades a summer cloud away—
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er—
So gently shuts the eye of day—
 So dies a wave along the shore.

The old divines distinguished preparation for death as habitual and actual. A ship is habitually ready for sea whose timbers are sound and strong, whose stores are ample, whose crew is complete, and whose officers are skilful; but it is actually ready when its sails are bent, its colors flying, its anchor weighed, and the air is rending with the sailors' parting shout. So he is habitually ready for death whose heart is regenerated, whose hope is the Redeemer, and whose life is holiness to the Lord; but he is actually ready who, with death in immediate prospect, can say in the exercise of strong desire and faith,

I'm fetter'd and bound up in clay,
 I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
 My God and my Saviour to see.
I want, oh! I want to be there,
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
 To wonder and worship with you.

In both these senses was this honored servant of God prepared. Death was expected, and it was welcome. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

THE DYING BOY'S SOLILOQUY.

BY ALEXANDER MACDOWELL.

Softly stealing o'er,
 I hear a sweet, entrancing voice
 That bids my wearied heart rejoice:
  I've heard it once before,
And yet I cannot tell it, for it all does seem
The vision of a sweet, but unremembered dream.

'Tis not the morning wind that lowly grieves
Its sad weird song amid the household eaves;
Nor is it that of mother, or of sisters fair,
Who watch around my sleep with loving care!
Ah, no! it is not theirs—it cannot be—
No mortal voice can boast such minstrelsy!

O! heart that once beat wild to hear
 The gladsome revel of the Spring—
 (The blue-eyed Oread of the year)—
 Making the wild-wood echoes ring,
I see her in the land—and quiet dales and hills
Wake with the music of rejoicing rills.

 And ever in mine ear
The wild birds singing and the green woods ringing
 So loud and clear—
The echoes dying, and the low winds sighing,
 Tell me it is Spring I hear.

I cannot watch her as I once have done,
 Clothing the mountains all in green;
Nor by the brooks nor meadows run
 To pull her flowers of crimson sheen—
And yet I am content—I will not weep nor sigh,
For *Death* is on me, and I now must die!

On, cheerily on! thou joyous-hearted Spring,
And o'er my dying brain thy music fling;
But oh! farewell, apparelled Queen, farewell!
I know thy laughing echoes are my knell,
And in a little while thy flowers will bloom
In fragrance and in beauty round my tomb.

* * * * * *

I feel the folding of an angel's wing,
 Ready to bear my tired soul away,
Where reigns a brighter and eternal Spring,
 Beyond this changing scene of night and day.

New York, May, 1846.

HENRY AND LOUISE.

In the north-west corner of the graveyard, at the foot of the hill, is a mound scarcely six feet long, with a simple head-stone. The words of the epitaph are few, being only enough to say that underneath that mound rests from the sorrows of life "Henry ——," who lived a manly life while but a boy, and after eighteen years of living slept under the coffin lid. Last week I was walking slowly along the avenues of Greenwood Cemetery, talking earnestly with a well-beloved friend, with my eye fixed on the ground, when some peculiarity of the path caused me to look up, and I saw a simple monument or pillar on a family vault, having but one word, "Louise." I had not yet read the name of the family, but the indescribable thrill which I felt through my veins, told me that it was the place of rest of her whom I had watched by in years far gone, when I was a boy, whose eye I had seen close in long darkness one winter day up among the Highlands. I have thought in this sketch to recall the stories or the story of Henry and Louise. We were children together.

I am older now, and some trials and some sorrows, and not a few disappointments, have made me more callous to the hardships of living than I was then, when I lost, one by one, the friends of my childhood. Yet even now I cannot see a funeral pass in the street but I remember the vacant look of our house after she was carried from it; nor can I see a golden tress on the head of a girl, but I remember those locks of gold that hung around her neck, and waved like the tissue of a bright dream all over her. One of those tresses is in my left hand even now as I write, and her face is vividly before me. Scarcely a day passes that some token does not recall to mind a memory of her, and her voice (how rich, and full, and melodious it was!) floats up to me from the din of the city, and I start from my chair, so distinct is its utterance. Alas, she is dead!

I had two friends—nay, three. Henry —— was one. If I should pause to speak of his character, it would lead me into one of those reveries to which all are subject, when the past is revived and the graves of buried affections are opened. Yet I cannot pass by the recollection of his amazing strength of intellect and the grasp of his mind. It was gigantic even in his boyhood, for he was but a boy when his soul was freed. He seemed to live in another world than the one existent around him, and the keenness with which he looked at the ordinary events of life pierced their covering, so that he looked at the causes at the same moment with the effects, and was continually mindful of the Great First Cause. Thus living, always conscious of his high heritage as an immortal creature of an infinite God, his boyhood became an earnest pilgrimage, each day bringing him nearer the rank of a free spirit. He loved and was beloved by all, and at the age of sixteen he had become the idol of the village. He was at this time fitted for college, and might with ease have passed his examination for the senior class.

It was in the summer of his seventeenth year that Louise —— came to our village to attend school. She was a fair child of sixteen, gifted with a marvellous beauty that drew all eyes and won all hearts, even before the lips let out that flood of melody which was the index of a pure and hoping soul. I say a *hoping* soul, for she seemed always looking and longing for some new thought, and rejoiced with exceeding joy when an idea broke on her to which she had before been a stranger. She was the child of wealthy parents in the city, and was sent to board with our excellent clergyman (whose wife was her aunt), while she attended the school on the hill. I remember very well the day she entered our village. Henry and myself were walking in the street, and saw her at the window of the parsonage. "I wonder who she is," said I. "I'll soon find out," said he, and that evening he was walking in the graveyard with her. Six months passed, and Henry's mother died. He became an inmate of the minister's family while his father went to the far west. They studied together, he guiding her in the paths of truth, and she winning him by her trustful life from the imminent danger of a speculative faith to a firm, unwavering trust in the merits of an atoning sacrifice.

It was a difficult matter to trace the changes which his soul underwent during the brief period of its transition from philosophic darkness to the pure light of faith and hope. He became fond of retirement, and especially sought a seat in the corner of the graveyard, near the bank of the river (he sleeps there now), where he passed hours in deep thought, or poring over the pages of a book, which he invariably concealed when any one approached him. That book was his mother's little pocket Bible It was but a few days that he thus hesitated or pondered. The light burst upon him, and shone in his face, and eyes, and actions. Thenceforth he was a man indeed.

It was a pleasant sound to hear the church bell in our village, and one Friday afternoon it rang for the lecture preparatory to the communion. The congregation assembled, and listened to the venerable pastor with solemn attention as he spoke the words of life. After the sermon he gave notice of the communion services on the next Sabbath, concluding with the usual announcement, "The session have admitted to this church on examination, Henry —— and Louise ——." How softly the sunshine streamed through the windows and fell on the old square pews! At that moment a beam fell on the golden hair of Louise, and verily she seemed to have become an angel. The Sabbath morning came, and they two stood up, side by side, in the presence of the congregation, and vowed their lives unto the God of our salvation. They were beautiful children before; they seemed then to be more than earthly.

That evening I entered the house of the pastor, and sought his study. It was a small room opening into the sitting-room, and I found the door open, but the pastor was gone. I seated myself in his large chair, when I heard voices in the next room. I had entered so quietly at a side door as not to be heard, and before I had time to make my presence known by a cough or a noise, I heard the voice of Louise uttering the words of Ruth: "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." I entered the room after a moment's delay, and found her standing in the window which opened towards the river, looking into Henry's face, who was wholly engaged in that gaze. They turned towards me as I entered, and I saw that their rambles and studies together had bound them closely to one another, and when the bond of God's love was wound around them both, it seemed as if a new chain had been riveted on their souls.

In very deed the love of two such children is a beautiful, a holy thing. It is a gleam of sunshine in the ways of the world; it is a dream of gladness in the night of sin's desolation; it is a smile of God amid the frowns of his offended justice! Such love is a chord of music—a string whereon angel hands seem to be occupied in waking melodies, and its sound in their hearts was praise to the God who had given them to one another.

Three weeks from that night the new moon shone on Henry's grave! He died of a disease of the heart, which had long gathered strength for the final blow when his cheek was blooming and his soul full of glad hopes. A sudden deprivation of strength, a brief interval of returning strength, a day of sublime converse on the hopes and fears of the past and the glory of the future, the heaven to which he was looking, and all was over! Louise bore it like a woman. She grew strong in that severe trial, and pointed him to the bright star which gleamed through the night of death, with her own eye fixed steadily on it.

We buried him. The next year made fearful changes in our little village. Our pastor died. Good old man! The church bell tolled seventy-two strokes one Sabbath morning while the Sunday School was in. How the little children wept, and the older ones bowed down their heads, and the teachers grew pale, and good old Deacon B. rose and said, "Let us pray;" and the solemn voice of prayer went up to the throne of God, and he heard it, I doubt not, even at the moment that the soul of the pastor was bowing at his feet.

"How glad, if he can be gladdened thus, will Henry be to see him," said Louise to me that morning. If he were thus made happy, I doubt not he was more so when she joined him, six months afterwards.

After the pastor's death she left us, but returned the ensuing winter to visit my sister. On New Year's day they went out to ride in the afternoon. The horses became restive, and finally altogether unmanageable. They ran at a tremendous pace through the village, until the sleigh was overturned, throwing the ladies upon the sidewalk. Louise was taken up senseless, and with an arm broken. She never spoke again, but on the fourth day from that she quietly ceased to breathe. As we were watching over her, longing for one look of intelligence from her blue eyes, which had been closed since the accident, she moved her head slightly and opened them, and looked from one to another; then her gaze became fixed by something on the wall, while a smile lit her pale features. No word was spoken in the room, for all seemed to expect her to speak. That smile grew brighter and brighter, and she calmly closed her eyes. None knew that she was dead till some seconds had passed. I turned towards the wall and remembered, what I had forgotten till then, that she had been brought in haste into my room when the fearful accident had occurred, and that on my wall hung a likeness of Henry, which I had borrowed of his father.

I had but one friend of my boyhood left. He is not buried there. Perhaps some time I may tell his story.

LINES TO A FRIEND

ON THE DEATH OF HER ONLY CHILD.

Oh! weep, dear Anna—let thy tears
  Fall like the early summer rain;
'Twill soothe the burning woe that sears
  Deep into throbbing heart and brain.

But mourn not *hopelessly* the lost,
  The cherished darling of thy soul—
Sink not, though thou art tempest-tost,
  And giant billows o'er thee roll.

For when thou passest through the wave,
  The Saviour's power shall bear thee up,
And that correcting hand that gave,
  Shall sweeten, too, the bitter cup.

I know 'twill wring thy bursting heart
  To think of each remembered tone,
Each murmured word, and playful art,
  And winning action, all her own.

And thou wilt miss the darling form—
  The pattering sound of little feet—
The frequent kiss from lips so warm,
  Was wont thy answering kiss to meet.

And when the sober-mantled eve
  Falls with a shadow on thy hearth,
Thou'lt grieve as none but mothers grieve,
  That she returns no more to earth.

Thou'lt long to follow where she's gone,
  And guard her with untiring love;
Thou'lt think of her as all alone,
  Away from thee, although above.

But close thine earthly eyes, and gaze
  With spirit-glance, where, throned in light,
Radiant with glory's brightest rays,
  Thy baby dwelleth, clothed in white!

Look on that pure and childish brow—
  No trace of death is written there!
A babe no more—a seraph now!
  Could you have deemed her half so fair?

See how the Saviour tenderly
  Foldeth her to his holy breast,
And lays his sterner glories by
  To lull the little one to rest!

And see the innumerable host
  Of holy angels bending near,
To watch the infant loved and lost
  With gentle and unwearying care.

Think how she dwells eternally
  Where tears and pain can never come;
No billow of life's stormy sea
  Can reach her in that peaceful home.

Was not thy love for her too fond,
  Partaking of idolatry,
Forbidding thee to look beyond,
  The brighter face of God to see?

Then, while thou mournest for thy loss,
  Oh meekly take the lesson given,
And cling more closely to the cross,
  And steadfast tread the path to heaven,

And evermore with patience wait,
  Submissive to the chastening rod,
Till Death shall ope the eternal gate,
  And place thee with her, near to God!

Newburgh, May, 1846.

M. E. M.

THE SPRING BEAUTY.

BY E. G. WHEELER, M. D.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

SYSTEMATIC name—*Claytonia latifolia;* Class V., *Pentandria;* Order I., *Monogynia;* Natural order—*Portulaccea.*

Generic Character.—Calyx formed of two valve-like leaves: corol five-petaled, retuse: stigma three-cleft: capsule one-celled, three-valved, three to five seeded.

Specific Character.—Leaves two, ovate-lanceolate; raceme one-sided, rising from between the leaves: petals obovate, white, or pink, striped with red lines; yellowish green at their insertion on the receptacle; anthers red: calyx obtuse: root tuberous. The plant grows from four to six inches high: found in woods and hedges—a variety of the *virginica.*

Geography.—Indigenous to the Eastern, Western, and Middle States, and other places of corresponding climate. Other species are found farther south.

Properties.—Emollient, slightly tonic, antiseptic, and aperient. The *C. perfoliata,* however, is the only species whose virtues have been tested.

Remarks.—This plant receives its generic name in honor of Dr. John Clayton, an eminent botanist and physician of Virginia. He was born in England in 1685, and came to America in 1705. He was elected member of several of the first literary societies in Europe, and corresponded with many of the greatest naturalists of that day. His practical researches were very extensive, having passed a long life in collecting and describing the plants of his country, and is supposed to have added as great a list to the botanical catalogue as any man that ever lived. He was the author of the "Flora Virginica," and of several interesting papers published in the Philosophical Transactions on the Culture of the different species of Tobacco. He also published a full and minute account of the medicinal plants he had discovered in Virginia, and even at the time of his death, in his eighty-eighth year, he left two volumes of manuscript neatly prepared for the press, and a *hortus siccus,* with marginal notes and references for the engraver who was to prepare the plates for the proposed work. His zeal for botanical research was so great, that in the year preceding his death he made a tour through Orange county, collecting his specimens with the same interest and delight he had ever manifested when thus employed.

The specific name, *latifolia,* is compounded of *latus,* a side, and *folium,* a leaf, so named because its leaves are inclined to one side.

Its common name (Spring Beauty) is just such a one as it would naturally receive from any who would contemplate its beauty but for a moment. With what joy did we hail this sweet little flower in the days of our boyhood. Scarcely would the snow be melted away from our New England forests, when this little fairy would come peeping up from among the dead leaves, and with gentle, modest blushes greet us at almost every step along "the deep tangled woodland." It is among the first to proclaim that the terrors of winter are over—that the Ice King has resigned his dominions, and the happy and peaceful reign of Spring has already commenced. Many, doubtless, who have always lived where the Spring Beauty smiles in every thicket and gladdens every forest glade, may say they never have seen it. Well, then, they must have trodden upon it, and had we been there we would have given them a lusty shove for so rash or heedless an act. We would ask our New England and western friends just to examine our engraving, which is next to nature herself, and then, about the time they are "doing off" the last "batch" of maple sugar, look along the hill-side or bank of rivulet, and they will discover our fair friend just expanding itself to enjoy the warm sunshine and inhale the bland zephyrs of spring. From that time till June, it is the belle of the forest. As often as we meet with this delicate flower in the far off and unfrequented woodland, we are reminded of these sweet lines of the poet—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

Sentiment.—Smiling infancy.

One April morn that sweetly rose
Serene, and pure, and bright,
I saw this pretty flower unclose
Its petals to the light.

Gently it raised its blushing head,
Beneath the leafy spray,
And all its little charms outspread,
To cheer my pilgrim way.

Again I sought its native bower;
Day lingered in the west,
The dew-drop trembled on my flower;
'Twas closed as if at rest.

Thus doth the lovely infant smile,
To bless the parent's heart;
The hours of care and pain beguile,
And hope and joy impart.

Though it may meet some little grief,
And for a moment weep,
An angel's whisper brings relief;
'Twill fold its hands and sleep.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

Tell me, ye sweet children of the rough, dark earth, who gave you your lovely forms, for in truth ye were spun by delicate fingers? What tiny spirits arose out of your cups? Tell me of your delight when goddesses rocked themselves upon your leaves! Tell me, gentle flowers, how they pursued their pleasant task—how they smiled and nodded to each other, as they spun the fine and countless meshes, and adorned and embroidered them so gaily!

But ye are silent, sweet children, wrapped in the enjoyment of your being. Well, the instructive fable shall tell me then that which your lips refuse to utter.

Of old, when the earth stood out a mass of naked rock, lo! a friendly band of nymphs brought the virgin soil, and favoring spirits appeared to cover the bare rock with flowers. To each was parcelled out a share of the varied task. First, beneath the snow and amid the cold wet grass, modest Humility began, and spun the shrinking violet. Hope followed her, and filled with cooling vapor the little cup of the refreshing hyacinth. Seeing their labors thus successful, a proud and gaudy choir of nymphs now approached, and the tulip raised her head aloft, and the narcissus glanced around with its languishing eyes.

Still other goddesses and nymphs betook themselves to the varied task, and decorated the earth, rejoicing over the lovely forms which arose beneath their hands.

And behold, when the greater part of their works had faded and lost their glory, and the delight of the nymphs was checked, Venus spoke to her Graces: "Why do you linger, sweet sisters? Away, and weave from your charms a mortal, visible emblem also."

They descended to earth, and Aglaia, the Grace of Innocence, formed the lily. Thalia and Euphrosyne, with united hand, spun the flower of joy and love, the virgin rose.

Many flowers of the field and of the garden envied one another; the rose and the lily envied none, and were envied by all. Like sisters, they bloom together upon the same field of time, and lend beauty and ornament to each other, for they were formed by the united hands of the sister Graces.

Upon your cheeks, oh maidens, bloom the lily and the rose; may their graces also, innocence, joy, and love, united and inseparable, dwell with them.

THE BROKEN HEART.

"Some perish of pleasure—some of study—
Some worn of toil—some of mere weariness—
Some of disease—some of insanity—
And some of wither'd, or of broken hearts;
For this last is a malady which slays
More than are numbered on the book of Fate,
Taking all shapes and wearing all names."

I CANNOT admire, neither would I cherish, that morbid sensibility which weeps over the novelist's scene of unreal sorrow, while the heirs of penury and suffering, thronging the daily paths of life, have no power to affect the heart and move the soul to action. There is enough of this surface sympathy in this age of sentimentalism and false philanthropy. Countless tears have been shed on the page of fiction and floor of theatres, while these same readers could make mirth at the ravages of sin around them, and coldly listen to the recital of grief, which had darkened for ever a once happy home.

The following truthful sketch is a single page from the history of a family circle; and while it illustrates the transcendent excellence of Christian character, breathes admonition to those who deem it a guiltless thing to break their vows and to trifle with the holiest feelings of the human heart.

On the first Sabbath in this month of beauty, which was the day following that of my arrival in my native village, after fifteen years' absence, I took an early walk to the old burial ground of the parish. It was on the brow of a sloping hill, and from this green summit I looked around with rapture upon the wild unshorn mountains which completely encircle the valley of my nativity, and off on to the beautiful river, whose murmur had lulled my spirit to life's purest dreams—then turned with sadness to the "silent city," many of whose mounds covered the ashes of playmates of my boyhood. And there was one neat enclosure, its turf within all covered with blooming flowers, and under the name of Ann, carved on the headstone, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," round which I lingered with tears.

Ann, from her cradle dreams, was a gentle being. Her confiding heart was early imbued with the beautiful spirit of a mother's piety; and in the sweet retirement of her cottage home, she grew to womanhood, pure in feeling as the lamb upon the lawn, but frail in form as the flowers she nurtured beneath her casement. Her songs in the sanctuary and round the family altar were like the warble of the sky-lark soaring heavenward.

While thus the happy favorite in the circle of society of which she was a member, William N——, a young man called handsome in person, and of winning manners, sought and won her love. She gave him her affection, hallowed by piety, and next to her Infinite Father, he was the object of sweetest thought, whose smile was bliss, and whose frown was the darkest shadow of life.

Years melted away, and he left his native hills to complete his education. But the gay world and new associations for awhile seemed to deepen his early attachment, and brighten the rainbow hopes of the future. But there came a change—the tone of his letters was altered, and the being who loved him still with a true woman's heart read them with tears. He finally asked to be released from his promise of marriage. I was permitted to read a part of their correspondence commencing at this period. There was no sickly sentimentality in her tender remonstrance against his cruelty. She reminded him of the past, and assured him her heart had been too long fixed to detach itself from its idol without a struggle. How could it be otherwise? She had known him from childhood, and suspicion of insincerity or unfaithfulness had never flung even a momentary gloom upon her joyous spirit.

She closed a beautiful letter written at this crisis with the following touching language: "I have lately heard your favorite piece of music, 'Long, long ago,' sung and played at the piano, and the effect on my own mind language cannot express. But I would assure you that your Ann is the same to you now that she was 'long, long ago;' and she would she could feel that her William is the same to her now she believes he was 'long, long ago.' She would request therefore that when you hear that piece sung again, you will bestow *one thought* at least upon her you 'long, long ago' professed to love."

He relented, and renewed his assurances of affection. The wedding apparel was prepared, and friends at a distance invited, in harmony with his own wishes; and Ann was once more happy and blithesome as the song birds of her own blue mountains. But she was to learn in the bitterness of disappointment that "man may smile, and *smile again*, and be a *villain!*" A letter came from her absent lover; she broke the seal with the ardor of expectant love; but as her eye ran over the page, the strife of an inward storm gushed forth in tears, and clouded with gloom the features of a face just now bright and peaceful as the sky in spring time.

It was the cold farewell of a faithless one that met her swimming eye. Though with Christian resignation she bore the shock, and made a martyr-like effort to be cheerful, her nightly pillow, bedewed with tears, told the tale of

"———— silent sorrow,
Which can find no vent in speech."

In uncomplaining gentleness she sank in the arms of fatal decline. She died in a few brief months, the victim of a virtuous and delicate sensibility, and with a heart crushed by cruelty, which, whether *fortune* or pleasure were the motive of seeking the hand of another, will recoil upon the head of him who entered the family circle of confiding friends to blight its purest bliss, and wither in one broken heart the hopes and the joy of a household.

Upon the burial day the choir of the temple in which she worshipped wore the badge of mourning, and over her vacant seat hung folds of crape. They surrounded her grave while the coffin was let down to its narrow chamber, and sung with mournful pathos "Mount Vernon," amid the smile of returning spring.

From one of the poems composed on her death, the following lines were selected:

"The death-knell has sounded its notes through the vale,
And the tear-drop of sorrow is seen in each eye;
While borne on the breeze is the mourner's low wail—
All hearts are in unison—all breathe a sigh.

In life's happy morn she was bright as the flowers
That flourish'd in beauty while reared by her care;
Joy beamed on her pathway, and on flew the hours,
While dreams of the future were radiant and fair.

But a tempest was gathering—dark shadows had come,
And joys of her childhood were fading from view;
And leaving its long-cherish'd, innocent home,
The song-bird of happiness bade her adieu."

Yes, she has passed away—

"Gone, but not lost!"

Her music is now the virtuous anthem of the skies! And while many mourn, 'tis as for the departure of an angel, whose presence they shall hail as they pass through the valley of shadows! H.

New York, May, 1846.

TWILIGHT.

How beautiful the twilight hour!
A holy calm descends
To still the passions of our souls,
And a mild influence lends
To lead our thoughts away from earth,
From its dull cares and strife,
And whispers, as with spirit-tones,
There is a better life.

The twilight hour!—it is the time
When angel spirits come
To hold sweet converse with us here,
And tell us of their home;
And tell us, too, that home is ours,
When death those ties shall sever
Which bind our spirits down to earth,—
A home of love for ever!

And if, amid the cares of life,
There is a moment given
To lead our weary spirits up
To brighter hopes in heaven;
If there's a time when we can feel
With a resistless power,
The truth of a *Divinity*,
'Tis the calm twilight hour. E. C. E.

CONVERSATION ABOUT INSTABILITY.

A NUMBER of serious persons, some young and some advancing in years and religious experience, happening together not long since, the evening was spent in conversation upon a topic made interesting to our hearts by its connection with our characters and hopes as Christians, viz.: instability and indecision in carrying out our moral and religious convictions and resolves into our daily actions. Our observation of the frequent inconsistency of conduct with principle in general society, had less to do in giving this particular turn to our thoughts than the personal experience, which several of our company were frank enough to confess had been their lot; and our interest in the subject was further awakened and deepened by the case of one of our number, a fine young man of most ingenuous and amiable character, who on this occasion evinced profound distress in view of some recent irregularities into which he had unhappily fallen, and in escaping from which he was seeking sympathy and counsel. In comparing views among ourselves, we were led to inquire into some of the causes of that instability in religion, of which we were sensible our own hearts and lives accused us. With the hope that the profit may extend to others, I venture to embody in this paper some of the suggestions thrown out on that occasion.

It was observed by one that the physical structure, temperament, health, &c., of the individual, exerted often an undefined, mysterious influence upon the feelings and conduct; that a weak body is often found connected with an infirm will; a sickly frame with a sickly mind; a timid, desponding temperament with an irresolute, faltering, doubting heart. Here he referred to a passage from the admirable Mr. Jay in illustration: "It is for physiologists to explain the manner in which the corporeal organization affects the mind. I only assert the fact that there is in the physical construction of some persons, much more than of others, some quality which augments, if it does not create, both the stability of their resolutions and the energy of their active tendencies. There is something which, like the ligatures which one class of the Olympic combatants bound on their hands and wrists, braces round, if I may so express it, and compresses the powers of the mind, giving them a steady, forcible spring and reaction, which they would at once lose if they could be transferred into a body of soft, yielding, treacherous debility. The action of strong character seems to demand something firm in its corporeal basis, as massive engines require for their weight and for their working, to be fixed on a solid foundation." This view of the matter was felt by all present to be true and important; and it suggested the Christian duty of caring for bodily health, and avoiding whatever would enfeeble our frames, since every enervating habit lays the foundation for the irresolute, fickle operation of the mind.

Ignorance, we all agreed, was a fruitful source of instability, and some melancholy cases were recalled to our memories of young acquaintance, who had started fairly and run well for a time, but were lured, by false teachers and false theories, to a sad end.

We found, too, that a vain attempt to serve two dissimilar masters led necessarily to a vacillating life. Our own experience, when appealed to, showed us, that the attempt to carry on a life of sense and a life of faith—a course of worldliness and a course of devotion, could only result in the soul's fluttering and falling between the two; and that, adopting such a scheme, a man's conduct will endlessly contradict itself. Absurd as the attempt to serve both God and Mammon appeared, we were forced to acknowledge to each other that this was a rock upon which we had often well nigh split.

It was further observed, that the attempt to be religious by any standard of outward conformity must lead to a tortuous and fickle deportment, for the obvious reason, that the standard itself is crooked and ever shifting. What so fickle as fashion? It has passed into the proverbs of every language. Mere fashion in religion is as changeful as fashion in dress or manners. Those, then, who befriend and profess religion, not because it is true and right, but because it is customary, must needs be unstable, for as usage changes they must change with it, and assume as many phases as it does. "In Rome he must do as the Romans do." This is all his governing principle of outward conformity calls for, and it is never to be expected that a man will rise higher than his standard.

But perhaps all the causes of religious instability may be resolved into one, viz.: the deficiency of faith among the principles of the renewed spirit. It was a wise prayer of the Disciples, "Lord, increase our faith." Faith must not only *exist* in the soul; it must be exalted to the rank and influence of a commanding principle, or the moral machine will expend its force in unsteady, eccentric, and fitful motion. The various other principles of action are good in their place, and in proper subordination. Fear, shame, hope, love of happiness, and the rest, may make good followers, but poor leaders. Faith must be supreme. And to such pre-eminence the Bible distinctly exalts it. It was faith thus enthroned, thus supreme in their souls, that enabled the Elders to obtain a good report and a triumphant issue to their conflicts. The prayer of the Disciples should be that of every man who, by *patient continuance* in well doing, seeks for eternal life.

These were some of the thoughts interchanged on the occasion above referred to. And while we communed together and united in lamenting our past failures and the consequent joylessness of our experience and the inefficiency of our influence and example, we agreed, with some degree, I trust, of earnest sincerity, to aim henceforth at a steadier and "closer walk with God," and to watch with intenser vigilance against the causes that betray the heart and beguile the steps of the Christian from the path of consistency and uprightness. NEMO.

FRIENDSHIP.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

WHEN David was returned from the slaughter of the Amalekites, he heard tidings that Jonathan, the friend of his youth, had fallen by the sword. Then the tears came into his eyes, and he took his harp and began a sad lamentation, and sang, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan! Very pleasant hast thou been to me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Jonathan, who was slain in the high places."

Thus spoke David and rent his clothes, and mourned and wept, and fasted for three days, so that his form wasted away. Then Asaph, the chief singer of the palace, approached him, and said, "Not so, my lord, the king! Be it far from thee that thou shouldst consume thyself with grief for Jonathan. Choose thee another friend from among the children of Israel, that thy heart may become young and glad again."

"How canst thou speak in this wise, Asaph?" answered David. "Have I then *chosen* Jonathan for my friend. The Lord has given him to me. Behold! the covenant of friendship is a gift from God; how can a man *choose* to himself a friend?"

And Asaph said, "So be it! Pray then to the Lord that he give thee another friend, that thou mayest make a covenant with him even as with Jonathan."

Then David wept bitterly, and answered, "Alas! thou knowest not the covenant of my heart with the son of Saul. I loved him as I love my own soul. I had given him my whole heart. How can I give my heart a second time?"

Then his fingers rushed again over the strings of his harp. "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan! very pleasant hast thou been to me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women!"

ADAM AND THE CHERUB OF PARADISE.

FROM KRUMMACHER.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

As Abel lay bathed in his blood, and Adam stood by the murdered one and wept, the Cherub of Paradise approached the father of the human race, and stood in silence at his side, and his brow was dark. But Adam raised his head, and said, "Is this a likeness of the race that will spring from my loins? and will the blood of a brother, shed by a brother's hand, ever stain the earth again?"

The Cherub answered, "Thou hast said it."

"Alas! by what name will the frightful deed be called?" asked Adam.

A tear stood in the eye of the celestial one as he answered, "War!"

The father of the human race shuddered, sighed, and said, "Ah, wherefore must the noble and the just fall by the hands of the unjust!"

The Cherub was silent.

But Adam continued his lamentations, and cried, "What remains to me in my sorrow upon this blood-stained earth?"

The Cherub answered and said, "A look towards heaven." Hereupon he disappeared.

But Adam stood until after the going down of the sun; and when the stars had risen, he stretched out his hands towards Orion and the Pleiades, and cried, "Oh, ye shining watchers at the gates of Heaven, wherefore do ye pursue your path thus silently! If it is permitted to a mortal to hear the sound of your voices, oh speak of the land which is beyond you, and of Abel, the beloved of my soul!"

All around, it grew still more dark, and Adam fell upon his face and prayed. And he heard in his heart a soft voice, "Behold! Abel, thy son, liveth!"

Then he went away consoled, and the sadness of his bosom was calmed.

SLEEP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

Among that band of countless genii which Jupiter created for mortals, to shed joy and pleasure upon the brief space of their toilsome existence, gloomy Sleep appeared also. "What shall I do," he said, as he viewed his form, "what shall I do among my bright and cheerful brothers? What a sad shape is this for the choir of sports and pleasures, and all the witcheries of love! It may be that I shall be welcome to the unhappy, whose hearts I shall relieve from the burden of their cares, and whose senses I shall steep in soft forgetfulness. It may be that the weary may long for me, to whom I shall give strength only for returning toil. But to those who are never weary, who know nothing of the burdens of care, to such I shall come but as a disturber of their pleasures."

"Thou errest," said the father of gods and men. "Thou, in thy gloomy shape, wilt be the favorite genius of all the world. For dost thou think that sports and pleasures do not weary? They weary, in truth, far sooner than care and misery, and with the sated child of fortune, change to the most tiresome listlessness.

"Neither shalt thou," he continued, be without thy delights; nay, they shall oftentimes surpass those of the united band of thy brothers." With these words he gave him the silver-colored horn of pleasant dreams. "From this," he said, "shake thy poppy seeds, and the happy, as well as the unhappy, will welcome thee, and love thee above all thy brothers. The hopes, the sports and pleasures which lie herein, were gathered with magic hand from our happiest fields by thy sisters, the Graces. The ethereal dew which shines upon them will bring to each one whom thou wouldst render happy his dearest wish; and as the goddess of love has sprinkled them with our immortal nectar, the enchantment of their joys will surpass all that the poor realities of earth can give to mortals. From the choir of gayest sports and pleasures they will hasten eagerly to thy arms; poets will sing thy praises; even the innocent maiden will long for thee, and thou wilt hang upon her eyelids a sweet, entrancing god."

The complaint of Sleep now changed to triumphant thanks, and the loveliest of the Graces, Pasithea, was given to him in marriage.

TO THE BLACK SEA.

Thou dark and stormy sea!
I little thought it e'er my fate would be
To tread thy shore—
To listen to thy ceaseless roar,
And see the fearful heavings of thy breast
When fierce storms o'er thee sweep;
Or when, in gentler mood, at rest,
To watch thy surge's foaming crest,
And list thy murmurings soft and deep;
Or view thy clear and calm expanse,
When lighted by the sun's bright glance,
Or like one sheet of silver spread,
When through night's veil the moon's fair rays are shed.

Yes, thou dark, dreaded sea,
E'en thou canst sometimes gentle be,
Though when enraged,
Thou foamest like a giant caged;
Yet in thy gentler humor is thy mien
As infant sportings mild;
And beauteous are thy shores, and green,
With each variety of scene,
From mountain summits high and wild,
In whose bold sides are darkly seen
The yawning cleft and deep ravine,
To smiling vales, where softly flows
The murmuring stream, and peaceful flocks repose.
Trebisond (*Asia Minor*), 1845.

And dear thou art to me,
In fierce and gentle mood, dark, restless sea!
Thou teachest me
Lessons of His dread majesty,
Whom e'en thy wildly raging billows fear,
And oft thy waves convey
Tidings from distant friends to cheer
Our hearts—for this, too, thou art dear.
And more, I love thee that a ray
Of Gospel light has pierced thy gloom,
And for the gladsome hope that soon
This light shall spread from shore to shore
Round thy broad waste, and darkness' reign be o'er.

Then, thou wide rolling sea!
How beautiful thy verdant shores will be,
When Moslem low,
With Greek, Armenian, Jew, shall bow
At Jesus' holy name; when the glad eye
Shall o'er thy waters dark,
Instead of minaret, descry
The church's steeple towering high;
And when the raptured ear shall hark
To the sweet echoing Sabbath bell,
Which o'er thy crested waves shall swell—
As Eden fair thy shores shall be
In that blest day, far spreading Euxine sea.

M. G. B.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

Blackwood on Woman's Earthly Task.—One of the distinguishing glories by which our modern civilisation is characterized, is the rank and influence assigned to woman. The highest progress of ancient times knew nothing of her proper position and destiny, and hence the most refined and polished society of Greece and Rome was dashed with barbarism. The grand instrument of modern improvement has been the Gospel, which alone solves the problem of woman's destiny and defines her task. This is eloquently stated in a passage in Blackwood's Magazine: "Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern empires; but to form those by which laws are made, armies led, and empires governed; to guard against the slightest taint of bodily infirmity the frail yet spotless creature whose moral no less than physical being must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments which generations yet unborn and nations yet uncivilized shall learn to bless; to soften firmness into mercy, and chasten honor into refinement; to exalt generosity into virtue; by a soothing care to all the anguish of the body and the far worse anguish of the mind; by her tenderness to disarm passion; by her purity to triumph over sense; to cheer the scholar sinking under his toil; to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people; to be compensation for friends that are perfidious, for happiness that has passed away. Such is her vocation. The couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of the rejected Saviour—these are theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny; to visit the forsaken, to attend the neglected when monarchs abandon, when counsellors betray, when justice prosecutes, when brethren and disciples flee, to remain unshaken and unchanged; and exhibit in the lower world a type of that love, pure, constant, and ineffable, which in another world we are taught to believe the test of virtue."

Fugitive Poetry.—While it is true that our modern literature boasts of little that can properly be called epic poetry, we are perhaps amply compensated for that deficiency by the number of excellent fugitive articles which are constantly making their appearance in the magazines and other journals of the day—articles often of exquisite grace and beauty, or of earnest, truthful appealings—articles which, like small seed carried on the wings of the wind and dropped here and there, and everywhere, will yet spring up in golden fruitage or in lovely flowers, where hitherto only thistles grew and unblest wastes abounded. We say there is a great deal of good poetry, embodying the choicest thoughts, the most wholesome truths, the tenderest sentiment, put into circulation daily, and this poetry, from being short, has a chance of being read, when a volume would be neglected. We often pick up a thought in this way, while we are, as it were, on the wing, and such a thought may start a whole train of profitable meditation. For instance, this little thing meets our eye this morning. A glance almost takes in its sentiment, and it may cleave to us through days or weeks, becoming a sort of guiding, guarding spirit to our heart. Read it.

ENDURANCE—By Robert Josselyn.

'Tis bitter to endure the wrong
  Which evil hands and tongues commit,
The bold encroachments of the strong,
  The shafts of calumny and wit,
The scornful bearing of the proud,
The sneers and laughter of the crowd.

And harder still it is to bear
  The censure of the good and wise,
Who, ignorant of what you are,
  Or blinded by the slanderer's lies,
Look coldly on, or pass you by
In silence, with averted eye.

But when the friends, in whom your trust
  Were steadfast as the mountain rock,
Fly, and are scattered like the dust,
  Before Misfortune's whirlwind shock;
Nor Love remains to cheer your fall—
This is more terrible than all.

But even this and these—ay, more,
  Can be endured, and hope survive;
The noble spirit still may soar,
  Although the body fails to thrive;
Disease and want may wear the frame—
Thank God! the soul is still the same.

Hold up your head, then, man of grief,
  Nor longer to the tempest bend,
For soon or late must come relief;
  The coldest, darkest night will end;
Hope in the true heart never dies?
Trust on—the day-star yet shall rise.

Conscious of purity and worth,
  You may with calm assurance wait
The tardy recompense of earth;
  And e'en should justice come too late
To soothe the spirit's homeward flight,
Still Heaven at last the wrong shall right.

The London World Convention.—One of the significant movements of the age is the World Convention about to be held in London. It is to be composed, as its title indicates, of delegates from all parts of Christendom, embracing many of the master minds of the age, and the deliberations will relate to the most momentous of all the topics that can engage human attention, viz.: the condition and prospects of the church of Christ on earth, and the means of extending its blessings to the ends of the world. Over such deliberations as the occasion will naturally call forth, who will not pray that the Spirit of all grace may preside as a counsellor and sanctifier, and that the mind which was in Christ Jesus may be in his friends and followers who shall attempt to carry out the great and blessed scheme of the Gospel for the redemption of our race? Several of our most distinguished clergymen have gone from this city to participate in the proceedings, viz.: Dr. Skinner, Dr. Mason, Dr. Cox, and Dr. Patton. We shall note the proceedings, as they come to our knowledge, with profound interest.

The Burdens of War.—Mr. Arnold Buffum of this city has put forth an American edition of an English tract, giving a bird's eye view of the pecuniary cost of war, as illustrated in British history for the last hundred and fifty years, on account of which has been contracted the enormous national debt of upwards of 3,000 millions of dollars, the annual interest on which is nearly or quite 120 millions of dollars. We are glad to see such pamphlets circulating at the present time; and we hope the war spirit is not so high or so intolerant as to preclude investigation and reflection. It is well that there are minds among us disposed to estimate the cost of war in dollars and cents, inasmuch as the argument to the purse is often efficacious where the moral argument would be unavailing. There are many among us who seem to think war a very agreeable public pastime, but they will be apt to change their opinion when pay day comes.

But, as Mr. Buffum justly observes, the most awful consideration of the evils of war, is the demoralizing tendency and the great wickedness of beings created in the image of God, designed for an eternal inheritance in glory with the saints in light, engaged in the work of butchering one another in fields of carnage. That the most favored Christian nation on earth should thus be engaged in the nineteenth century, is a fact that should bring the blush of shame and conscious guilt to every American cheek.

Jeremy Taylor.—We are glad to know that there is a greatly increased and still growing demand for the English classics of the Elizabethan age of English literature. For one that read Jeremy Taylor, for instance, a dozen years ago, there are now a hundred. It is a good and wholesome indication that we are no longer compelled to send to England for such works, but that handsome and cheap editions are issuing from the American press, of Taylor, Milton's Prose, Barrow, John Howe, &c., &c. We never open such books without feeling that "there were giants in those days"—men whose minds were "thoroughly furnished" for the task of instructing their race—men whose souls, like some vast laboring mountain, were constantly heaving up and throwing out huge masses of burning truth, brought from unseen and unmeasured depths. Jeremy Taylor is chiefly remarkable for richness of fancy and earnest tenderness. As Hazlitt says: "He puts his heart into his fancy. He does not pretend to annihilate the passions and pursuits of mankind in the pride of philosophic indifference, but treats them as serious and momentous things, warring with conscience and the soul's health, or furnishing the means of grace and hopes of glory. In his writings, the frail stalk of human life reclines on the bosom of eternity. His 'Holy Living and Dying' is a divine pastoral. He writes to the faithful followers of Christ as the shepherd pipes to his flock. He introduces touching and heartfelt appeals to familiar life; condescends to men of low estate; and his pious page blushes with modesty and beauty. His style is prismatic. It unfolds the colors of the rainbow: it floats like the bubble through the air; it is like innumerable dew-drops that glitter on the face of morning, and tremble as they glitter. The dancing light he throws upon objects is like the Aurora Borealis, playing betwixt heaven and earth. His writings are more like fine poetry than any other prose whatever; they are a choral song in praise of virtue, and a hymn to the Spirit of the Universe."

Domestic Ethics.—H. is of opinion that the Parlor Magazine would be a suitable medium for an occasional chapter on home ethics, and suggests for the subject of the first the treatment due from the lady of the house to her mantua-maker when the latter happens to be given to talking family secrets and spreading family troubles. We are assured that it is a common thing for young women in that line of employment to acquire the vicious habit of repeating from family to family whatever they pick up of private family history, and that by this means a great deal of trouble and ill-feeling is engendered. Very likely it is just so. But surely no sensible lady needs to be instructed how to treat these idle tattlers. A real lady would be alarmed at the slightest insinuation which implied that she could for a moment tolerate such a presence.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

The American Tract Society has issued a large number of sterling volumes in Christian literature, the influence of which is of the very best character, and must extensively and permanently improve the popular mind. Among these publications is Jay's Christian Contemplated, a course of Lectures delivered in Argyle Chapel, Bath, England, a work already widely known, but which, we hope, is destined to circulate wherever our tongue is spoken. The Tract Society's edition is preferable to any other which we have seen, for convenience of size, cheapness, and general excellence of mechanical execution. We have read and re-read this book with a pleasure which only truth, in its simplest, cheapest attire, in its most bland and gracious breathings, can inspire. It is full of the sweetness and grace of the Gospel.

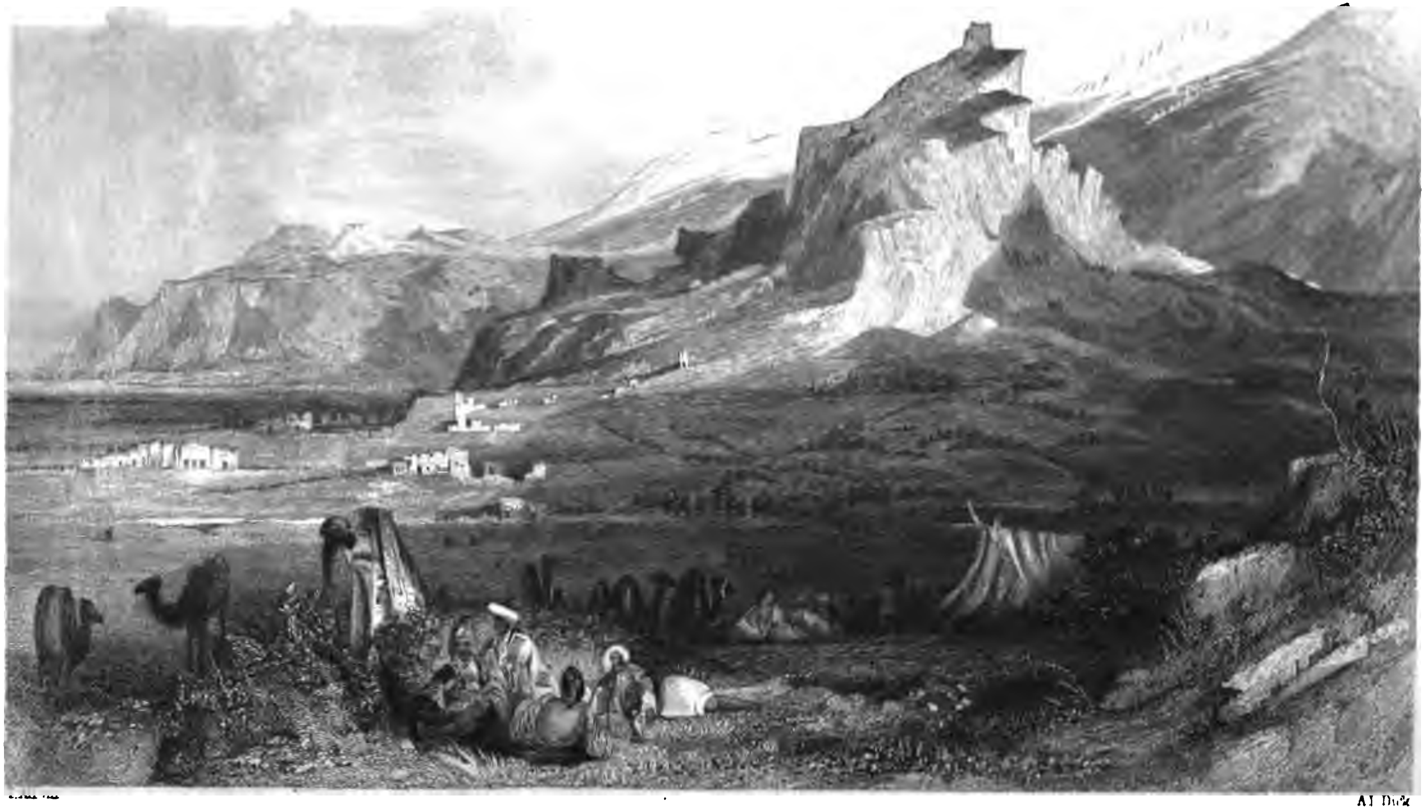
Memoir of Mrs. Sarah Louisa Taylor, by Rev. Lot Jones. This interesting little volume, we perceive, has reached its fourth edition, a gratifying evidence that a goodly number of readers find time, amid the din and confusion of the "ever gurgling present," to contemplate the characters of those who have lived "as seeing Him who is invisible," and regarded themselves as strangers and pilgrims in this world. The Rev. Mr. Jones, in compiling the work, has endeavored to let the subject of the memoir speak for herself whenever it could be done, by means of her letters to her Christian friends, skilfully interweaving, however, his own experienced observations, and has thus raised a monument which, while it faithfully commemorates the virtues of the dead, inspires with new zeal the hearts of the living. The work is published by Messrs. Baker & Scribner, Brick Church Chapel, 145 Nassau street.

Napoleon and his Marshals, by J. T. Headley—Vol. II. The first volume of this work has been welcomed with general favor and high commendation as an uncommonly readable and spirit-stirring book. The second volume has all the earnestness and interest of the first, and will be sought with avidity. There are not many writers who could infuse so much spirit into scenes and events which have been so often described; and it is a high compliment to the power and tact of the author which the general relish for these volumes awards. It has been objected by some, that such stirring pictures of the war spirit as this book embodies, operate to rouse and stimulate young minds to seek distinction on fields of blood. It should not be forgotten, however, that when Mr. Headley comes to reflect upon the morality of war, he is at least as earnest in its condemnation as he had been vivid in his descriptions.

Harper's Illustrated and Illuminated Bible.—This great work is now completed, and the final number is in the hands of the numerous subscribers. We call it a great work, not because we are entirely satisfied with its designs or their execution. We might easily take exception to some of the pictorial illustrations, as puerile in some instances, and scarcely decent in others. We might say that we are disappointed in finding but little in the designs worthy of a genius, especially when we consider the heavy expenses incurred by the Messrs. Harper, and the high expectations which the Prospectus created. There are but few, we venture to say, of all the multitudinous designs in this book which will bring lasting and discriminating credit to the designer. Certainly there was room for a genius to have immortalized himself, and we regret that the opportunity was not improved. Still we think a great and important end has been achieved by the publishers. They have furnished a Bible which, for the purity of its printing and paper, is unsurpassed, and we presume many will take this Bible into their families, and read it, too, who would not have purchased an ordinary copy. Thus the circulation of the best of books is extended, and who can tell what good may result?

The Discourses and Essays of the Rev. J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D., with an Introduction by Robert Baird, D.D. Translated from the French by Charles W. Baird. This work is from the press of the Harpers, and bears the impress of the distinguished author's manly fervor on every page. Dr. Baird observes respecting these Discourses and Essays, that "they possess one grand characteristic—that of a glorious baptism into the spirit of the Reformation. This spirit pervades them all; but it is most manifest in the Essays." We may add that the translator has been faithful to the original.

The Philosophy of Reform, in which are exhibited the Design, Principle, and Plan of God for the full development of Man, by Rev. C. Billings Smith. New York: Gates & Stedman. At present we can only announce this work. Our space in this number will permit nothing like justice to its merits. The topic is great and grand, and it is treated with distinguished ability and force. It is a book to be read with thoughtful attention. Hereafter we may notice it as it deserves. We observe that it carries on its front the commendations of Drs. Skinner and Williams, and Rev. Messrs. Burchard and Somers, of this city.



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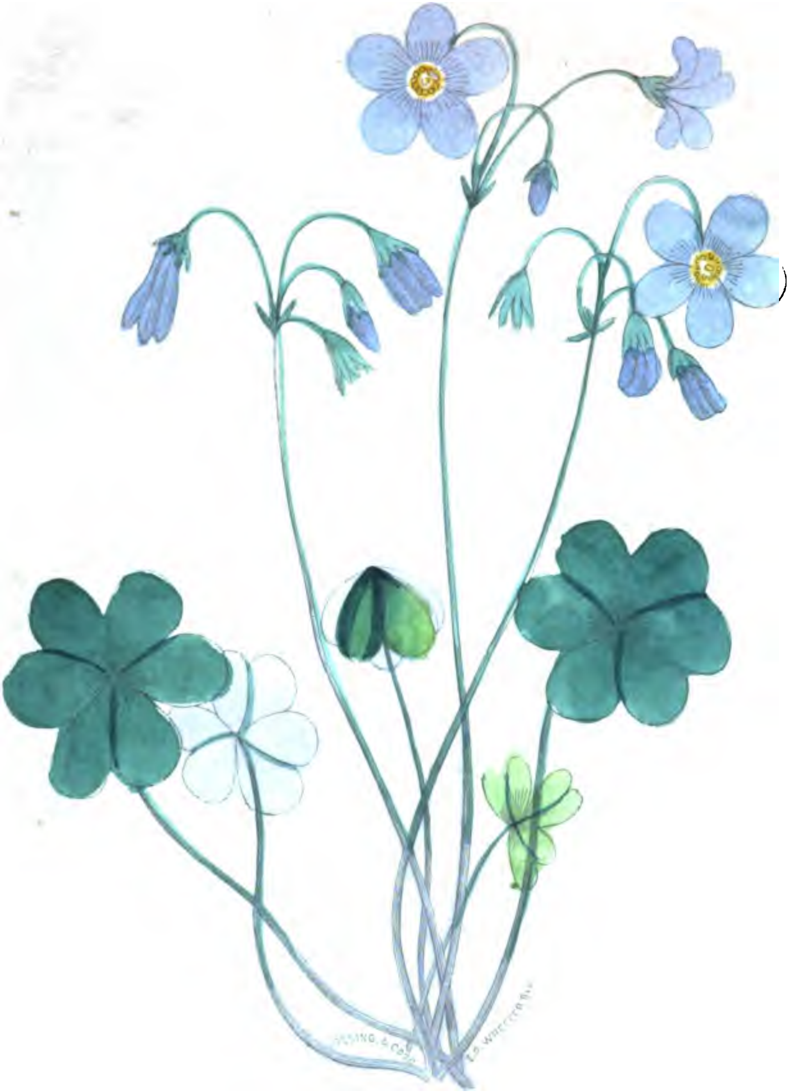

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THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1846.

THE YOUNGEST SISTER.

BY MRS. LUCY K. WELLS.

"I rocked her in her cradle,
And laid her in her tomb—
She was the youngest—oh! what fireside circle
Hath not felt the charm of that sweet word,
The youngest ne'er grow old."

It was twilight, and I sat watching the decaying embers, when my attention was arrested by the sound of voices in the adjoining apartment. I heard nothing except, "Ah! you are the youngest!" in a tone of mingled reproach and fondness The youngest! what an echo has it awakened! I lately heard those words among the hills of New Hampshire, connected with a touching tale of truth, which I shall not soon forget. I was riding along the bank of one of those bright and tranquil little sheets of water, which hide away among the mountains, as if fearful that aught less pure than the heavens should be mirrowed in their blue depths. This had been one of the most sequestered and beautiful; but a narrow strip of level green sward, between its margin and the surrounding hills, had tempted the avarice of man. The hard hand of rustic toil had been busy there, and the plash of oars sometimes ruffled the calm surface of the lake. But enough of quiet and of nature's wildness yet remained in its green islands to afford a sure retreat to the wild loon, who wheeled, screaming, around, as if to protect her last retreat from the intrusion of man; and the water lily still reposed in its calm beauty, like trusting infancy on its mother's breast.

Turning an angle around the base of a hill that came almost down to the water's edge, I found the shore of the lake extended to a broad level glen, which wound for some distance among the hills. A little brook, with that sparkling purity peculiar to mountain streams, stole through the valley. Just at the point where it mingled with the lake was a farm-house, with nothing in its first appearance to distinguish it from the ordinary dwellings of New England yeomanry. But as I drew nearer, I saw that the hand of taste had been there. The most delicate wild flowers of the surrounding hills and forests had been transplanted to the garden, which sloped gradually from the house to the water's edge. The colors and shades were arranged with a painter's taste, and the effect was surpassingly beautiful. By the doors and windows of the humble mansion, the sweet briar and the pure white rose mingled their delicate blossoms with wild creeping plants, which had been trained up the sides of the house. My curiosity was strongly excited. The day was warm and sultry, and I ventured to crave a stranger's privilege—rest and a glass of water. An elderly female, whose homely garb and manner told that those tasteful ornaments were no work of hers, was the only occupant. I ventured to remark in an inquiring tone on the beauty and arrangement of the flowers; but for a while tears were my only answer. "Oh," said she at last, "it is the work of my daughter, who sleeps by the side of her two sisters under the shade of those old elms. *She was my youngest* and so good and gentle, that it was hard parting with her. Her elder sisters had drooped and wasted just as they arrived at womanhood. I thought perhaps they had worked too hard, for we have always earned our bread by the sweat of our brow, and never knew what it was to be idle. Janet was the last, so we put no tasks upon her, but suffered her to work or play, just as she pleased. Our boys were all well to do in the world, and had good farms of their own, except John, who run to learning, and must needs go to college It was sorely against our will; but he talked so well, and coaxed so much, and told how much good he would do when he became a minister, that we at last consented. After he went away, Janet never seemed like herself. Formerly she would go singing about her work so brightly, that her father called her his lark. But now she looked so sad and lonely, that it made my heart ache to see her. John came home in vacations, and brought her heaps of books; and then she would look happy, and speak and sing in her own clear tones again. When they wandered about in the woods, she would come home with such red cheeks, and her face so covered with glad smiles, that I thought she at least would be spared to my old age. But when he left she drooped again like a caged bird. Her only happiness seemed to be in reading the books he brought, and tending the flowers he had planted. She took no interest in assisting me; but still she was so kind and obedient, I could not find fault. The summer passed away, and autumn came, and I saw with many a heartache that her forehead and ears grew pale, very pale, while the red on her cheeks grew deeper and brighter. She began to have a slight cough, and her clear voice became faint and low; but oh! how sweet it sounded when she took some of the last flowers of autumn, and told me how they spoke of a Heavenly Father's love, and that he who thus cared for the flowers would surely care for us. 'See, dear mother,' she would say, 'how carefully the little flower is protected by its clasping leaves, so that it has braved the storm, as tender and delicate as it looks. God has taken care of it, and he will take care of you,' and her voice faltered when she added, 'even if you were left alone.' It was the first time she had spoken of what I feared, yet dared not whisper even to myself. I wept bitterly, and told her, selfish that I was, for I saw that this dark world was as a prison to her, that she must not die. And then she put her arms around my neck, and talked to me of heaven, and how sweet it would be to be there with Agnes and Mary and little Godfrey, and how soon I, too, should be there with them, till I wept no more, and only longed to go with my blessed child.

"We still thought she might live many months, and she talked cheerfully of the happiness she would enjoy when John came home in his winter's vacation. But all at once she grew very sick; we sent for a doctor, and he said she could not live three days. I told her the heavy tidings, for her poor father was broken down with this last trouble, and could not speak of it. 'So soon!' said she; but after a moment's pause she added, clasping her thin hands and looking upwards, '"Thy will be done!" But, John—I can't die till I have seen him. You must send for him, and I shall live till he comes.' I told her he was so far off it would be more than a week before we could get him here. 'No matter for that; dear, dear mother, do send for him, and I know I shall not, I cannot die till I have seen him. We sent, and every day she grew weaker and her breath grew fainter. But how sweetly even then did she talk of heaven and of a Saviour's love. Almost every hour she would ask, 'Has John come yet?' The doctor came again and again, and said he wondered what it was that kept her alive. 'Why, Doctor,' said she with a faint smile, 'I can't die till I have heard his voice in prayer once more.' At length the seventh day came It was the Sabbath, and one of the brightest of early winter mornings. She roused from a deep lethargy, which we had thought would prove her last sleep, and asked me to give her a rose-bud from the bush which stands there in that window. Just then we heard the sound of a horse's hoofs; he had come. But I cannot tell you of their meeting. My eyes were too blinded with tears to see it, and my heart too full to remember much. I only remember that in a few moments she showed him the rose-bud, and told him her lot was like that of the flower. But he told her no; the flower perished, but she would bloom again in heaven, where nothing is ever blighted or withered more. She thanked him fervently, and in the clear, musical voice of her brightest days, for all his love to her—for his patient teaching—for instructing her to see a Father's hand in the trees and flowers, in the sunshine and the storm. 'And more than all, my brother, I bless you for pointing me to a Saviour's love—for leading my wandering, exiled soul to Calvary I shall now soon be with him. Kneel, my brother, and commend my departing soul to him.' We all knelt by the bedside, and my poor boy, with her thin, wasted hand clasped in his, in a few broken petitions implored the blessed Saviour to be with her where the love of earthly friends could avail nothing—in her passage through the dark valley. When we rose, her eyes were closed, and a sweet smile played upon her lips. We thought she slept, but it was the sleep of death. Her last wish was accomplished, and she had gone to heaven !"

ON READING, "GIVE ME BACK MY YOUTH," BY GOETHE.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Yes, give me back my spring's bright day,
When pleasure wreathed her blooming flowers
Around my brow, and I was gay
As birds that warbled in the bowers.
Bring back the merry lay of mirth,
When, on the dew bespangled earth,
I danced, unconscious of the spring
Which moved the spirit's folded wing,
That, rapt in quiet slumbers, lay,
With no desire to fly away,
Light, happy, free, devoid of care,
Believing all as true as fair.

Yes, give me back those balmy hours,
Those halcyon days so free from pain,
When Fancy, from her gilded bowers,
Beheld the world one sunny plain—
Saw naught of dark deceit or wo—
Of life's strong ebb—its onward flow.
All that I knew, still urging on
To grasp the mote I gazed upon,
One scene of wild romance and love—
The goddess of some sylvan grove,
By amber fonts and sparkling stream,
Picturing this life a fairy dream.

The " rush of joy," Goethe, the thrill,
Didst thou then know ? the powerless will ?
Yes, well, or never could thy mind
Have named the strange, the undefined
Sensation of youth's opening morn,
The impulse of a bliss just born,
Before unknown, and ne'er expressed—
The first faint flutter in the breast—
The gleam of joys that ne'er expire—
The rapture of the first desire—
The uncontrolled, impetuous roll
Of passions springing in the soul.

The confidence, the love of truth,
The inextinguishable flame
That lit the onward paths of youth,
Nor dreamed that " friendship was a name,"
Nor thought how cold the world would prove—
The world, the fancied home of love—
The Eden where the pulses waked
The font, the thirsty spirit slaked.
Oh, childhood ! youth ! come back again !
Come back with all your gilded train;
Cluster my path of life once more,
Ere I towards an unknown shore
My footsteps turn. Thou canst not come !
Then take me to thy heavenly home,
Where youth, immortal youth appears,
Radiant with smiles, undimm'd by tears.

Sag Harbor, L. I., 1846.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR

THROUGH PART OF SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

I EMBARKED on the evening of the 27th of August, in company with my daughter, on board the steam packet Royal Adelaide, in London, for Leith. This ship is about 160 feet in length, 45 feet, including her paddle-wheels, in breadth, and 650 tons burthen. She has two engines of 100 horse power each, 56 inch cylinders, and 5 feet stroke. All the marine engines in England are condensing engines, No high pressure engines are used, and the calamity, so common in the United States, of boilers bursting, is of rare occurrence. We left London at half-past 12 o'clock at night, and ran down the river without the slightest interruption. In the morning we were off the coast of Essex. The voyage was extremely interesting, as the coasts of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Lincoln, and the north of England, with the towns adjacent, and ten thousand objects of attraction, constantly presented themselves in succession to our view. The general aspect of the coast, in the northern part of England and the southern part of Scotland, is that of bold cliffs of a dark slaty appearance, almost entirely destitute of wood or of any natural ornament. The ruins of ancient baronial castles and the modern seats of noblemen occasionally, and the harbors, villages, and towns, constantly met the eye.

We arrived at Leith on the 29th, at 12 o'clock at night, performing the passage from London, a distance by water of 480 miles, in 48 hours, averaging 10 miles an hour. Full half the time the wind and sea were ahead, and we may thence conclude that the ship ran her average speed. We had about 90 passengers in the cabin, and ample room for the accommodation of all. The ship finds provisions, the expense of which is included in the $15 passage money, but the passengers purchase on board their wine, porter, liquors, &c., &c.

As it was ebb tide and the harbor of Leith will not admit ships at low water, we came to anchor in the roads. Some of the passengers, whose friends reside in Edinburgh, went on shore; but others, and we amongst the number, remained on board until morning.

Leith is the port of Edinburgh, at the mouth of the Frith of Forth. The houses are of stone, utterly destitute of architectural beauty, the streets generally narrow and dirty; the whole exciting but one feeling—a desire to get out of it as soon as possible.

The road leading to Edinburgh is broad, and one feels that he is far enough from the houses and by-lanes to breathe freely and sweetly—a luxury one can hardly appreciate until he has visited Scotland. We reached Edinburgh, a distance of about three miles from Leith, at 9 o'clock in the morning, to breakfast. We were recommended to MacKay's Hotel, in Princes street, and found comfortable apartments, attentive waiters, and a good table. As we were exceedingly fatigued and exhausted by want of rest, and the weather cold and wet, we remained within doors for the day. The following morning, however, we sallied forth in good earnest. There was much to be seen, and we were just upon the threshold of our journey. Edinburgh is one of the most remarkably situated cities in Europe. It is divided by a deep ravine into the old and new towns; and although this ravine is partially filled up, and you see gardens, markets, slaughter-houses, workshops, and cottages at the bottom, still there is no communication between the one and the other but by bridges and an earthern mound, recently constructed. The new town may be called the court side, and is handsomely laid out in streets and squares, the former broad, clean and airy, the latter spacious and elegantly built, the whole of free stone, which abounds in this part of the country.

The old town is very old, the houses very lofty, six to eight stories, a few even ten stories. Most of the public buildings are in this part of the town.

Mountains, detached peaks, rugged cliffs, surround the city, excepting the northern part of the new town, which is a gentle declivity, extending to the Frith of Forth. You cannot move many rods in any other direction without climbing a hill or descending a valley, and one must enjoy a strong and vigorous constitution to endure a day's ramble in Edinburgh.

Crossing, opposite the Register Office, the northern bridge thrown over the ravine, and which forms one of the connecting links of the old and new towns, we pass up Bridge street until it intersects High street. High street, Lawn Market, and Cannongate, all one street under these different names, constitutes the main street east and west, and extends from the castle to Holyrood House. North and South Bridge street and Nicholson street form together the main street, running north and south, in the old town. These streets are wide, well paved, and remarkably filthy.

The idea of comfort and cleanliness, if ever entertained, seems to be utterly repudiated. The men, women, children, the very dogs and cats, in that respect, are all alike. They look as if they had just creeped out of a dustman's cart, and were equally hostile to the wholesome use of soap and water. If the lofty stone houses in this part of the city were cleaned, glazed, and painted a light color, to give them an airy and fresh appearance, perhaps there is no city in Europe that would more strongly resemble Paris in magnificence and grandeur.

Turning to the left from Bridge street, you enter High street, and as you approach a part of the street called Nether Bow, you perceive on the left an old house projecting from the regular line of buildings, which is said to have been occupied by the celebrated reformer, John Knox, and the truth of the report seems confirmed by the fact of a miniature pulpit, stuck just upon the corner of the building, with the reformer himself in the attitude and act of preaching, pointing to the sun, rudely carved and gilt, just over his head, with these words beneath, "Theos, Deus, God." The house is now converted into a common tavern, and the great Knox and his pulpit very unceremoniously retained as its sign.

You now enter Cannongate. On the right stands the mansion of the former Earls of Moray. The form of the building as seen from the street is half a hollow square. All the windows in front are blocked up with rude unchiseled stone slabs, and the whole wears a most dismal and gloomy appearance. It is now occupied as a house of refuge for the destitute, and seems in perfect keeping with its destination.

At the foot of this street, which gradually descends from Bridge street, on a low extended plane, stands Holyrood House, celebrated in Scottish history as the residence of the Kings and Queens of Scotland, and the scene of the tragical events which chequer the story of her departed glory and independence.

This palace, the monument of broken down royalty, is an object of the deepest interest to a stranger, of none at all to the natives themselves.

The Royal Arms of Scotland, the Imperial Crown, and the like fragments of a nation, decorate the entrance to the inner and central court. This court is 94 feet square, and is surrounded with a piazza. Although the Palace is but two stories, yet its general appearance is that of ancient grandeur and magnificence, heightened by two double towers of four stories in front. The park, of four miles in circumference, adjoining the Palace, is now converted into an asylum and play-ground for insolvent debtors. What a change from its former gaiety! And yet the mind of an insolvent debtor may, for aught I know, derive some consolation by walking in the trail of expelled monarchy. I can fancy, however, that a good dinner would please a Scotchman better

The Duke of Hamilton, by hereditary right, is the keeper of the Palace, and has apartments furnished for his use. A few other noblemen of decayed fortunes here find a home and resting-place from the withering gripe of adversity.

From the court, the guide conducted us to the remains of the Chapel Royal, on the left of the Palace, founded by David I., in 1128. And what did we find? A most beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture; the roof entirely gone—all open to the sky; part of the splendid arches which once supported the roof still remaining, and the wild ivy, emulous of distinction, creeping up the external walls. Beneath our feet were scattered the monuments of all that was great in Scotland. The fathers of the present sixteen peers of the British Empire here slumber in the dust, and the *very bones* of the ancient monarchs, famous in the chronicles of Scotland, lie exposed to the rude gaze of the scrutinizing stranger. God seems to have planted in the bosom of all nations, the most barbarous and uncivilized, as well as the most refined and polite, a profound and respectful reverence for the ashes of their departed chiefs. Scotland is an exception. We were next conducted to the Picture Gallery, stretching 150 feet, the length of the northern side of the Palace, and strung with 111 portraits, if the most miserable daubs can be called such, of the monarchs of Scotland.

We were then shown to the apartments of the Earl of Breadalbane, which are shown to strangers, only in the absence of the family. There were several beautiful paintings in these apartments The only other rooms of particular interest to which we were shown, were those of Mary, Queen of the Scots, and the dressing-room whither Riggio was dragged when assassinated, in 1566. The blood-stained floor is still pointed out in the adjoining apartment.

Queen Mary's furniture, in part, is still preserved. There stand the dressing-table, the work-box, the looking-glass, &c., just as the unfortunate Queen left them, and will for ever excite the sympathies of humanity.

After leaving the Palace, we visited the Castle, which, from an eminence of almost perpendicular rocks at the western extremity of the old town, overlooks the city. Its elevation is about 300 feet, and it occupies a space of about seven acres. As you wind up to the summit of the Castle, you pass battery after battery, all guarded by the soldiers of the garrison, and you see at one glance that the Castle commands the city. From the ramparts you have a most delightful and extensive view, stretching over the whole city, the Frith of Forth, the mountains in Fife and Sterling, the harbor and roadstead of Leith, and the lofty peaks which shoulder up the sky in every direction.

The Castle is quite inaccessible, excepting upon the eastern side, as you approach from Lawn Market and Castle Hill. It contains extensive store-houses, magazines, arsenals, and has accommodations for a garrison of two or three thousand men with all their appurtenances. At the time of the union of Scotland with England under one crown, the sceptre departed literally, and the whole of the ancient regalia of Scotland remained packed up in chests in the Crown Room of the Castle from that period (1707), until George IV., a few years ago, visited Scotland. Some doubts were entertained relative to their existence. A commission was appointed, of which Sir Walter Scott was one, to search for the jewels, when the whole were found packed up just as they were left 140 years ago. These regalia, consisting of the crown, sceptre, sword of state, and the court jewelry, are now exhibited to gratify the curiosity of strangers and the cupidity of the keepers.

Descending from these lofty towers, we visited the university, which is said to be the largest public building in Scotland. It has a magnificent entrance, and the court, in the form of a parallelogram, is spacious. From the court you see the whole building at one view. It is constructed of hewn stone, and if the court were clean, and the windows clean, and the flight of stately steps leading to the terrace walk were clean, which they are not and never will be until the national habits are changed, the whole would be worthy of the metropolis of an empire.

Churches, chapels, jails, alms-houses, court houses, and hotels, are so much alike in all countries, that it would be a waste of time to enter into particulars. Suffice it to say, that there is ample room for all the rogues in Scotland, and accommodations in all these various places for all her Majesty's subjects.

Taking leave of the old town, and returning to the new, we proceeded to Carlton Hill, rising conspicuous above all other objects in this part of the city. The ascent is very steep, and, climbing 350 feet to the summit, you find yourself at the foot of Nelson's monument, which is a rough octagonal stone-built column of 100 feet in height, with a spiral staircase within, designed to commemorate the victories of England's great naval hero. Singular, however, as it may seem, no record, no inscription of any kind appears upon the monument. It may therefore serve as well for a mariner's beacon, or to honor the victory of Waterloo, or any other thing, if some good-natured person did not tell you, "That is Nelson's monument."

Breathless and exhausted, we reached the top of this monument. The expanded view, the immense space over which the eye can uninterruptedly range, apparently embracing almost half of Scotland, is the ample reward of persevering toil. The Scotch are fond of monuments, and are restrained from indulging in this species of national vanity only by the expense. The evidence of this fact is now before us. Near Nelson's monument, upon this very Carlton Hill, you remark the commencement of an immense work, called the National Monument. Twelve columns have been erected at an expense of $63,000, and there it stands, and has stood for the last twenty-five years, to mock the city, a real monument of the folly or parsimony, or both, of the good people of Athens. I know not the specific object of this national monument. It may be designed to serve as a tablet on which to record the achievements of a gallant people, and thus to hand down to posterity an imperishable evidence of what Scotland once was.

On this hill, as near to the sun, moon, and stars as it was practicable to get, stands the observatory—a very beautiful building, neat, chaste, and elegant, without the slightest ostentation, and apparently well adapted to its astronomical object.

The main streets in the new town, running east and west in parallel lines upon the edge of a hill, perhaps a mile in length, are Princes, St. George, and Queen streets. These streets are wide and airy, the houses well built, with the same uniformity of appearance which characterize the streets of Philadelphia, and which weary the mind and body, too, by a never-ending identity.

The principal squares are St. Andrews, Charlotte Moray Place, Royal Circus, Drummond Hall, Heriot Row, Arbiercrombie Place, &c. These squares and places are elegantly constructed, their front areas handsomely laid out in gravel-walks, and tastefully planted with shrubs and evergreens. Many of these splendid mansions, at this season of the year, are deserted and shut up. All who have the means to be fashionable, adjourn into the country to enjoy the mountain breeze and the pleasure of rural sports. The nobility, freed from bowing at court, range the barren heaths in pursuit of moor game, and exult as much over the death of a bird as in the establishment of an empire.

Edinburgh contains a population of about 170,000. It is not a commercial place; it is not the seat of government; but it is the home of the Scottish nobility, of the literati of the country, of all that is elegant, and accomplished, and opulent in society, and therefore the pride of the nation.

EVENING.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

While the fading day, yet florid,
Gilds the steeples of the town,
With a star upon her forehead,
Comes the gentle evening down;
And a grey and gauze-like mantle
Melts around her robes of brown.

Sacred rest from her is given—
Rest, and love, and joy complete;
All the sweetest birds of heaven,
Singing, drop down at her feet;
And the happy rustic maidens
The sweet songs of peace repeat.

Now the farmer 'mid his cattle
Stands, the conscious lord of all;
And the horse, like one from battle,
Hears the heavy harness fall,
Turning, with a neigh of pleasure,
Well-contented, to his stall.

Not alone o'er hills and valleys
Falls the star-light of her mien;
But in streets and dismal alleys
Is her holy presence seen,
By the rich and by the beggar,
And the crowd who walk between.

And the bard, though worn and weary,
She renews with strange delight,
Spreading round his walls, late dreary,
Fancies beautiful and bright,
Eve comes down, like Cleopatra,
The rare jewel'd Queen of Night.

Though to some she brings no gladness,
While she tells of fearful things;
What though misery and madness
Still inflict their savage stings—
Yet, thrice blessed be the Evening
That some peace to earth she brings!

THE LESSONS OF LIFE;

OR,

THE JOY OF GRIEF.

Lilian was the youngest and only surviving child of Mr. and Mrs. Raeburn. They had seen their other apparently healthy children bloom and thrive during a few months or years, then suddenly sicken and die. From this cause they regarded Lilian with even more engrossing love than her very attractive qualities and remarkable beauty would of themselves have secured. They were ever trembling with apprehension lest their last treasure, the one in whom they had garnered up their tried hearts, should be snatched from their devoted care. As the feebleness she had manifested in infancy passed away, and her strength and health increased, their pride of her great beauty and early development of superior endowment was checked by the scarce defined and perhaps superstitious dread that such attributes usually belong to those who are not long dwellers on earth. Yet they were most careful to cultivate every talent—to develope and direct every good tendency of her noble nature—to implant and cherish every high and holy principle. Their care for her was their greatest delight, and rich was the harvest which repaid their unwearying endeavors. Life was all joy, all brightness to her; but not the reckless, thoughtless joy which so often characterizes the young. Her loving nature rejoiced in the tenderness which surrounded her; her cultivated mind found enjoyment in the delicate blossom and unfolding bud, in the glorious heaven sown with stars, in the soul-stirring and soul-expressing works of art, in the gush of music, the upward flight of poesy; and she rejoiced in all as the rich and kindly gifts of her Father in heaven. Each was to her spirit a messenger from Him; each was to her apprehension a token and an emblem of that love which is "the synonym of God." Of Him and His works she sought ever to know more; but her chief delight was in all which could teach her of the spirit which He had created. From the abstruse dogmas and glimpses of light left by heathen sages, to the latest theories of spiritual attraction and manifestation, each was to her a new fountain of delight; and from these studies she learned to reverence her fellow, not with man's judgment, but as the creature of the Father of Spirits. She learned thence, too, to feel and evidence that benevolence which is His nature.

Nor had a year in the world, her first year in society, turned her from the "even tenor of her way." She was the "observed of all observers," admired by all, and loved by those who were in any degree intimate with her; and she truly enjoyed society; but it was not first with her; in her well-balanced mind it retained its true position.

On the evening of her seventeenth birth-day she was sitting alone in her own study, as her friends playfully styled it, for many tasteful and well-filled book-cases were ranged upon the walls; some splendid pictures, too, were hung between them; a few exquisite pieces of statuary were there, as well as several very fine instruments of music; and the open windows showed a beautiful collection of plants and flowers in the conservatory beyond. It had been the delight of her idolizing father to surround her with all which could gratify her exquisite sense of the beautiful; and the tasteful hand and noble heart of her devoted mother had, one year before, given the finishing touch to the apartment which should, from that day, belong to their Lilian, when she sought solitude or thought. After a truly happy birth-day passed with her parents and a loved friend, Bessie Maitland, who had for some months been their intimate friend, Lilian had withdrawn to her quiet room, intending to enjoy half an hour with a book. Eight o'clock found her still lingering over the volume she had selected, and she was so absorbed in its thoughts that she did not hear the opening door, nor the bounding step of the radiant, fairy-like girl who entered, nor even feel her breath upon her cheek, until she exclaimed a little petulantly, "Oh, Lilian, how can you sit here theorizing upon another world, when you ought to be preparing for enjoying the present one!"

"Oh, Bessie, are you dressed already? are you not rather early?"

Bessie pointed to the time-piece, and replied, "Eight o'clock is not a great deal too early to be dressed, is it Lilian?"

"Pray forgive me, Bess; I assure you I did not know it was so late."

"I believe it most devoutly, dear Lily; you may spare all assurances upon that point; you 'take no note of time' when your darling philosophy is concerned."

"Then, dear, the rest of the quotation is not applicable, for my philosophy as you call it, is not 'loss' of time to me, but great gain; and now I will promise to make a most *dispatchful* toilet."

"Stop a moment, Lilian, and come to the confessional. I do really believe you would rather stay at home and finish your book than go to Mrs. Lansing's party. Don't hesitate so, Lilian; be brave; tell the truth, would you not, if you were not afraid of being laughed at?" Lilian's cheek flushed for a moment, but she replied very gently, "No, Bessie, I would rather go."

"If your truth were not always so far above suspicion, Lily, I should find much temptation to doubt you; indeed, I'm afraid I should 'be tempted above what I could bear.'"

Lilian laughed gaily and shook her finger at Bessie, who continued, "I don't quite understand you about this matter, Lilian; you always go so cheerfully and unhesitatingly, yet you do not appear to like them."

"Why do you think so?" said Lilian; and for the first time she seemed disturbed.

"Because you show no eagerness to go or prepare, unless it is a musical party, or, worse yet, a talking party; but make your arrangements and go as quickly as you would dress for dinner at home, with your dear, good father and mother and me. You have none of the enthusiasm and earnestness which you manifest about your books, and the two or three old philosophers, to whose abstractions you listen with as devoted eagerness as other girls do to their lovers or flatterers."

"Do *you* not listen attentively, too, Bessie?"

"Certainly I do, Lilian, but I would not stay at home from a party in order to do so, and I believe you gladly would."

"If you mean, Bessie, that the conversation of our dear friends, or a book like this 'Theory of another Life,' would give me a much more elevated species of enjoyment than any which the *party itself* could bestow, you are right."

"Why, then, would you rather go to the party, as you said just now?"

"Because, Bessie, a higher enjoyment, a higher *duty* disposes me to go."

Bessie's beautiful blue eyes were very perceptibly enlarged, but she did not speak, and Lilian continued: "Remember, Bessie, that for this power of enjoyment of the highest kind of which our natures are capable, I am entirely indebted to the unbounded indulgence, the untiring care of my dear father and mother. You know, too, that they are of very social natures; they love society; and their enjoyment of it would be much lessened if they could not see there, as well as at home, their only child—the child to whom they deny nothing. I know, too, dear Bessie, that they feel intense enjoyment in the kindness which their old friends and acquaintances bestow on the one so dear to them; and I must be deeply selfish if I were not very happy to contribute to their pleasure at so very small a sacrifice to myself; and I assure you I am very much happier after going with them, than I could be if I suffered them to go without me, or to remain at home with me."

"I am sure you do, dearest Lilian, and I love and honor you for it; but do not publish your views, dearest, for I could not bear to hear you called a blue-stocking."

"I was just going to ask *you* to refrain from publishing what I have said, not because I think I should thus incur imminent risk of the honorary title to which you refer, but because I should be very unwilling to have my father and mother suppose I enjoy the balls and parties in any degree less than they wish I should; and I really do enjoy them quietly, Bessie, for I always find some agreeable person, or see or hear somebody or something truly interesting."

"Depend upon it, I shall not shock dear, good Mrs. Raeburn by unveiling a grey head upon green shoulders; but I am far from feeling confident that you would not be dubbed blue-stocking, if I should tell about your prosing book."

"Don't abuse the book, Bessie; wait till you read it; it is one after your own heart."

"Yes, of a Sunday."

"Bessie!"

"Or, at all events, when I am not going to a party, when my head is full of Strauss."

"You forget that I do not enjoy dancing as you do; I am never so active; and you will like the book fully as well as I do when the dancing mood is off; so you shall not have it until then."

"Thank you for your leniency, and in return I will sit down and wait for you until you have finished the last line of the last page."

"No, indeed, Bess, I am in no hurry to arrive at that point; the thoughts are so beautiful, so elevated, so fascinating, that I thirst continually for more, and more, and more, while I dread arriving at the termination of so rare and delightful an enjoyment; so, with your leave, I will put away my book, and stop no longer for what I like almost as well, a chat with you; but run off and dress very quickly, so that papa and mamma will not be obliged to wait."

"Let me go with you and play apprentice to good old nursey, who would not think of admitting a journeyman near the curls to which she appears to think her seventeen years' brushing and curling has given her as good a title as that possessed by the head they grow on."

By the time Mr. and Mrs. Raeburn expected her, Lilian appeared, simply yet tastefully arrayed; and when, at some turn in the dance, she caught the proud, gratified look of her father, and the tender, happy glance of her mother, she was repaid for the sacrifice; nay, she felt that she had made none; she had gratified her heart rather than her intellect.

One fine morning, soon after this conversation, Mr. Raeburn accompanied his family to an exhibition of a small but remarkably fine collection of pictures and statuary, belonging to a gentleman, whose great wealth enabled him to gratify his unusually correct taste, by giving to his countrymen an opportunity to become familiar with a few exquisite specimens of the genius of other lands and other days. After looking at some pictures of less interest, they stopped before "Retsch's Game of Life." They were gazing upon it with absorbed and silent attention, for each felt that life, its relations, and consequences, were laid bare before them, when a fine manly voice, saying, "Pray speak to me before you look at it; you will never do so if I suffer you to begin to study it," caused each to turn with a start towards the speaker.

"Frank Elmwood!" exclaimed Mr. Raeburn, "you in town and have not been to see us!"

"But I should have been at your house now, sir, had I not seen you enter here, when I made all exertion to get rid of a business friend, and followed you in; and as I arrived in town but two hours since, I hope I am absolved," said Frank Elmwood. The words were addressed to Mr. Raeburn, but his glance of inquiry to Lilian. If a bright blush and beaming smile were assurance of absolution, then was he fully satisfied.

Frank Elmwood had, during the preceding summer, found himself domesticated with Mr. Raeburn and his family at the country-house of a mutual friend. In the intimacy which naturally results from the unrestrained intercourse of country life, congeniality of disposition, perfect accordance in principle, and similarity of taste and pursuit had made Frank and Lilian better known to each other during their two months' abode at Mr. Goodwin's, and the six following weeks passed in travelling through the most interesting and beautiful portions of the northern states, than years of city acquaintance would have effected. Each had begun to be sensible that perfect satisfaction could not exist for either until the accordance of the other in the scene or sentiment demanding it had been obtained, when one morning at breakfast a letter was handed to Frank Elmwood, telling him of the severe and dangerous illness of his only sister in one of the southern states. He had scarcely time to bid a hurried farewell, ere the departure of the cars in which he commenced his journey southward. During the months which he had passed beside the sick couch of his sister, and in a voyage which, under his devoted care, had restored her to her usual health, he had felt that henceforth his life was bound up with Lilian's—that if he were to hope for happiness, with her, and from her, it must come. He hastened to meet her on his arrival, hoping, yet with much apprehension, that this was not the one point on which he and Lilian should begin to differ. He was not sorry that his unexpected appearance and address enabled him to see that he was not unwelcome to her, and she was soon leaning on his arm, listening to and sympathising with his high-toned and pure criticism. They had lingered some time before a thrilling and noble picture of "Gertrude Von Der Wait beside her Dying Husband," and Lilian had, at Frank's request, repeated Mrs. Heman's touching lines, from which it was painted, with a kindling eye and a tone whose deep pathos showed how fully she appreciated and accorded with the writer, when Frank said, "Can woman love thus?"

"Oh, yes! believe me, it is ever thus, nobly, devotedly, that woman loves!"

"Can *you* love thus, Miss Raeburn?"

He felt the hand upon his arm tremble, a burning blush covered her very brow, the eye which had been raised to his drooped beneath his earnest gaze, as she answered in very low tones, "If ever I should love, I think it would be thus."

In a tone equally subdued, he continued, "And will you love *me* thus, dearest Lilian?"

Lilian spoke no word then; but after he had poured out to her his heart's history—after she felt assured that she was dear to him even as he was to her, she blessed him with the tender words, the sweet promise he sought; and one hour after that, when the other members of the party found them in the little cabinet where they were resting, Lilian Raeburn was the affianced wife of Frank Elmwood.

Years passed away, and each seemed to add to Lilian's happiness. New cares, new duties developed other and higher traits in her character. She delighted to surround her husband with those who could appreciate and sympathize with him, and his abundant means allowed them to cultivate all the elegant pursuits of earlier years. Their house was the favorite resort of men of elevated and cultivated taste, of high and pure principle, and in the society of such their children, though very young, were at home. One evening Lilian, according to her usual custom, had sent for them all to come to the drawing-room, that they might be ready to welcome their father on his return to tea, and was caressing a lovely joyous infant, while a noble-looking boy of four years was mounted upon an ottoman playing with her curls, listening very eagerly to his favorite song, which his mother and the elder children were singing for him, when the door opened and Mr. Elmwood entered. The children ran to meet him, and with them clinging about him he made his way to their mother's chair, and received his little Lily in his arms. Though he caressed it fondly, and kissed them all with perhaps more than his usual tenderness, he was silent, and Lilian saw from his compressed lip and burning cheek that he was suffering. She soon dismissed the children, then stepped softly to his side, and putting her arm around him, said, "What is it, Frank?"

Frank clasped his hands over his face and gasped, "I cannot tell you, Lilian!"

"Yes, dear Frank, you can, you *will* tell your Lily."

Her husband withdrew his hands from his face, placed them upon her shoulders, held her from him, gazed into her eyes with a look so haggard, so wild, yet so imploring, that Lilian was terrified.

"You could not bear it, Lilian, yet you *must* hear it."

"I can bear all, anything, dear Frank, but to know that you are suffering so terribly and that you do not allow your own Lily to share your sorrow."

"Would that you need not, Lilian, my own precious wife; it is the thought of you that unmans me thus. How can I bear that you, my glorious Lilian, should know poverty!"

"By remembering how much I prefer sharing that with you, to enjoying untold wealth without; and now tell me all."

And the agitated husband did tell her that not poverty alone was their lot, but disgrace, dishonor attached to the hitherto spotless names of her husband and her father, through the flagrant dishonesty and rascality of the third partner in their house, who, with almost unprecedented duplicity, had managed to retain the full confidence of both, until the day that he absconded with all the available funds and papers belonging to them.

Before they left that tasteful apartment, the scene of so much of their happiness, many hours of the night passed, while they were planning for the future; and so gentle, yet so potent had been Lilian's influence upon her husband, that he listened calmly as she said, "In our snug little house, remember, Frank, it will be *home* still, with our one servant; I shall teach the girls to be capital housekeepers; they shall help us teach the little ones, and we can readily carry out ourselves the plan of education we had commenced for them; and, if advisable, I will associate three or four of their young companions with them, until you can again do without me."

"That will never be, my treasure; for, much as I have loved you, I never knew your value until now."

Frank Elmwood soon felt that his home *was* in his new abode. His children, cautioned by Lilian, carefully abstained from allusion to their privations while in his presence; and Lilian, though her toilet was much less costly than formerly, had never appeared to him so beautiful or so elegant; her smile of welcome was brighter, her hours more cheerful than ever. The same high principle which had enabled her to bear prosperity so meekly, converted adversity into positive blessing.

"How you have changed since your marriage, dear Lilian!" said Bessie, now Mrs. Norton, as on entering her friend's morning room a few months after, she found her industriously repairing some article belonging to her little boy's wardrobe, while the sturdy urchin himself was leaning on her knee, deep in the mystery of c-a-t, cat, d-o-g, dog."

"Certainly, Bessie, eighteen and thirty-two are not very near neighbors; there's time enough between them to admit of an abundant crop of grey hairs, and something more than a suspicion of crow's feet."

"Nonsense, Lilian; you know very well I was not thinking of such matters; besides, whatever *suspicion* of crow's feet may possibly exist in some envious minds, you know the reality is far enough in the future; and if there be any grey hairs, they are like the two grains of wheat in the bushel of chaff, undiscoverably hidden by their raven companions."

"Yet there must be a very perceptible alteration, dear Bess, or you would have scarcely announced it to me so emphatically the moment you opened the door."

"Yes, you are not our drooping lily of the valley now. You have become our noble regal lily. Look in the glass there, Lilian, just opposite, and you will never venture to pretend that you are less lovely now than when you selected Frank Elmwood from your crowd of lovers."

"I'll take your word for it, Bess, for I am quite willing to appear lovely to one whom I wish to love me; but pray do not keep me longer in suspense; what is the mighty change to which you referred just now?"

"I scarcely know; but when I heard little Frank conning his lesson, I could not help thinking how differently life must appear to you now from what you supposed it in your youth. When I remember your love for the poetical and beautiful, and that your studies were ever of the elevated and spiritual, I think it must be a new and not very improving chapter in life to be patching elbows and teaching spelling."

"You say truly, Bessie, that my present is a new chapter in life, but I trust not altogether an unimproving one. Every successive change of outward circumstance is a new chapter in our experience of life, and each ought to assist us in our progress in whatsoever things are pure and lovely; for that purpose they are sent."

"May be so, Lily; but how do you make out that your present avocations are more conducive to such progress than those of a more spiritualizing and elevating tendency?"

"My present position *must* be the best possible one for me, because it is given me by Him who doth all things well and in love; and although my earlier pursuits were of a more exalted *nature* than patching and spelling, I am not sure that the *tendency* of the latter is not quite as improving as the other."

"Oh, Lilian! Lilian! you can't really think so!"

"Don't be so very much shocked, dear Bessie, but let us inquire what is the end of our being, and then perhaps we shall see that, however unlike the two modes of life, they may both lead, by different roads, to the same end."

"How so, Lily?"

"How did the noble and glorious studies of former years improve us, Bessie?"

Bessie sat silent and thoughtful for a few moments, and then said in a more timid tone, "Don't you think they expanded our minds, Lily?"

"Certainly I do, Bessie; "they"—

"You cannot possibly pretend that spelling and sewing have the same effect," interrupted Bessie.

"Not directly, I must confess," said Lilian, laughingly; "but let us go back a little, and see how they were of so great benefit to us. Was it not by teaching us the true objects, purpose, and results of life—by inducing us to strive after something purer, holier than its mere externals—communion with, and conformity to the Father of our spirits?"

"Oh, yes, dearest," said Bessie, while her cheek flushed and a tear stole gently from her downcast eye, "and I did feel then as if I were not all of the earth, earthy. We *did* then sometimes commune with the pure and holy realities which now seem so far removed from us. Oh, dear Lilian, you *must* feel that those were better, holier days than these, so wasted in trivialities!" and she threw her arm around Lilian, and bent her head upon her shoulder.

Lilian passed her hand caressingly over Bessie's bowed head, raised the soft light curls, and pressed a kiss full of tenderness on the fair brow of the weeper. "Dearest Bessie, would you consider your days wasted in trivialities ('important trivialities' I once heard them called by one of the most elevated and cultivated women I ever knew), if you could feel that they deepened your conviction of the close connection existing between the Father of Spirits and the creatures of His hand—of His loving-kindness (is not that a beautiful word, Bessie?) and of your dependence upon Him?"

"But, Lilian, how can they do this?"

"Dear Bessie, do you not suppose there are many things distasteful to me in my present mode of life?"

"Then you would not really prefer patching, after all?"

"If you mean that I have no particular *taste* for patching, you are right, dear Bess; still, under present circumstances, I would rather do it than not; for, in looking over some years of trial, I can trace so clearly the kind and tender hand of a Father, destroying hurtful illusions, correcting wrong feelings, teaching me, through sorrow and suffering, sympathy for my brethren, and showing me that by compassionate tenderness we may bind up the broken hearts and reclaim the erring and wandering, that I can be not only patient, dear Bessie, but grateful that He, in much kindness, has opened to me a new, is it not a *better*, chapter in life?"

Bessie replied not, save with sobs, and her friend continued: "The necessity for self-denial forces to that control of the spirit which finally elevates us above trial; and if these every-day occurrences lead to increase of "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, faith," those "fruits of the spirit," are they not true spiritualizers? and said I not rightly, that their tendency is as improving as that of the most ennobling studies?"

"But, dear Lilian, I have never thought trouble improved me; on the contrary, it makes me feel discontented and ruffled. While I look back with longing to our free and happy days, when we were not tied down by care, I do not see how you can avoid it, Lilian."

"I will tell you, dear, why I think we do not feel just alike on this point. You have not hitherto recognized that these lessons, too, are manifestations of the same power and love which formed the spirit and controls the universe. If you will take this for your key, dear Bessie, you will find it will unlock many a mystery, and brighten many a dark-seeming hour. Will you not think of it, dear friend?"

"I will indeed, dearest Lilian, most thankfully. I have always thought I ought to be patient under trouble, but I never for a moment supposed that privation of what we most prize could be a better blessing; but I begin to believe it may be so."

And so in truth Lilian had found it, not for herself alone; her husband and children, too, had better, truer, higher views of life and its responsibilities than unbroken prosperity could give: and when, at the end of three years, Frank Elmwood announced the successful termination of a lawsuit which would restore their rightful property and position in society, a sensation of apprehension mingled with the thanksgiving which burst from the mother's heart and lips—apprehension lest the trials of prosperity might be less purifying, less ennobling to the dear ones around them, than those which, to them who regard the external only, appear so much more unendurable.

A. E. W.

STAZAS.

Les fleurs de la vie sont pour toujours jétus derriere moi.—D. Staël.

Flowers of life can never wither,
E'en midst anguish and despair;
Still some hope the soul may gather
If the light of faith be there.

Passion's dreams may all have perished,
Fled like morning dew from flowers—
Love's bright hopes may all have vanished—
Truth and beauty still are ours.

Nature has her countless teachings—
Skies their starry lore above—
Doth to man this lesson speaking,
"Trust His wisdom—trust His love!"

Life's dark hours are full of lessons,
If the heart but read aright;
Earnest hearts and patient seekers
Draw from them a heavenly light.

Flowers of life will bloom in beauty,
If the heart to truth be given,
Casting o'er the path of duty
Fragrance like to that of heaven.

North Branford, July 17.

ECHO.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

"Believe it not, dear child, believe not the fable of the poets, that the modest Echo was ever a fond wooer of the vain Narcissus, or a babbling betrayer of her goddess; for never yet has she shown herself to mortal, never yet came a sound from her mouth first. But listen, while I tell you the true history of Echo.

"Harmony, the daughter of Love, was an active assistant of Jupiter in his work of creation. Like a true mother, she gave out of her own heart to each dawning existence a sound, a tone, which pervades and holds together its entire being, and unites it with all its kindred existences. Her powers were at last exhausted by her labors, and as by birth she was only half immortal, she must now with life part from her children. How it touched her, this separation! Praying, she bent before the throne of Jupiter, and said, 'Mighty divinity, let my form disappear from among the gods; but let feeling and sensibility still remain to me; separate me not from those to whom, out of my own bosom, I have given being. Although invisible, I would be near them, so that each sound of pain and of joy which happily or unhappily I have bestowed upon them, I may feel and participate with them.'

"'And what would it profit thee,' said the god, 'if, unseen, thou shouldst share their misery, and still be without the power to assist them, or to become visible to them in any manner, for the last is denied thee by the irrevocable decree of Fate?'

"'Let me be permitted but to answer them; let me, though unseen, be able only to repeat the sounds of their hearts, and the soul of the mother will be soothed.'

"Jupiter softly touched her, and she disappeared; she became the shapeless, universal Echo. When a sound is heard from her children, sounds then the heart of the mother; she repeats to every creature, to every kindred existence, the sound of pain and of joy, with the consonance of a musical string. Even the hard rock is pierced by her, and the lonely forest animated; and oh! how often, tender mother, thou shy inhabitant of solitude and silent groves, hast thou revived me in them, far more than in the dreary circle of the tuneless and irresponsive hearts of my fellow men. With soft compassion thou givest me back my sighs, however forsaken and desolate I may be, yet at each of thy broken tones I feel that an all-pervading, all-uniting mother, knows me, hears me."

THE LIFE OF THE FLOWERS.

FROM GEBAUER.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

The Earth is a gentle mother. She loves all her children truly and warmly, but with especial tenderness she fosters and cherishes the flowers. When Autumn passes over gardens, fields, and meadows, to herald the approach of Winter, then, that they may not suffer from his stern severity, she calls them back to her maternal bosom, there to let them rest and slumber until the warm hand of Spring lures them forth again to renewed delight. The fountains then gush merrily forth to greet them; the birds welcome them with their gayest notes; the sun smiles upon them and kisses them; and the winds sportively caress them through the long day, and at night rock them into sweet slumber. The bees and butterflies woo for their favor, and the man of gentle heart bends fondly over them, for they have left the home of their mother, beautifully adorned, and arrayed in various colors, and daily she sends the sweet dew to preserve their beauty fresh and spotless.

They, delighted with the kindness of their mother, with the friendliness of man, and with the presence of the little winged creatures, cannot, speechless as they are, express their joy and gratitude in tones; they scatter then abroad the sweet perfume of their honied cups. And what fairer tribute could they offer to their mother, what greater joy and solace to sympathizing man, and to the throng of winged insects who so delight in their presence? Thus they enjoy their gay and cheerful existence, as highly favored by the elements of heaven, as loved by their mother earth. And when, for a due season, they have rejoiced and given joy to others, they return, to await the coming Spring, to the abode of their expecting mother.

THE TRIUMPH OF MUSIC.—AN ODE.

(2 Kings, iii., 12–15.)

I.

Three kings before the Prophet stood,
And meekly for his counsel sued;
But of the royal suppliants, two,
Full well the holy Prophet knew,
Though forc'd to ask his guiding word,
Despis'd the Prophet and his Lord.

II.

He car'd not, in his righteous scorn,
How high their state, how lowly born,
And, silent, would have turn'd away,
But Judah's king, less vile than they,
Though leagued to humble Moab's pride,
Had ne'er his fathers' God denied;
Nor e'er had bow'd at other shrine
Than that his fathers own'd divine.
A prince so generous and so true,
The seer was loath should perish too;
Snatch'd must he be from threat'ning doom,
Nor find in Edom's wilds a tomb.

III.

"Bring me the minstrel! Let him stand
And touch the harp with skilful hand!"
And straight his hand the minstrel flings
Gracefully o'er the trembling strings.

IV.

Soft as vernal zephyrs rise,
Fit to soothe and tranquilize,
Mild as moonlight on the main
Floats the clear and silvery strain;
Like a fountain's languid hum,
Whose murmurs heavily, drowsily come,
As it purls across its pebbly bed,
Beneath the bending willow's shade.

V.

Now in cadence sad and slow,
Plaintively the numbers flow;
Wandering, wild, and strangely pleasing,
All the springs of passion seizing,
Like a spirit's thrilling wail,
Borne upon the fitful blast,
When the maiden's cheek turns deadly pale,
And the startled traveller shrinks aghast.

VI.

But livelier soon the measure bounds,
Lighter the flying finger bounds,
And wakes a lay
So brisk and gay,
A hermit's lagging blood 'twould quicken;
Like the spirit-stirring note
From the trumpet's brazen throat,
When the brave their lives devote,
And rush where dangers thicken.

VII.

But hark! the minstrel strikes a heavier tone,
The lowest, deepest, gravest chords upon;
Slowly and grandly, how it rolls along,
A full, majestic, swelling tide of song!
So the pent waves, when once the barrier rock
No longer can sustain the mighty shock,
At once, precipitate, down, tremendous pour,
With thundering, sullen, deep, and long resounding roar!

VIII.

Hold, minstrel, hold thy hand! he speaks!
From his long trance the prophet breaks;
Gazing intent, with upward eye,
Dissolv'd as 'twere in ecstacy.
A heavenly influence inspires;
He kindles with diviner fires;
He bids the waiting kings dismiss their fear,
And tells the glorious triumph they shall share.

IX.

Hail! heavenly art! whose potent spell
Can bid tumultuous passion cease;
The tempest of the soul can quell,
And whisper peace.
Should mine be e'er those sombre hours,
When passion madly overpowers,
Oh! for some friendly hand to roll
A flood of music o'er my soul!
So, sooth'd to rest, like him of old,
Shall my rapt spirit rise,
In holy calm, prepar'd to hold
High converse with the skies.

New Brunswick, March 16th, 1846. R. D.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

THIS lovely spot is becoming more and more, a chosen retreat for our citizens. To the extraordinary natural beauty of the place, which one can scarcely imagine could be surpassed, the hand of art, directed by the affectionate living for their cherished dead, is daily adding some new architectural feature, or tasteful emblem of sorrowing affection. As rapidly, indeed, as workmen and materials can be had, the labor of finishing avenues and walks, of enclosing lots, of building vaults and monuments, is urged on; and, extended as the grounds are, it seems probable that in a very few years the whole will be enclosed in convenient plots for the use of families, and societies, and covered with monuments to the departed.

We think it one of the most commendable of modern improvements, this providing of suitable grounds for the interment of the dead, out of the city far enough to escape the encroachments by which nearly all our old burying grounds have been desecrated, by the erection of dwellings upon them, and the opening of streets through them. How often, in the growth of New York, have the best, and tenderest and most sacred feelings and associations of the heart been shocked, by the invasion of our forefathers' graves, to make way for some building speculation, or some public improvement. We have seen several threatening, but very natural excitements in the city, occasioned by such desecrations. No man capable of human affections and memories, can or ought to contemplate the disturbance of the dead without strong emotions, without a sickening shock to his sensibilities. Against such a contingency, Greenwood Cemetery appears to be effectually protected. When we deposit a friend there, it is under an assurance that his slumbers shall be unbroken by the march of improvement, and the swell of population; that he shall sleep on till summoned by the trump of the Archangel to meet his God at the Judgment. There too, in anticipation of our own death, it is some consolation to know while selecting our resting place, that we may repose undisturbed. This Cemetery also, while sufficiently distant to escape encroachment, is yet near enough to be easy of access for funerals, and to allow mourners occasionally to visit the graves of relatives who may have been interred there. It is so near at hand, that persons inclined may visit it, and after examining it, return with but a small expenditure of time, and we may hope a large gain, as regards the state of the heart.

We could not but reflect when we saw, as we lately did, some hundred or two of people walking, thoughtful and serious, amid these monuments of death, that the moral influence of such scenes and associations, as this place presents, must be of a salutary character, must tend powerfully to check the levity so common to the heart, yet so incompatible with our dignity and our enduring interests. An hour or two taken from the feverish race for wealth, or fame, or pleasure, and appropriated to a visit here, must often diminish the force of the belittling influences of things temporal, and impress us with the nearness and reality, and superior importance, of things eternal. Every hillock, every stone, every tree, every flower blooming or withering on the grave, preaches to the visiter, and forewarns him that he, too, must die and return, " Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." The solemn stillness of the place, broken only by the tolling death-knell, or by the slow and measured tread of the funeral train, reminds us of that profound silence, in which all our senses are soon to be wrapped, and from which no din of worldly care, no alarm of war, no gleeful laugh of the pleasure-loving throng, shall awake them.

A correspondent, whose contributions have often enriched the Parlor Magazine, gives us her impressions of a portion of the scenery of this lovely spot, the result of a recent visit to Greenwood. " It was a sunny day, the air was soft and salubrious, the atmosphere perfectly clear, bringing near the distant objects which formed, in every direction, a perfect panorama of natural beauty. At the entrance of the ground, stands a unique, remarkably neat log-cabin, evidently built with great care, yet presenting the same rusticity of appearance, that might mark a cabin in the Western wilderness. A feeling of solemnity pervaded my mind, as, for the first time, I entered this sacred place. The route was circuitous, but delightful. As we rode along, we were struck with the refined taste, the graceful simplicity of the monuments, and the fences enclosing them. The unevenness of the ground, gave a pleasing variety. Now, upon the summit of some rising hill, peered a marble column of the purest white; then, in a deep, dark valley, an humble slab, indicating the place where another sleeper reposed. The wild-wood lyres sent their low, whispering notes through the groves, as if numberless unseen spirits touched them, and every trembling leaf seemed to confess a 'presence and a power,' as of some invisible and awful influence. As we rode on and ascended an elevated plain, we could see, in the distance, the cities of Brooklyn and New York. And who could help drawing a contrast between the uproar of those busy haunts of men, and the calm serenity of this city of the dead. There, was the activity of life—here, the repose of death! There, avarice, selfishness and ambition reigned—here, they were laid at rest! Every conflicting passion was hushed, and all that remained of the once intelligent, moving multitude, was the little dust deposited beneath these monuments. We pursued the winding path until we came upon the hill which overlooks that beautiful pond, called 'Sylvan Water.' The view was enchanting. The leaves hung thick upon the trees, and occasionally, as the wind threw aside the branches, we could see the deep blue waters of the charming lake. A beautiful gondola lay floating upon it, sheltered by the neighboring hills from even the gentle wind that stirred the tops of the lofty trees. The surface of the lake was without a ripple. It lay calm and motionless, reflecting in its pellucid bosom, the surrounding forest and the cloudless sky. We turned from the spot with reluctance, and rode on towards the grave of Do-Hum-me, the young Indian bride. Her history is well known. She lies buried here, far from her home, but I will not say far from the tombs of her race, for probably many an Indian has been interred where she now rests. Her grave was made in a mound, undoubtedly thrown up by the Aborigines, to mark the resting place of their chiefs. The husband of Do-Hum-me, has returned to his forest home, whence he doubtless often looks towards the rising sun, and with heartfelt grief remembers the grave of the loved lost one, in the strange land.

'Bring flowers, bring flowers for the early dead,
And bright be the beautiful wreath;
Scatter them round with a noiseless tread,
O'er the verdant sod of their green summer bed,
Fragrant with morning's pure breath.'"

"We turned to an enclosure with but one grave, and that a little one, perhaps the first-born of its parents. There is a white column to "Mary." Beauty reposes here—beauty once alluring, envied. Now the eye is dim, its light quenched; the rose is departed from the cheek, the dimples rest, the bosom is still, the hands clasped, the heart pulseless. Farther on, is a beautiful monument to poor McDonald Clark, the Mad Poet, as he is called, and we pause to wonder how strange is that disposition so common everywhere, to honor, when dead, those whom we neglected when living. Poor Clark! Still further on, we paused by the side of an enclosure and read the names of a whole family of children, snatched from the parental embrace. One aged 1, another 3, another 7, another 16, another 20; and all dying within a short space of one another; the branches all struck off, while the trunk stands all bare to the pitiless storms of life."

But it were endless to particularise all the striking features of this remarkable place. Our object, in referring to Greenwood, was rather to direct attention to it, as a place of profitable resort, to those of our readers who may not yet have visited it. History tells us of a monarch, who required a servant to knock at his door every morning, and cry aloud "Remember, Philip, thou must die." And we have read of individuals who had their coffins made before they were dead, that they might, by beholding them, be made to think of their latter end. Such examples are founded in a strong propensity to forget death, a propensity common to us all, and we should guard against it. We should all be wiser and better prepared for death, if we were more in the habit of reflecting that it is a reality, which must soon overtake us. Let us, therefore, when we stand amid the graves of those who have preceded us in the march to the Land of Silence, reflect that the day, the hour is at hand when we must lie by their side, and be as they are, a handful of dust; and since no bribe can avail to purchase an hour's delay, let us see to it in season, that we are prepared, whenever the summons shall come, to obey without trepidation, on the one hand, or brutal insensibility, on the other.

There is a power which can make the graveyard a charmed spot, towards which the heart shall turn with yearnings like those of the tired traveller, when the fierce rays of a torrid sun have been bursting upon him, and he pants with weariness and thirst, and "longs for a cooling stream at hand," or sighs for some shaded spot, or stretches his languid gaze that he may discern in the distance, a lodge to rest in for the night. Even thus desirable to the life-pilgrim, may the grave be rendered. But not by any or all the art of man, beautifying our tomb, surrounding it with Eden-like attractions, and scattering flowers, and providing soothing shades and placid streams and lakes, and exhausting in epitaph and eulogy all the wealth of language, and all the eloquence of love. All this and more, man may do, to beautify our grave, till the spot which is to receive our bodies, looks lovelier than the garden in which Adam received his breath from God, and paid his first worship; and when all is done, it is but a grave, noisome, damp, dreary, till He, who is the Resurrection and the Life, descends to smooth the bed of the sleeper, to remove the sting of Death, which is Sin, to walk with us through the dark valley, and reveal peace and pardon through his blood to our souls. Let us never forget, even amid the soft and tranquillising beauties of Greenwood, that there is no repose in death anywhere, but through Him. And whether in this beautiful cemetery or elsewhere, we procure for our bodies a tomb, let us put the key of it into his hands, who has bereaved Death of its sting, and the Grave of its victory.

SARDIS.

(SEE PLATE.)

Sardis, or Sardes, which our plate in the present number represents, owes its celebrity, with Christians, chiefly to its having been the site of one of the Seven Churches of Asia, referred to in the Revelation of St. John. Anciently it was the capital of Crœsus, King of the Lydians, a prince whose vast wealth and great misfortunes occupy considerable space in ancient history. The modern name of the town is Sart; it is situated in Asia Minor, at the foot of the famous Mount Tmolus, having a spacious and delightful plain before it, watered with several streams that flow from the neighboring hill to the southeast, and with the celebrated river Pactolus rising from the same, on the east, and increasing with its waters the stream of Hermus, into which it runs.

Sardis is now quite a small village, though still of some importance as a resting-place for the caravans that come from Persia to Smyrna bringing silk. The inhabitants are principally shepherds, whose numerous flocks feed on the neighboring plains. The ancient Sardis, when under the Persian government, was a magnificent city, and a great market for slaves. Five hundred years before Christ, the Greeks conquered and burned it. It was rebuilt, and again destroyed by an earthquake. It was again built up by Tiberius.

Considerable ruins still remain to remind us what Sardis once was, before earthquake and the sword visited it with desolation. The Turks have a mosque here, which was formerly a Christian church, and some few Christians live here, working in gardens and such like drudgery.

The reproach of Sardis, as recorded in the book of Revelation, was its declension from vital religion. It had a name to live, but was dead, and in due time the appropriate punishment of lukewarmness and formality came upon it, and it stands a monument of the sin and folly of departing from truth and duty, and of lightly esteeming the day of privilege and salvation.

In this point of view, the history of the seats of the Seven Churches of Asia is replete with awakening incidents. As we pass over that once highly enlightened and greatly favored region, and remember with what saving power the Gospel formerly reigned there, and contrast their present fallen, desolate, dreary condition, we do well to mark the example, and fear lest we, through neglect of our day of merciful visitation, shall incur a similar withdrawal of the Spirit of Grace. Of all calamities that can befall an individual or a community, the greatest and most to be dreaded is abandonment by the Holy Spirit. The teachings of history, on this subject, are most impressive and solemn.

THE TWO PORTRAITS.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

Blest be the art which preserves, more faithfully than the fondest memory, the features of the loved and the lost! I stood again before the portrait of Clara Melford—again gazed upon that form in the full perfection of youthful loveliness—upon that beautiful face, radiant with hope and joy. I recalled the memory of those days in which that portrait was taken, and the incidents, trifling as they were, which had occurred, as I had attended her in her sittings to the young artist. As I had seen Mrs. Melford array young Clara, and try the effect of one costume after another, troubled to decide, as all seemed to derive attraction from her surpassing beauty, I had muttered to myself, "the child must be spoiled!" but the merry tones of her sweet, ringing laugh at some awkward contrast or arrangement of the drapery, and the gay good-nature with which she rather submitted to, than joined in, her mother's pains and plans for her decoration, gave me hope, and I thought, she will yet be saved. The pure spirit enshrined in that fair form will not be corrupted even by the gross incense offered. And then arose the image of the young painter as he grew, day after day, more interested in his work, more excited, alternately pale and feverish, in the presence of his original. I remembered the deep blush and the look, half coquettish, half timid, with which Clara complied with his request—"You will please look me in the eye one minute, Miss Melford,"—and the deeper flush which passed over the pale face of the artist, and the slight tremor of his hand. Has he ever forgotten those days? Has that vision of loveliness and beauty ever faded from his memory? Has that form been erased from his heart? He has long been a sojourner in a foreign land, but his works and his name are known. And when I see any of his exquisite delineations of female beauty, some expression, some feature always reminds me of the young Clara—of her whom he loved, but did not dare to woo until he had first won fame and fortune. Fame and fortune are his; but Clara, his own work, is all that remains of the object of his early idolatry; and like the artist of old, he might well become enamored with the work of his own hands, for his picture was Clara—Clara as she was when it was painted, in the first blush of her joyous childhood, before sorrow or care had cast one dark shadow over her path, when her sky was pure, brilliant, and unclouded, and life long before her, a fairy vale bathed in the rich sunlight of hope.

And how beautiful she was!—the rich red lip—the round snowy arm—the small taper hand, and the eye—the eye! No, though love himself guided the hand, the painter could not do the eye justice. Habitually soft, pensive, yet when lighted up by joy or mirth, sparkling brilliantly, and each emotion of the soul passing over it like shadows over a field of grain. Fair as the brightest vision of the poet's brain, and affectionate and talented as she was, still I never rejoiced over the sweet girl without indistinct fears and dark forebodings; and I sadly recalled them, and felt how fully they were realized, as I stood before the second portrait of Clara.

The first was Clara as she stepped from childhood, before the blight and stain of the world had fallen upon her—before she had taken one draught from that bitter cup which she afterwards drained. This was Clara, too, but Clara, the wife—the faded, saddened matron, faithful to the original as the first, but how different!—how different from the bright and sunny child, or the joyous, happy girl. The face, if less beautiful, was even more touching. The glad expression was gone. The lips were compressed, as if she had learned to subdue and repress her emotions. The eyes drooped and were pensive, as though they might easily be surcharged with tears, and the cheek was pale; but the fair brow was still pure and lofty; and if these features told a tale of sorrow, they spoke, too, of a peace which the world giveth not—of suffering which elevates and purifies the soul. The face bore the stamp of sweet, patient, uncomplaining grief; and yet the expression was so tender, so heavenly, that it soothed while it melted the soul. The attitude, the dress, the form, all showed the change which had passed over her, and contrasted strongly with the first portrait. Her early figure gave a promise of almost voluptuous fullness. This had lost much of its grace and beauty in losing its youthful roundness, and the small hand was thin, almost emaciated. In the first, a gay and splendid dress displayed all that delicacy would permit of the youthful form of young Clara. A dark silk dress, closely fitted, covered the matron, and her still beautiful hair was arranged with almost Quaker simplicity and primness. He, who painted the first, had delighted to scatter around her music and flowers—to place in the distance the rich landscape. There were no ornaments around the second portrait. She held in one hand her Bible. It was her anchor; the truths it revealed, the promises it gave, her support, her consolation.

Poor Clara! victim of maternal vanity! Her proud and ambitious, although fond mother, felt that such surpassing loveliness and such high endowments ensured for her daughter the admiration and the love of man. To secure a proud and wealthy match became the great object of Mrs. Melford's solicitude. Her designs were easily penetrated, and attractive and ingenuous as was Clara, she was exposed to many a suspicion, many a sneer, as undeserved as bitter. Mrs. Melford centered her designs upon a Mr. Hammond, a gentleman of wealth and intelligence, and completely a man of the world. He was too shrewd not to penetrate the arts of the mother, and with much address he met and favored them He could not but admire Clara. He almost loved her. He felt for her all the sentiment which a worldly, selfish man was capable of feeling; and, although he had at first justified himself for trifling with her heart, from the conviction that she was aiding her mother's plots, as he knew more of her, he absolved her from the unworthy motive, and, won even less by her beauty than by her purity and ingenuousness, had she possessed a fortune he would have preferred her before any other. Clara was awakened from her short dream by the intelligence of his marriage. She was surely disappointed; but the pride and the delicacy of woman came to her aid, and the energies of her character were rather roused than crushed by his desertion. Had her mother left her time to compose her mind, to attain peace, she would have overcome a sentiment she should no longer indulge, and her character would have been elevated and strengthened by the trial. But Mrs. Melford felt the disappointment of her plans keenly, and she was anxious to hide from the world her deep mortification. She used every art to attract another admirer for Clara, and to hurry her into an engagement which was to hide her past disappointment; and Clara weakly, criminally suffered herself to accede to her mother's wishes. She encouraged the attentions of one to whom she was indifferent, and she plighted her faith to him even while she felt that she could not return his love. From that day she sealed her wretchedness. Her conscience upbraided her with her duplicity, and every expression of devoted fondness sent a pang through her heart. Young Waldron was noble, affectionate, and ardent. Indulging in all the visionary dreams of youth, it was his boast that he would never marry one whose heart had been another's. Passionately fond of Clara, he expected from her a full reciprocation of all the tenderness which he lavished upon her; and though her cold manner, the slow step with which she met him, the faint smile which illumined her beautiful face, led him to fear that she hardly loved him as he wished to be loved, the thought that her heart might be another's never crossed his mind, while Clara, who bore the heavy burden of deceit, became habitually more pensive, more retiring.

The marriage was hastened both by the wish of the mother and the eagerness of the lover, and Clara, who seemed half stupified, quietly acquiesced in their arrangement. But, a few days before the one appointed, some circumstance drew from Waldron a passionate invective against the man who could be guilty of the folly of marrying a woman, whose heart he knew had once been given to another. When he turned to Clara for her approving glance and smile, he was surprised at the mute and sad expression of her marble face. For a moment she covered her face with her hands, and then the blood suffused cheek, neck, and brow, all that could be seen through her small fingers. Her voice trembled as she said, "I have a confession to make to you; yet I feel that I have not so much deceived you, as suffered you to deceive yourself. My heart has long reproached me. I do not love you as you would be loved, as you deserve to be loved; and while the confession that I have loved another releases you from our engagement, I entreat you to forgive me while you despise me!" And a burst of bitter tears followed. For a moment Waldron seemed stunned. Agitated and trembling, he walked across the room, and then he paused and leaned over Clara, as, still weeping, she had laid her head on the table. "Clara," said he, "did you think it so easy for me to relinquish you—to give up all my hopes of earthly happiness? I may not feel happy with you, but I should be wretched without you. Our marriage day is at hand; let it not be deferred—that is," said he, and a sickly smile flitted across his features, "if you do not hate me." "You are too kind, too generous," sobbed Clara, "and my future life shall show that your confidence is not misplaced." And the next day, and the next, Clara's heart was lighter than it had been for months; and as she completed her bridal array, she felt pride and pleasure as she viewed the beautiful image her mirror reflected, and thought of the proud fond glance with which Waldron would greet her. Never had she seemed more lovely. Her heart was lightened, and returning hope restored the roses which had almost vanished. A deep sense of Waldron's generosity pervaded her heart, and she felt for him a warmer sentiment than she had ever hoped to be able to cherish. But the burden which Clara had flung from her heart had lodged heavily on his. When she spoke of dissolving the engagement, he thought only of losing her. When he saw her ready to fulfil it, he shrunk from the thought of marrying one whose heart had been—might it not now be?—another's. Conflicting emotions tortured him; but, had it not been from the fear of the world's dread laugh, he had probably resigned the beautiful, fascinating, and still idolized Clara. He saw but little of her until the marriage hour arrived, and then, though dazzled, entranced by her beauty, his heart sunk at the thought, "she loves me not!"

The brilliance and gaiety of the scene deepened his sadness. His pale and almost haggard face, his gloomy, overshadowed brow, and his cold, clammy hand, awoke the suspicion of Clara and the observation of the guests. It was too late to seek an explanation; but before the vow had been long spoken, the envied and admired bride would have given worlds could she have revoked it. His gloom overshadowed her soul, and her heart sunk with dark forebodings, with gloomy, prophetic fears.

From the hour of her marriage, Clara devoted herself to the duties of the wife. She lived but for her husband. To consult his wishes, to promote his comfort, to add to his enjoyment, to strive to make, to live to see him happy, this became the object of her existence; but no sacrifice, no exertion excited his gratitude, or woke one pulse of joy in his heart. He argued, "Have I not given a full, a sufficient proof of the madness of my love by marrying her while she confessed that she had deceived me—that she loved me not? Shall I thank her for a devotion which it is her duty to exhibit?" He was gloomy, sad, if not sullen, and his manner grew habitually more cold, stern, and abrupt; while Clara, like the devotee of a false faith, to expiate her offence, was prompted to acts of self-sacrifice, which true love would never have offered. Waldron's moral vision was perverted, and he viewed all that Clara did with a distorted eye. If he saw her sad, she was pining over the past; if gay, she was forgetting the present; if she sought society, she was neglecting him; if she remained at home, she was indulging in a gloomy misanthropy. Her deportment was too faultless to give fresh occasion for jealousy; but stern and sad, he brooded over the past.

Poor Clara! Her health and spirits alike failed, and for awhile she sunk into a deep despondency. She was roused by higher motives, by holier considerations. She learned to look for a purer happiness than earth can give, for a higher reward than the love and kindness of her husband. She learned to imitate Him who went about doing good—who pleased not himself. She relaxed not in her duty as a wife, but she learned likewise to soothe the sick, to comfort the afflicted, to relieve the needy, to reclaim the vicious, to instruct the ignorant. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her. When the eye saw her, it blessed her, and Clara found a peace, a joy which the world giveth not, and which it taketh not away. But when, in the young heart, the springs of hope and joy are rudely broken, the powers of life seem to droop and fail; and Clara found her strength and health surely but slowly declining. Day after day, as she rigidly fulfilled her duties, she uttered no complaint, and she received no sympathy. There were times when human weakness almost overcame her, and she would have given worlds for one fond bosom on which she might have flung herself and wept out all her anguish. But then she bowed more lowly before the throne of grace, and she was comforted and peaceful. Outward prosperity had attended her, and all that wealth and taste could bring embellished her home; but it seemed like the deserted palaces of fairy tales, for no sounds of joy or gladness awoke the echoes of those silent rooms; and while Clara watched and waited, she still dreaded her husband's coming, and her head sunk before the frown to which she was yet too well accustomed.

Waldron had so repressed all sympathy, all kindness for Clara, that he had hardly noticed her sure though slow decline. He was roused by the intelligence that she was dying. When he reached her chamber, life had departed; and then he felt one bitter burst of grief, and uttered one cry of remorseful agony, as he flung himself before that lifeless but still lovely form.

As soon as decency would permit, he married again, and, true to his early dream of a first love, he sought the hand of one scarcely past her childhood. The voices of her children were echoing through the house, and even as I turned from Clara's portrait, the second Mrs. Waldron met me with a look jealous and displeased. Pale and careworn from a too early marriage, and the cares and trials of a mother, what a contrast did her vapid and lifeless features present to Clara, the youthful beauty, or even Clara, the ill-requited wife!

One lesson has thy fate taught me, my early friend. The endowments and attractions which make a woman the admiration of the one sex, the envy of the other, seldom ensure her own happiness.

"THE LORD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER."

BY L. S. HALL.

Bounteous, willing, cheerful giver,
Thou, whose heart is open ever,
Always happy from thy store
With a generous hand to pour,
Whersoe'er thou seest need,
Or dost hear the suffering plead;
All around thee, far and wide,
Like a deep o'erflowing tide,
Mercies large, and full, and free,
As thy Father prospereth thee,
Lend thy ear a moment, pray,
And attend my simple lay.
He, whose wealth like dew distils,
Crowning earth's ten thousand hills,
Treasured in her caverns deep,
Buried where volcanos sleep,
Filling ocean's spacious bed,
O'er the vast creation spread—
He upon his throne has spoken,
And *His* word was never broken,
"Thou hast won the golden meed,
I will make thee rich indeed."
Thou, whose fervent love to *Him*
Waneth not nor groweth dim,
But to works of self-denial,
Painful toil, and bitter trial,
Leadeth thee with cheerful zeal,
Working out thy brother's weal—
Thou, whose soul doth overflow
Streams of love to friend or foe,
Pouring of thy choicest treasure
Without number, weight, or measure,
Counting all things here but loss,
Save what centres in the Cross,
Brilliant sun and stormy sky
Greetest thou with cheerful eye;
Anzious care thy mind doth flee;
God, thy Father, loveth thee!
Happy ye, who know the bliss,
In a changeful world like this,
Of fulfilling plans to save
Worth, from an untimely grave!
Happy ye whose ardent zeal
Heart and hand will both unseal,
For thy brother's lasting good,
As thy pledge of gratitude!
Strewing gladness where it flows—
Conquering truth's malicious foes!
Generous spirits, happy ye!
Bounded not by land or sea,
Spurning every narrower clan
Than the brotherhood of man,
Imitating as you may
Him who smileth, and 'tis day!
Happy ye! forgetting never
How He loves a cheerful giver!

THE VIOLET WOOD-SORREL.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

SYSTEMATIC name—*Oxalis Violacea.*—Class X., *Decandria.*—Order V., *Pentagynia.*—Natural order—*Oxalideæ.*

Generic Character.—"Calyx permanent, five-parted or five-leaved, inferior: petals five, cohering by the claws: capsules five-celled, five-cornered, dehiscent at the corners: seeds two or more in a cell, covered with an elastic aril: stamens with five shorter; outer ones adhering at their bases."

Specific Character.—"Stemless: scape umbelliferous: pedicels sub-pubescent: flowers nodding: leaves ternate, obcordate, glabrous: divisions of the calyx callous at the apex: styles shorter than the outer stamens."* The blossoms are purple, violet, or lilac color. The flower-stem is six or eight inches high, and the leaf-stem about two thirds that height. It is commonly found in damp situations, though sometimes on hill-sides among scattered trees. Blossoms in June.

Geography.—Plants of this Natural Order are "natives of all the hotter and temperate parts of the world, most abundantly known in America and the Cape of Good Hope, and most rarely in the East Indies and equinoctial Africa"† This particular species of the Oxalis is found in certain localities throughout the United States.

Properties.—Its general virtues are refrigerant and tonic. The *Oxalis acetosella* and the *Rumex acetosa* (common sorrel) are the plants generally supposed to contain Oxalic Acid in the greatest abundance, but the one under consideration probably contains as much as either, and in appearance, differs from the former only in its inflorescence—this bearing flowers in umbels, the other having a single flower upon the scape. "The leaves contain a considerable quantity of super-oxalat of potass, and have an extremely pleasant acid taste. They possess the same powers with the vegetable acids in general, and may be given in infusion, or beaten with sugar into a conserve, or boiled with milk to form an acid whey. The super-oxalat of potass is extracted in large quantities from them, and sold under the name of *Essential Salt of Lemons.*

"Twenty pounds of fresh leaves yielded to Neumann six pounds of juice, from which he got two ounces, two drachms and a scruple of salt, besides two ounces and six drachms of an impure saline mass."*

"Oxalic acid is easily made artificially, by digesting sugar in five or six times its weight of nitric acid, and expelling the excess of that acid by distillation, until a fluid of the consistence of syrup remain in the retort.

"Many organic substances besides sugar, such as starch, gum, most of the vegetable acids, wool, hair and silk are converted into oxalic by the action of nitric acid. It is also generated by heating organic substances with potassa.

"Oxalic acid crystallizes in slender, flattened four and six-sided prisms, terminated by two-sided summits; but their primary form is an oblique rhombic prism. It has an exceedingly sour taste, reddens litmus paper strongly, and forms neutral salts with alkalies. The crystals undergo no change in ordinary states of the air, but when the atmosphere is very dry, slight efflorescence ensues. They are soluble without limit in boiling water, and, according to Christison, in eleven times their weight of cold water; but the solubility is increased by the presence of nitric acid. They are dissolved also in alcohol, though less freely than in water.

"Oxalic acid is one of the most powerful and rapidly fatal poisons which we possess; and frequent accidents have occurred from its being sold, and taken by mistake, for Epsom salts, with the appearance of which its crystals have some resemblance. These substances may be easily distinguished, however, by the strong acidity of oxalic acid, which may be tasted without danger, while sulphate of magnesia is quite neutral, and has a bitter saline taste. In cases of poisoning with this acid, chalk mixed with water should be administered as an antidote, an insoluble oxalate being formed, which is inert. Drs. Christison and Coindet have recommended the use of magnesia with the same intention.

"Oxalic acid is easily distinguished from all other acids by the form of its crystals, and by its solution giving with lime-water a white precipitate, which is insoluble in an excess of the acid."†

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* Eaton. † Lindley.

* Coxe's Dispensatory, p. 447. † Turner.

A curious case of poisoning (almost) by this article occurred in a drug store in the upper part of this city, a short time ago. The druggist was in the habit of frequently taking a soda powder, which he would manufacture at such time as he felt the need of it, by dissolving certain proportions of super-carbonate of soda and tartaric acid in water, with "trimmings," to suit the taste. His workman, thinking the example a good one, or at least a pleasant one, essayed to follow it; but instead of tartaric, he used oxalic acid. The druggist stepping in at the instant his man was restoring the jar of acid to its place, saw at a glance what had happened, and administered an emetic of sulphate of zinc just in time to save life.

This acid is frequently used for the purpose of taking ink spots out of linen; but tartaric acid answers the purpose better, and is far more proper to have about the house.

Remarks.—The generic name is derived from οξυς, sharp, in reference to its acid juice. Its specific name refers to its violet flowers. There are several species of the Oxalis, some of which are very beautiful. They produce delicate flowers of various hues, as yellow, rose, red, white, variegated, vermillion, &c. The *Oxalis acetosella* is a pretty little native plant, bearing white blossoms, striped with purple or red. There is a South American species which very nearly resembles the *violacea*, but the blossoms are less delicate and not as large, and are superior to ours only because they continue in blossom for a much longer period. We saw the Violet Wood-Sorrel blossoming abundantly last June, at Greenwood Cemetery, where everything is beautiful and lovely—where even the abode of death is dismantled of its usual terror and gloom, and where one might select his own burial-place with serenity of soul and with sacred, holy pleasure.

Sentiment.—Modesty combined with merit.

Though gaily dressed, with purple crowned,
And cherished by the great,
Thine eye is cast upon the ground,
As if in low estate.

Though beauty shines in every leaf,
Still thou dost seem to say,
My day is short—my summer brief—
Soon I must pass away.

In this a lesson thou dost give,
Thou shrinking, modest flower,
That man, like thee, should ever live,
Depending on that Power

That arched the sky and spread the seas;
That makes each flow'ret bloom;
Exalts us by His wise decrees,
Or sinks us to the tomb.
NEMUS.

A MYSTERY AND ITS SOLUTION.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

I WAS on a long and weary journey in a foreign land. It was late at night when I reached a hotel in the populous city of P——. Overcome with fatigue, I retired early to bed, and was speedily wrapped in profound repose. After a space, I awoke suddenly from my sleep, and felt as if it were time to arise. But as it was perfectly dark, I again composed myself to slumber. After a space, I awoke once more, but still could not perceive even a ray of dawn. Everything was also hushed in the profoundest stillness. I was in the heart of a busy city, and I lay sometime meditating upon the spectacle of a mighty metropolis, buried in darkness and wrapped in silence which bore the semblance of death.

I endeavored again to sleep, but every feeling of drowsiness had departed. My mind was perfectly awake, and in the repose of obscurity that encircled me, a thousand flitting fancies passed through my imagination. At last I became weary of thinking, and changing my position, courted the influence of the drowsy god. But it was all in vain. Ideas came to my mind with the clearness of substantial realities; I thought of my journey—of the business which had brought me to P.—of the friends I had left behind—of the past and the future. Pleasures and cares, hopes and fears, passed and repassed in changeful succession before my mind.

My thoughts became burdensome, and I sprung from my bed, thinking that perhaps the shutters of my room were closed, and that it was really morning. I had taken no particular survey of the room, and was therefore obliged to feel my way to the window. I threw it up, and could perceive the fresh air; but the scene was wrapped in the most perfect obscurity. Not a light shone amid the city; not a star glimmered in the heavens. A pall of midnight enveloped every object, and silence, deep and death-like, brooded over the scene; an inexpressible feeling of solemnity, almost of awe, came over me, and the idea of perpetual night and everlasting silence crossed my mind.

My imagination was now wrought up to the highest pitch, and a suggestion, a fear crept over me that the sun had perhaps ceased in his course—that time had paused in his career—that the end had come, and that the universe had sunk into a rayless night of oblivion. I then thought to myself, "Am I left alone? Have all the myriad races of mankind passed away? Has the curtain of the mighty drama fallen and left me alone?" The idea was terrific, thrilling. I felt almost a sense of suffocation, and could only restore my composure by again breathing the fresh air at the window.

Once more I returned to my pillow, and after a short time fell into a troubled repose. At length I awoke suddenly, and fancied that I felt a slight vibration in my bed, as if some person had pushed cautiously against it. A moment after I felt, or fancied that I felt, a cold hand laid upon my forehead. I rose in my bed, but still not a visible ray of light illuminated my apartment—not a sound, not a breath disturbed the terrific silence. I gazed with intense energy on every side to see if I could not discover even the shadowy outlines of the windows of my room, of the furniture, or of some object around me. I listened till the effort was agonizing, to catch some fleeting sound; but all in vain!

"This is strange!" said I mentally. "Am I mad? Is my mind bewildered? Is this the dream of phrenzy; or is it all but nervous excitement, the play of the imagination? Was that cold hand upon my forehead a reality or a dream?" The struggle in my mind became fearful; a cold perspiration sprang from my forehead, and coursed down my cheeks. I clenched my hands in agony. I would have given worlds for a light. I was on the point of springing from the bed to see if I could find a bell-rope, that I might ring for a lamp, when I felt myself restrained by a strong hand upon my arm. I seized upon it, and it felt like life; but it was immediately withdrawn. I then spoke sternly: "Spirit of darkness, away! approach me not! Phantom or reality, I command you to stand aloof!" I then sprang from my bed and swept my arm fiercely around in the darkness. I reached the side of the room, and with nervous and trembling fingers felt along the wall for a bell-rope, but could find none. I came to the door of my apartment; I opened it, and looked down the staircase. Every lamp seemed extinguished, and not the slightest footfall could be heard throughout the establishment. I hesitated. "After all, it may be but an illusion," thought I. "My wakefulness—my excited imagination—that mysterious power which night sometimes seems to exercise over the restive spirit, filling it with fantastic fears, are, perchance, but casting their spell over me."

I was about to return once more to my pillow, but such was the anxiety of my mind, that I determined to wake the house. I felt that I could not longer endure the horror that oppressed me. I pitched my voice to the highest key, and exclaimed, "a light! a light!" To my astonishment, it now seemed, for the first time, that my voice gave forth no sound. When I had spoken before, I had not noticed this appalling phenomenon. I again tried to speak. My tongue, my vocal organs seemed to be perfect; I could feel the thrill of my lungs, the rush of my breath; but no sound issued from my lips. "And has sound, too, perished?" thought I. "Is light quenched for ever? Does the trembling air refuse to echo the voice of man? Do I live, and yet in the midst of nothingness? Has the lamp of life gone out, and am I but a wick left to burn? I feel, yet hold no communion with existence? Am I a living spirit, coffined in darkness and silence for ever?"

There was something in these ideas so overwhelming as to create a sudden change in my mind. I began seriously to think that some awful and inscrutable destiny had befallen the world. With a great effort I endeavored to command my faculties. I returned to my bed, and determined to wait the event. I again fell into a profound repose. I awoke after a long space. It seemed to me that many hours had passed; but still the same darkness, the same silence environed me. I felt my strength to be wasted; my lips were parched; my brow was hot and feverish; yet I yielded to my fate. "I can but die," thought I internally, "and the sooner the better." I endeavored to compose myself and meet the event with calmness. While I was thus meditating, I felt a finger laid upon my pulse. It is impossible to describe the horror that crept over me as I felt the pressure of that finger. It was real, distinct, certain. I was persuaded it could not be the trick of my imagination, or the sport of some ghostly visitor. I counted the beat of my pulse against the unseen finger. It was full and rapid, but even. How inscrutable was my condition! I again felt a hand laid upon my brow. My head was pressed by another hand. Again the agony of my mind began to master me, and I strove to rise, but in vain. I felt a cooling draught put to my lips. It was delicious, and I drank freely. Food was brought, and I ate with a relish. I arose in my bed, and became conscious that there were beings around me. Time passed on, and I discovered that the darkness and the silence rested only upon me. My eye and my ear had been struck with paralysis, and I was both blind and deaf!

* * * * *

Such was my dream—yet it was not all a dream. I was suffering under a severe affection of the eyes, and the nature of my malady called upon me to consider the possibility—nay, the probability of my becoming blind. How strange are the visions of sleep, and how wildly do they blend fiction with truth? Yet our dreams are not without their moral. The wondrous scope of the fancy, when left to fly unchecked through the realms of thought, may display the fearful powers of the soul; and the fiction presented in the dream above described, may afford a suggestion as to the misery which the mind may suffer, by being merely cut off from the sources of happiness, which come with light and sound and a thousand other objects, perhaps uncounted and unappreciated, to bless our present existence.

A HYMN.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Heaven, sweet Heaven!
When shall I be there,
Unfettered by sin,
Delivered from care?
When shall my spirit
Be happy with God?
When shall I soar
Where mortals ne'er trod?

When shall I drink,
From the fountain of love,
Streams that make glad
The city above?
When shall I revel
In fullness of joy—
Swim in delights
That never can cloy?

Where sun, moon, nor stars
Illumine the skies,
Nor planets of beauty
In grandeur arise—
Where Christ is the centre
Round whom myriads play—
The light of whose eye
Makes eternity's day.

When shall I rest
In those mansions of peace?
When will this warfare
With sin ever cease?
God of my fathers,
When called above,
Take me to Heaven
With all that I love!

Sag Harbor, L. I., Dec 6, 1845.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

The Remains of Human Greatness.—Reading lately the account of the re-interment, for the third time, of the remains of the great discoverer, Columbus, which took place on the 19th of January, 1796, in the Cathedral at Havana, our eye rested on this passage: "The coffin was opened in the presence of the Governor, the Captain General, and the Commander of the Royal Marines. A leaden chest, a foot and a half square by one foot in height, was found within. On opening this chest, a small piece of bone and a quantity of dust were seen, which was all that remained of the great Columbus."

This is one of those solemn facts, illustrative of our nothingness, which demand a pause. It compels reflection of the gravest sort—"a small piece of bone and a quantity of dust were seen, and that was all that remained of the great Columbus." The world which the great navigator discovered is still called the New World; everything about it looks fresh and recent; some of the very forests, it may be, in whose "dim aisles" he stood, a wondering worshipper of God, still exist in all the solemn grandeur they wore to his devout imagination, while he, as to his mortal part, is a handful of dust. The lofty form, the noble countenance, the piercing eye, the mortal all, of the great Columbus, is literal dust, not distinguishable from that of the meanest. Such is man in his best estate. And if that philosophy which denies to us a soul immortal, imperishable, be asked for comfort and counsel, what can it say or do to silence the inquiry, "Wherefore has the Deity made man in vain?" Thanks to God, life and immortality have been brought to light in the Gospel, and the grave is not our final abode.

Our Present Number.—We trust it betrays no want of proper modesty, to bespeak for this number an attentive examination and a careful perusal. We think it will bear comparison with any other monthly now in the field, for the variety and excellence of its contents. The first article, "The Youngest Sister," is a sweet piece from the pen of a lady, who has followed to the unseen world the young girl whose early summons she has so touchingly described. "The Tour through Scotland and Ireland," commenced in this No., is from the pen of a gentleman of this city, whose name is intimately blended with one of the greatest of modern enterprises, ocean navigation by steam, and who, moreover, is a discriminating observer of men and things. Scattered through these pages will be found several poetical contributions of more than average value; and not the less poetical because in prose form, are some gems from the German, translated by Mrs. St. Simon. The lovers of home scenes will find an agreeable treat in the "Struggles of Life," and in one or two other articles. And while speaking of our work, we may take occasion to say that we are constantly receiving encouragement from intelligent and tasteful readers to persevere in our undertaking. The press, too, with scarcely an exception, has warmly seconded our enterprise.

Sights in the City.—In this great metropolis ample provision is made for the gratification of the tastes of the curious of all characters, and no slight effort is made to entrap the unwary stranger and attract him where he would not willingly and knowingly be found. There are two places of resort which we think of at the moment, to which we can with entire propriety invite the citizen and the stranger who may have an hour or two to appropriate in examining the wonders of art. One of these is the Daguerreotype Gallery of Plumbe, northwest corner of Broadway and Park Place. There is a vast deal of quackery in this line of business; but those who wish to see specimens of the art in its most finished style, will go to Plumbe's. It is one of the most splendid galleries, probably, in any country, where may be found the likeness of almost every public man in the church or state. Gentlemanly attendants are always happy to receive visitors without charge. The charge for taking a likeness in their best style is not higher, we are told, than is asked at very inferior establishments. But whether visitors desire a likeness or not, they are made welcome, and it is an exceedingly pleasant way of spending an hour.

The other city sight, which is spoken of with astonishment by all who have seen it, is Belden's miniature of New York city, in which every house, public and private, every tree, post, &c., is accurately copied or carved in wood. Visitors at one glance can thus obtain a perfect view of the whole city and a part of Brooklyn. It is a monument of patient labor and curious art.

Influence of Music.—In the biography of Jean Paul, it is mentioned, that during his last days, when blind, and all the powers of life were forsaking him, he longed greatly in the evening for the refreshment of music; but the voices of his children overpowered him, and his affectionate heart wept at their simplest tones; but when in the next apartment the sounds appeared to come from a distance, he would listen to the voices that he loved. Then he would turn his face towards the wall, and earth and sorrow were forgotten; while he flew with the sounds to fairer climes, and flowers, and mountains, and beautiful forms. When his family returned, they would find him sitting upright on the sofa, and in his face were the traces of emotions that his darkened eyes could no longer express. Who can tell the alleviation of pain, of anxious thought, which the genial influence of music secured to the venerable poet, or imagine how far it compensated him for that loss of sight by which all things bright and fair in nature were for ever hidden from his view? The lack of a taste for music, in such a case, we can see, would have been a calamity scarcely inferior to blindness, or the loss of either of the senses. It is a calamity in any case. We have often reflected upon the really pitiable condition of a family in which the sweet sounds of music are never heard, and its refining, elevating, soothing influences are never felt. It is difficult to conceive of any respectable advance in civilisation without music; and that assuredly must be a rugged and rude Christianity which excludes the voice of song. Music, like a sweet spirit from the skies, was appointed to refine, exalt, and bless us; to lull our pain, assuage our sorrow, refresh our languor, stimulate our hearts to high and holy aims; and not more distinctly is prayer required than singing and making melody. As an instrument of education, music is invaluable, and no family is properly trained without it. Oh! how often now, as in the days of Saul, does music drive the foul fiend of melancholy, of corroding grief and sorrow, far away! The morning and the evening hymn at the family altar, as sung in the days of our childhood, sound in our ears through a long life, and are perpetual remembrancers of the lessons instilled by parental lips. Often, when our hearts have grown hard, and we are pursuing the business or the sinful pleasures of the world, reckless of a life to come, the tune that we were familiar with in better and tenderer times, comes floating to our heart, as if sent from the spirit-land to remonstrate with us, to remind us how we have wandered since the day when we first heard its melting, mournful strains. This is a topic worthy of the attention of parents and all others concerned in the business of education.

☞ The friends of evangelical truth will everywhere drop a tear at the announcement that the estimable and eloquent Charlotte Elizabeth has passed away from among us. She died at Ramsgate, England, on the 12th of July. The particulars of her last illness and death have not yet reached us. Doubtless the principles she professed and so zealously and ably maintained in her writings, were adequate to all the exigencies of the last conflict. She has left behind her a wide-spread and honorable fame, and her writings will long continue to bless society. She has not lived in vain, nor spent her strength for nought. Who can estimate the good already done and yet to be accomplished by that one life? By the side of one such example, in all its moral lustre and beneficence, how unutterably contemptible, mean, and criminal, is the gay and glittering woman of fashion, whose butterfly existence excites by its gaudiness a momentary admiration, and then vanishes for ever, leaving no impression better, or more lasting than that produced by the insignificant insect. Charlotte Elizabeth, besides contributing largely to the general cause of truth and goodness in the world, has laid her sex under special obligation for the ability and ardor with which she has labored to redress the wrongs of women in the lower walks of life against the cupidity of their employers, a subject which, at last, happily, begins to awaken an attention and feeling ominous of amelioration and reform. No philanthropist can longer overlook the ill-paid and severe toils of the many thousands of indigent females, who, to earn a living of the humblest sort, must wear themselves to skeletons, and shut themselves out from all relaxation and enjoyment. In our country as in England, this evil has attained to frightful proportions, and what Clarkson and Wilberforce were to African slavery, we hope Charlotte Elizabeth, and others worthy of her mantle, will be to white female servitude in our own and all other Christian countries.

Religion—what is it?—The late excellent Bishop Heber has written better poetry, but not truer theology, than is found in some lines attributed to him, in answer to the inquiry, "What is religion?" It is thought that rules in verse are more easily committed to memory than in prose, and as it is quite certain some people fail sadly to remember the prose directions of the Bible about evil-speaking, suppose these short memories make trial of learning Heber's homely verses, repeating them daily until the practice of their precept becomes easy:

RELIGION—WHAT IS IT?

Is it to go to church to-day,
To look devout and seem to pray,
And ere to-morrow's sun goes down
Be dealing slander through the town?

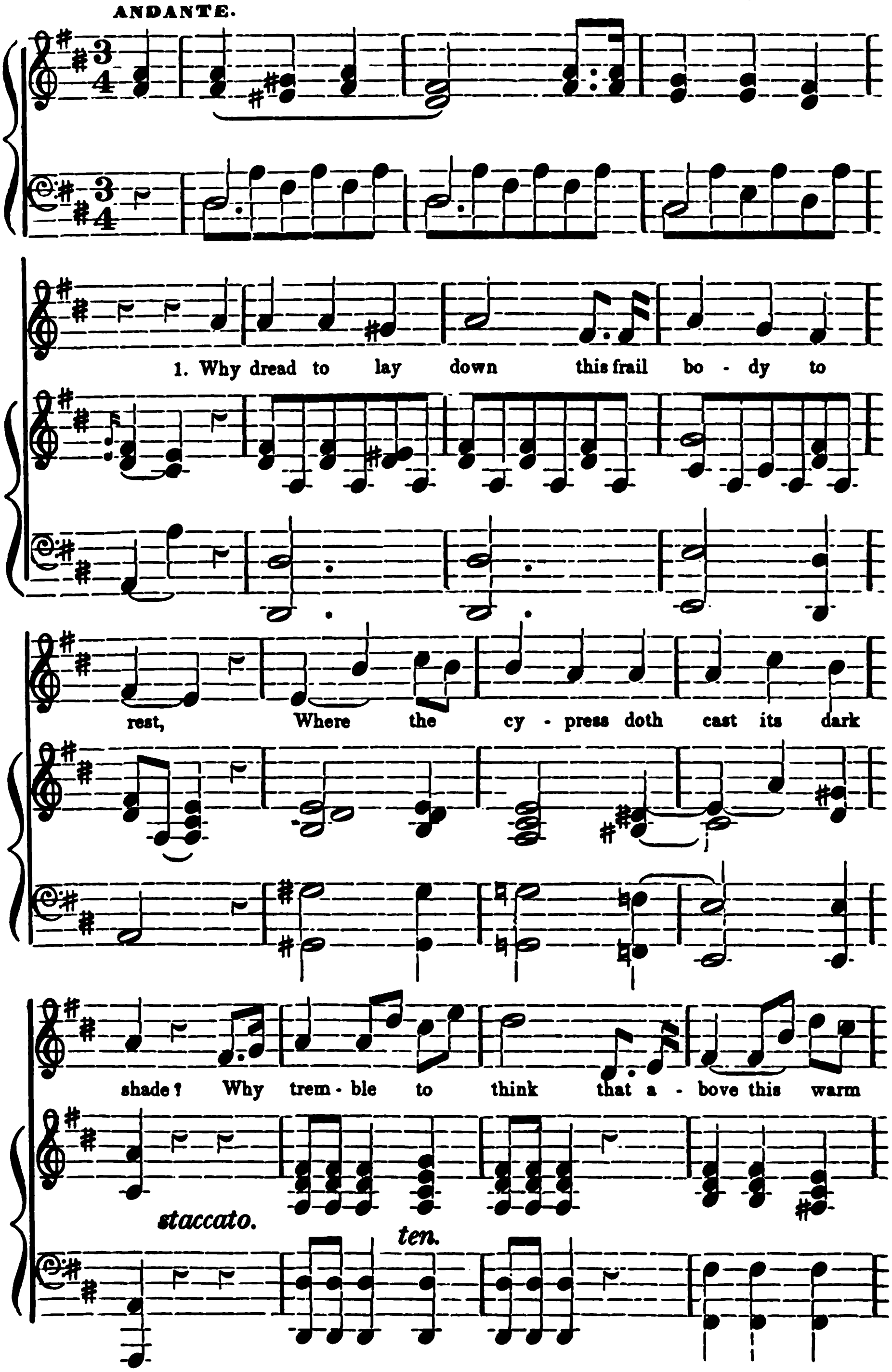
Does every sanctimonious face
Denote the certain reign of grace?
Does not a phiz that scowls at sin
Oft veil hypocrisy within?

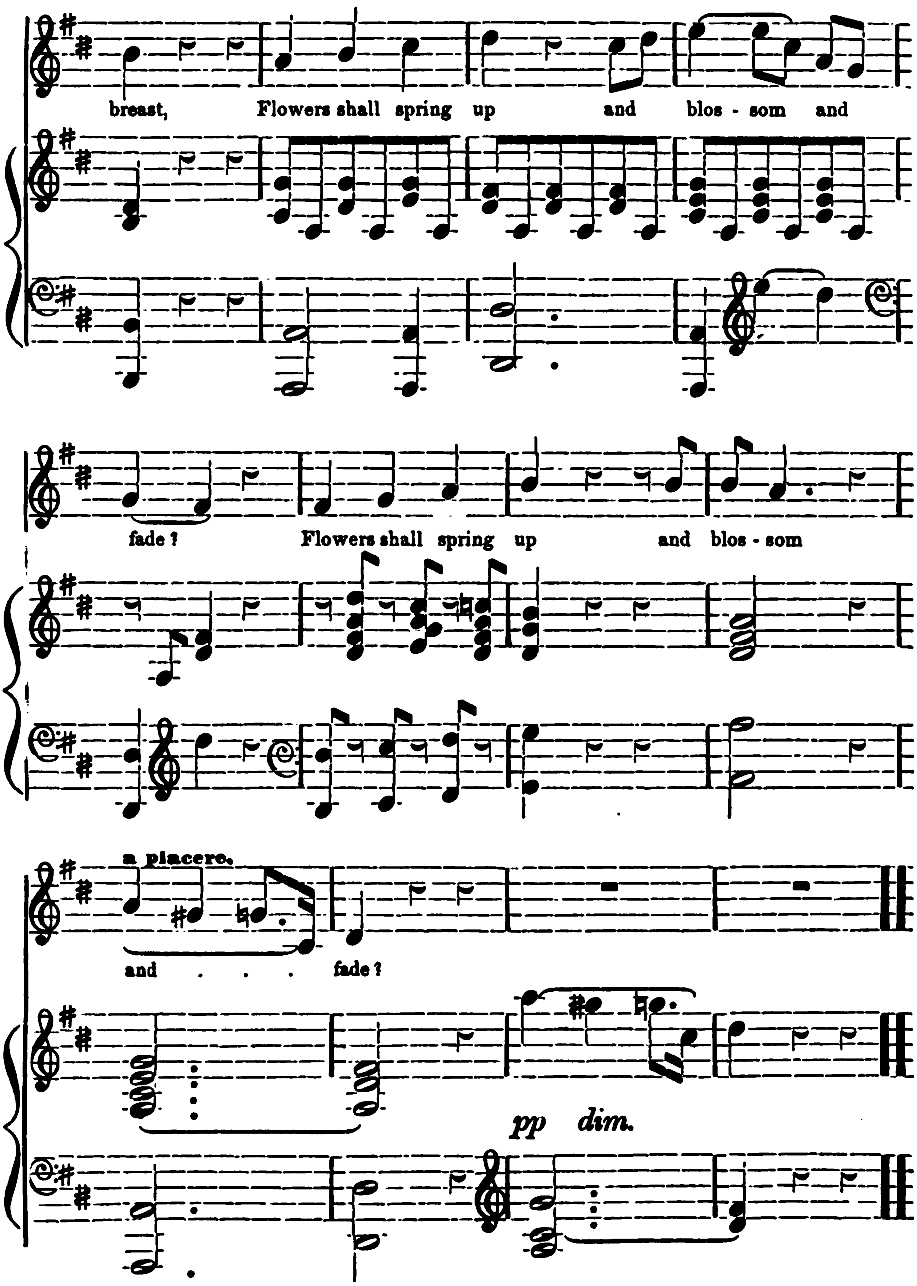
Religion shuns an ill report,
And scorns with human woes to sport—
Of others deeds it speaks no ill,
But tells of good, or else KEEPS STILL.

Our Correspondent, J. C. W., who, some months ago, bespoke "a place in our literary omnibus" for some "Stanzas to Sleep," must not infer their rejection from our silence. The MS. was mislaid soon after it came to hand, and not recovered till a few days since, after all the "seats" for this number were filled. They shall appear in our next. We "bespeak" farther acquaintance with J. C. W.

THE REPOSE OF THE DEAD.

POETRY BY NEMUS. **MUSIC BY IBERIUS.**


ANDANTE.
1. Why dread to lay down this frail bo - dy to
rest, Where the cy - press doth cast its dark
shade ? Why trem - ble to think that a - bove this warm
staccato.
ten.


breast, Flowers shall spring up and blos - som and
fade ? Flowers shall spring up and blos - som
a piacere.
and . . . fade ?
pp dim.

II.

Why fear, when the turmoil of life shall be o'er,
To lie low and repose with the dead ?
When the tempest shall rage, the elements roar,
And the storm howl unheard round our bed ?

III.

'Tis a boon that in love our Father hath given,
A release from all sorrow and pain ;
'Tis but to exchange tears and sighing for heaven,
And with Jesus our Savior to reign.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

Foster's Essays.—Mr. Robert Carter, 58 Canal street, has issued a handsome re-print of these celebrated Essays, which have now reached their eighteenth edition in England. Few books of the present century have won so wide-spread a popularity, or exerted a more wholesome influence; and many thousands we doubt not, will yet be made wiser and better by its inculcations. The Essay on Decision of Character, embraced in this volume, is probably the best known production of Foster. Every young man should read and re-read it, until his mind is thoroughly embued with its sentiments and its spirit; till he finds his heart permanently fixed upon a worthy life-purpose, and till he thoroughly feels the folly, the weakness, and wickedness of vacillating and wasting his time and his energies, in a world where life is so short and the business of life is so important. The Essay on the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion, is also a fine paper, the reading of which cannot be too strongly recommended to those for whose benefit it was written, and who, we fear, form a large class in this country as well as in England.

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway, have just published the Life and Correspondence of John Foster, author of the Essays above mentioned. We have not yet had the opportunity of seeing it, but it is venturing nothing to say that the correspondence of a man so celebrated and so intimately connected with the literature of his time, must be an attractive book. The same publishers are about issuing a series of new books for children, with abundant illustrations, under the title of Gammar Gurton's Story Books.

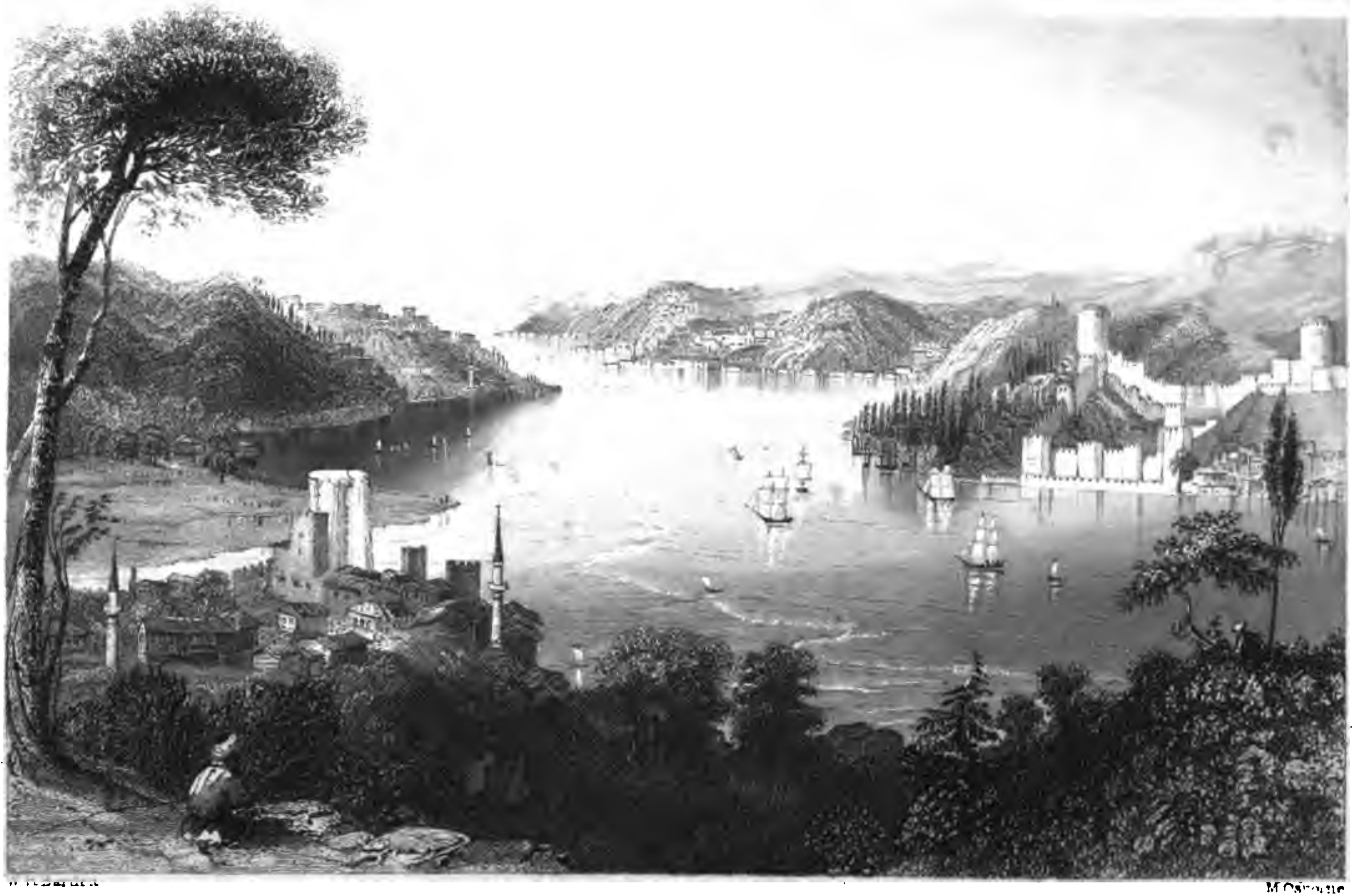
Typee, or a Peep at Polynesian Life, by H. Melville. An entirely new edition of this book is just out from the press of Wiley & Putnam. The most objectionable parts of the first edition, to which we took exception in a review in this Magazine, are omitted in this—an evidence that, for some reason, the counsels of truth and decency have been regarded.

Characteristics of Women, by Mrs. Jameson. Wiley & Putnam are republishing this work in numbers, each containing three beautiful engravings. Mrs. J. is an elegant writer. We observe that a volume from her pen, "Memoirs and Essays," forms No. 64 of the Library of Choice Reading, by the same publishers, who, by the way, deserve much praise for their judgment and enterprise in getting up "books which are books," and thus supplanting, to a considerable extent, inferior publications.

The Magazines for the last month, Graham's, Godey's, the Columbian, &c., present their usual variety of fare, and each seems struggling to distance all the rest in embellishments. But none comes with so rich a freight, or so chaste a costume, as the Knickerbocker. For untiring industry, exquisite taste, inexhaustible tact, and unfailing good humor, the editor of the Knick. takes the palm beyond a question. We always think of him as old Knick, remembering how many years he has presided; but when we open to his "Gossip" and "Table," and notice the rare "juiciness of youth," the sunshiny cheerfulness that overspread and pervade his pages, we forget that he or anybody else is getting grey. Not unfrequently, however, it contains articles that have cost much patient and laborious investigation, and which would do honor to the best Quarterlies.

The Modern British Plutarch, or Lives of Men distinguished in the recent History of England for their Talents, Virtues, or Achievements, by W. C. Taylor, L. L. D., of Trinity College, Dublin, forms the XVII. volume of the Messrs. Harper's New Miscellany. The author, in his preface, truly says, "Intelligent young persons hear names 'familiar as household words' to their parents, but of which they themselves know nothing; for we all have a habit of speaking of the events with which we were cotemporary, or nearly so, as if they had the same notoriety for the young that they have for the old." Such is the case of the eminent men for a century or two back; and in this work the author well fulfils his object, by giving biographies of some thirty-eight of the most conspicuous among them, of whom almost every one has heard something, but so few know the real history.

Clement of Rome, or Scenes from the Christianity of the First Century, by Mrs. Joslin. New York: Baker & Scribner, 145 Nassau street, and 36 Park Row. This is a charming volume, which, we presume, will meet with a wide-spread patronage. The object of the book is to give interest to the early facts and precepts of Christianity, by associating them with an accurate picture of cotemporary Grecian and Roman life. An introductory notice by Tayler Lewis, is a fine piece of writing, worth of itself more than the price of the book. Our narrow limits forbid us to speak as we should wish to of Clement. We recommend our readers to examine it for themselves. When they have done so, they will thank us for our advice.



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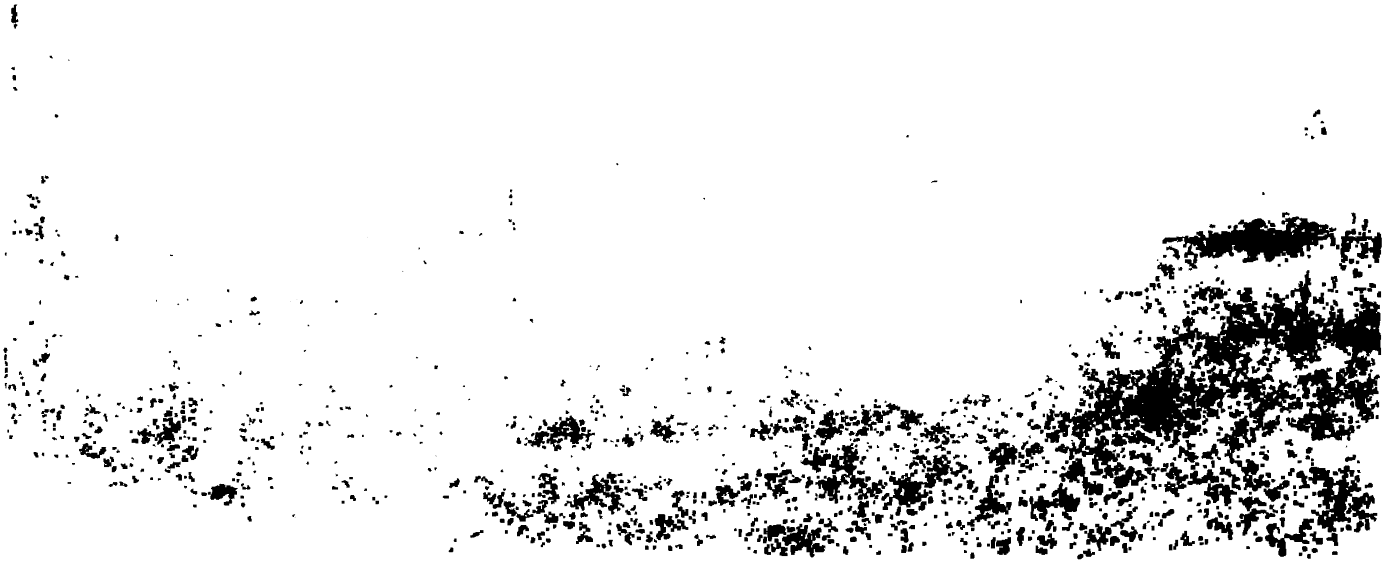

W. L. Ormsby Printer

THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1846.

JULIA:

A TALE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

PART I.

The world has witnessed nothing so wonderful as the propagation of the religion of Christ. Some men object to miracles, and scoff at them; but the greatest and the most astonishing miracle that was ever known, is to be found in the setting up of a new and strange religion by a "carpenter's son," and its irresistible spread throughout the world by the "fishermen of Galilee." It was intended to contradict and upset every system before preached; its tendency was to uproot the vileness and depravity of idolatry, with which the world was full; its design was to lay the foundation and build up a superstructure of mildness and peace, without blood, in a world that bled before at a thousand altars—to humble man and exalt God. And before this meek system man's pride bowed down, and in spite of persecution and opposition, onward it marched to victory. No wonder that proud men opposed it, and bloody men persecuted its followers, for it interfered with their lusts and passions, and chained their consciences.

It began at Jerusalem, where its founder was crucified. It progressed gradually westward, till at length in Rome, idolatrous and bloody Rome, Paul preached Christ. It was a new thing in that city; but Paul was not restrained. The first germs of the Christian religion were not calculated to excite much apprehension in this city of the gods. It was noiseless; and although it discountenanced idolatry, yet it did not give rise to a fear that Jupiter or Venus would ever fall before Jesus. Step by step, however, it gained ground. The poor first embraced it, for to them and the slave it promised rest, and an inheritance, and freedom, in Heaven. To them it came with healing and with a promise of joy. But it stopped not with them. The noble and the rich felt its influence, and Christians were found in the palace of Nero.

Now the idolaters began to fear, and the idols to tremble. The priests were roused. Shall our gods be derided, and held up to scorn, and a crucified Jew be preferred! Away with the worshippers of the Nazarene! The emperor joined in the cry. The rival God had been the rival of Rome, and had called himself "King of the Jews," the title that belonged to Cæsar. Would not his followers claim for him the name, at least, and might they not acquire strength enough to place one of their number, perhaps this mighty Paul, upon the very throne of the Cæsars? Away with the very name, then, from the earth!

Persecution sprang at once to life and full growth, and the world set itself in open and hostile array against Christ. Nero, the bloody-minded emperor, was on the throne. Now was the time to crush the new religion at once. But the more it was persecuted, the more it grew, and Rome, fired by the emperor to heap new calumny on the Christians, found by that very act the numbers of the despised sect only increased.

In an obscure part of Rome lived the artisan Marcianus. Of humble birth, and educated only for the trade at which he labored, and which furnished bread to his wife and children, he knew no aspirations beyond the supply of life's ordinary wants. He had been a slave. In his first manhood he had been trained for, and had fought in, the gladiatorial shows, and he bore now, in maturer age, the scars and marks of those bloody sports. But he had long been a freedman, and had raised up around him a family of hardy sons, who were trained by him to swing the lusty hammer at the anvil, and to glory in the arts of peace. Many a sigh had some of them heaved, as they thought of the glory to be gained in the arena, and their hearts had often leaped with a sudden thrill, as the deafening shout of an hundred thousand spectators burst forth from the crowded amphitheatre, where the bloody sports of Rome were acting. But one sad look from the old man they all loved and honored, would chasten down any such aspirations as those they felt, if it did not reconcile them entirely to their life of obscurity.

The old man had heard Paul preach, and in the simplicity of his soul he had yielded his heart to the mild doctrines of the cross. He was one of the first converts to Christianity who had heard Paul preach in his chains, and he now could gather around him hundreds of his own class, whose hard and cruel hearts had renounced their heathenism, and had bowed to the crucified Nazarene. All his sons, like him, were Christians; but the blood flowed in their young veins more warmly than in his, and they could not so easily curb the natural thirst of the human heart. Yet the time came when, one by one, they had opportunity to stand in the arena that they had so much longed for, and fight—not for the gladiator's reward, but the crown that fadeth not—not for their own fame, but for the glory of the cross in which they trusted. They died martyrs to their faith, under the cruel Nero; and the old man, with his youngest only, had, by a strange Providence, been left; and though the bloodthirsty emperor still waged the war of persecution, and put large numbers of Christians to death, still Marcianus and his youngest son escaped.

Almost all Rome was collected in the amphitheatre. A number of Christians were to be given that day to the wild beasts, and, by the orders of the emperor, the powerful Numidian lion, that had recently been added to his already immense collection, had been kept several days without food, that he might be rendered more ravenous. Twelve Christians were to be exposed, unarmed, to his fury. High and loud ascended the shouts of the infuriated populace, that told how faithfully the powerful beast did his duty. The artisan and his son were not there. Their lusty hammers rung upon the anvil with unwonted energy, for they wished to drown the shouts that told of the torture of their brethren, and they prayed in silence that the true God would support them. They thought, too, of the victims that had perished from their own family, yet neither spoke, though they read each other's thought, as their eyes met, whenever a new shout from the amphitheatre told of a new sacrifice. They did not listen, nor turn their eyes to see the frequent passers by on their way to the grand show, or they would have seen looks of dark suspicion, and heard words of ominous import, for it was strange on that holiday of all Rome to see two artisans, and those connected with men who had died for being Christians, busy at their ordinary avocations. But they saw and heard none of these things. They were too deeply absorbed in that which absorbed the attention of all the city, but from a different reason.

Hark ! a tremendous shout rends the air—another—and another. The hammer dropped from the hand of the young man, and the blow that old Marcianus was about to strike, being suspended in the air, did not fall.

"Father," cried the young Felix, "must our brethren die thus, unavenged?"

"Vengeance is mine—I will repay it, saith the Lord" was the only reply from the lips of the old man, though his gathered brow showed the strong effort he made to curb and restrain his human feelings. As he said this, he laid his hammer on the anvil, and made preparations to leave his work. He could not longer command his feelings, and he would go and pray. If in these days of peace prayer is a joy and comfort to the Christian, what must it have been in those days of bloody persecution and fear? How needed the outraged and driven Christians a refuge of more strength than man could give them! And the grace they needed was given them.

As old Marcianus moved towards the door, another figure occupied it, and one at which both father and son stopped to gaze with strange surprise. It was a young female of most surpassing beauty, just passed the age of girlhood, dressed in the style of the patrician women, but unattended, with a look of firm decision and lofty thought on her brow, which was half denied by the occasional glance she cast behind her, as if of fear, the hurried step with which she entered, and the clear, distinct voice, tinged with a sort of oppressive anxiety, with which she spoke. All these excited a deep but inexplicable interest in the two men. She said instantly upon entering, with a salutation rather to be read in her eye than distinguished in her gesture, "I seek Marcianus, the freedman. Kind artisan, can you show me his dwelling?"

If, before, he was interested in her person, he was now equally surprised that she should inquire for a poor artisan and freedman; but yet he answered meekly and unhesitatingly that he was the person she sought.

"He, whose four sons died in the arena for the Christian faith?"

"The same, lady," he replied.

"Then," said she, "the father of such sons should know something of the religion for which they died, else he would not have let them die without an effort to save them."

"We are poor artisans," he replied, "and what could we prevail in the ear of him to whom the cries of the Christian are music, and who will not listen to the prayer of the proudest patrician for life, much less to that of the humble freedman."

"But was there nothing," she inquired, "in the doctrines for which they died, or in their heroic martyrdom, that led their father to think lightly of his country's gods? Nay," she continued, "ye need not deny it, ye are also Christians."

There was an anxious expression in the face of the old man as she laid this accusation home to him, and he was not ready to reply, when the young man said:

"Yesterday, lady, we might have sought to conceal it—to-day, not if instant death were the penalty! The shouts of the arena over our tortured brethren have roused the courage we need. We are Christians!" and as he said this, he stepped proudly to the side of his father, as if ready to stand by him in the trial he thought approaching.

"It was for this I sought you," she replied; and then proceeded to state that she was of a wealthy patrician family, and had often witnessed with exultation the doom of the Christians under the cruel emperor. She had hated and despised the persecuted race, and had gloried in the efforts made to destroy them; but in her service was an humble maiden, who had long since embraced the new religion, and whom, through excessive fondness for her, she had protected in spite of her faith. But it was not in vain. The doctrines of the cross fell at last upon her heart, and through the scanty but earnest teachings of her maid she had learned to believe in the Son of God; and now she had come alone to learn more of the new faith which had opened her eyes and her heart to a new world.

How gladly did old Marcianus take her by the hand and lead her into his humble dwelling, and, till the shades of night drew on, instruct her in the principles of the doctrines of Christ; and with what humble joy and earnest faith did she listen to the teachings of the lowly artisan. As he led her to the door to take her departure, he said:

"To-morrow is our Sabbath, the great day of worship. Your maid will be in our assembly, and you, too, will find a pleasure in joining our little number. Come and worship with us, and learn more of the true God and eternal life."

With a humble but joyful heart, Julia returned to her house, and that night she resolved, on the next day, to join herself to the persecuted race, and, if necessary, to suffer with them.

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PART II.

The young convert was reclining on a superb couch, and at her feet sat the young and noble Lucius. Descended from one of the proudest Roman families, he had acquired additional glory to his own name by his gallant deeds on the field of battle, and now he was a suitor for the hand of Julia. Indeed, a few days before, she had conferred upon him marked distinctions, and he was considered by all as her future husband. Why, then, was he sitting in moody silence, with a heavy frown upon his brow, and in the presence of her he loved? One day had wrought a vast change in the position he held in her heart, and just now, without telling him why, she had revealed to him the distracting truth that she could never be his. At first it had fallen upon him as a blighting curse; but he soon conquered its first effects, for he could not believe it possible that she could thus reject him without a cause. He saw, too, that it was not without great violence to her own feelings that it was done, and he therefore had helped to overcome her objections by the earnest arguments of a heart that loved truly and deeply. But though they fell with weight, and with a sharp pang upon her mind, she steadfastly adhered to her decision; and no longer able to influence her, and at a loss to account for what he could but regard a piece of unreasonable waywardness, he had sunk into a gloomy mood, and sat in silence.

Her maid entered, and whispered in her ear. Rising and laying her hand lightly on the shoulder of the young nobleman, she said,

"I would I could now explain to you, Lucius, why I thus reject a love I should be proud, under other circumstances, to call mine. But I cannot now; perhaps at some future time—perhaps very soon you may know all, and then you will not blame me. But know now and always, that as deep and pure a love as a virtuous maiden can bestow, is mine for you, and that it has cost me a terrible pang to sever it from you. Do not ask me again why it is so. Believe me, as you have known me from boyhood, in all our bright days of sunny youth, that I would not do it, were I not called to it by a power I cannot control, and trust to the future to open your eyes to what might wound you deeper than the loss of a wayward girl. Will you believe me, dear Lucius?"

"I do, I do," he said, as he raised her hand to his lips. Wounded as he was in spirit, he could not do otherwise, for he was satisfied, from her earnest truthfulness, that at least farther entreaty would be vain, and he departed, wondering what could be the mysterious cause that had thus changed her mind. Not dreaming that he should so soon learn all, and not thinking that his next movements were to have any bearing upon it, and not feeling inclined to submit his serious looks to the ridicule of his common acquaintances, he wandered into an obscure part of the city, and entering a house of entertainment, he sat down in one of the stalls and called for wine.

In the meantime, Julia, having hastily prepared herself, and closely veiled her person, in company with her maid, took the same direction, and entered the door of a humble house but a few steps distant from that where Lucius had stopped. Guided by the hand of the girl, who well understood the way, she passed through a dark entry, down a steep and long staircase, into an apartment dimly lighted, and filled with persons of both sexes. They were Christians, and they met there in secret to strengthen each other's hearts in the service of the true God. There was no costly show of external worship—no altar with its smoking victim—no priest with robe, and cap, and censer—no pompous ceremony, but all was simple and solemn. On the little table at the head of the room were arranged some vessels, which were covered over with a neat white cloth, and this was all that looked to the stranger like aught but the ordinary assembly of a few persons in secret. None moved when Julia entered but one. It was old Marcianus, who recognised her, and approaching, led her kindly to a seat, and whispering in her ear a blessing and a word of encouragement, he, too, was seated.

All was still, when from the inner apartment entered a young man of noble aspect, and whose eye told of a strong purpose and undying zeal. He took his place by the table, and when he had bowed his head for a moment in silent prayer, in which he was joined by the whole assembly, he read a hymn, and, all rising, the roof echoed the thrilling and rapturous praise of Jesus. Then followed a short but earnest prayer, and a passage read from a scroll that lay upon the table, which told of the birth of Christ. All was strange to Julia, but it reached her heart, and she felt a joy she had never known before. The minister removed the cloth, and disclosed the bread and wine, the simple emblems of the new faith. Then he told of Christ's death, and the institution of the feast of love, and invited the assembly to partake of the bread and wine in memory of the death of their Lord. He told of the love of the Saviour in such melting words that all wept, and loud sobs told how deep and how true were the feelings with which the whole assembly were affected. It was at the conclusion of his remarks that old Marcianus presented the case of Julia, and told of her desire to join them and to become a Christian. She rose as her name was mentioned, and approached the minister, and in broken accents told her desire to be received into their number.

The form of admission was very simple and very short. In answer to her wish he said, "If thou dost believe, thou mayest." And she replied, "I do believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God." She then was baptized, and sealed the open profession of her faith by partaking, with the others, of the solemn feast for which they were gathered together. It was not then as now, when Christianity is popular, and the profession of it honorable. Then, it was at the risk of life—then, the Christian knew not but each hour might bring him to the fearful combat with wild beasts before more savage men, and they needed strong hearts to meet the fearful doom.

As the supper was concluded, the minister reminded them of the close of the first one which was instituted. "Remember," said he, "that our blessed Lord went forth to be mocked by the cruel mob, and to suffering, and to death. Let us also be ready."

Then they lifted up their voices in a hymn of praise, and departed. Little dreamed they how prophetic were the words last spoken. At the very door they were met by a Roman mob, who shouted as they appeared: "These are the Christians who worship the strange God, and deny the gods of Rome." Some escaped; more were seized by the excited populace, who already looked forward to new scenes of blood in the amphitheatre. Among the latter was Julia, who, by the crowd around her, was instantly separated from her companions, and hurried away.

The sight of a prisoner, and that a female, in the hands of a mob, instantly drew together a number of her own sex, who added their bitter taunts to the rest.

"To the temple with her, and let her burn incense to Jupiter!" said one.

"Aye, or to Venus!" cried a withered old crone, who had worshipped that godddess in other days.

"Yes, let her sacrifice!" said a hundred voices in proud triumph. "On to the temple—on to the temple!" And away she was led to the temple of Jupiter. No fear of the over-excited populace was visible in her least motion. With a calm brow and a firm step she moved on to the hill on which stood the altar.

But the noise of the rabble brought a new spectator to the scene. Roused by their shouts, and well knowing it could be but from one cause, Lucius emerged from the house in which he had sought quiet, just as the crowd drew near, and he looked upon the victim of the insulting mob with the curiosity common to those who were familiar with such scenes. As they approached, however, and the face of the captive became visible, stripped of its veil, he started as if pierced by a sudden pang, for he recognised the countenance of his own most beloved Julia. In an instant he comprehended the whole, not only the cause of her present condition, but the reason of her late conduct towards himself; and the shout of the mob as they led her on towards the temple of Jupiter, told him too plainly of her fate. With the agony of the thought came to his mind the question, whether he could save her, and he instantly resolved to make the attempt. For this purpose he followed.

Now the temple is gained, and by this time the crowd had increased to a vast multitude, who shouted out their loud derision at the poor maiden, as they placed in her hand the incense, and bade her offer it to Jupiter. She quailed not—no, not even when a voice that thrilled through every fibre of her heart, as she recognised the well-loved tones of Lucius, whispered in her ear, "Sacrifice and save yourself!" Another voice, that of the young artisan, Felix, who had esaaped, encouraged her in a few whispered words to be firm and trust her Saviour; and she boldly exclaimed as she cast the incense on the ground, "I am a Christian!"

A malignant shout from the infuriated rabble, of "Give her to the wild beasts!" was the signal for a new movement, and away she was borne, to be delivered over to the proper officer, to be kept for the will of the emperor. Lucius remained, surprised at the boldness and decision of Julia, and revolving in his mind how he should act now, in order to be of most service, and, if possible, save her. His influence was strong with the emperor; but who had power with him when the life of a Christian was the boon? Yet this was his only hope, and he resolved to try. He raised his eyes, and they encountered the gaze of the young Felix. The look of sympathy which they met, aided by a word of kindness, soon drew from the artisan a confession of his interest in the life of the maiden, and a half admission that he held the same belief for which she was to suffer. The ardent Felix readily agreed to embrace any probable mode of saving the life of Julia, and Lucius promised to meet him at his father's workshop that evening, to concert some plan for her deliverance. But her freedom came from God before night fell on Rome.

With trembling anxiety Lucius hurried to the palace, and gained ready access to the emperor He told him his story—how he loved and had been rejected, and how he had learned the reason only, when he found her he loved in the hands of a mob for being a Christian, and now he begged for her life. It was in vain. The bloody monarch never saved a life. The new religion was gaining ground, and severe measures were necessary to check its growth. The taste, too, of the people required victims for the shows. She must die! and the tyrant with a gay laugh took his fiddle and played a tune, to which he himself moved in a lively dance around the room.

Under any other circumstances, Lucius could have appreciated every argument to which he had just listened. But now, when his warmest affections were interested, and the life of her he loved was at stake, the mockery of his sovereign wounded him deeply, and he felt a strange sympathy arise in his heart for the whole persecuted sect, as he left the palace in disgust, and hastened to the prison to offer all the consolation he could to Julia. This, however, she did not need, and to all his entreaties that she would renounce her new religion and save her life, she opposed the strength of the Christian. He urged his love; but this she had already made up her mind to lose, unless he, too, would abjure his false gods and bow to Jesus. Hardly daring to hope, she yet urged him to embrace the new faith; and with all her new born love for the Saviour of sinners, and the deep love for Lucius, which she did not seek to conceal, she now plead with him to die with her, since they could not be united in life.

Whilst this was passing in the prison, new and strange things were acting in the streets of Rome. The cruelty of Nero had long made him the terror and the hatred of many in Rome, and many conspiracies had been formed against him, which had been discovered and defeated. But that of Galba was destined to be more successful. Silent and unostentatious in his pursuits, he was unsuspected by the emperor till he had made himself a powerful party in the city. It was on this very day in which our narrative finds us, that it had been discovered, and just before the visit of Lucius to the palace, Nero had ordered Galba to be executed. As soon as it reached his ears, he boldly declared himself emperor. The Senate of Rome acknowledged him, and ordered the tyrant to be dragged naked through the streets, and to be publicly scourged to death. The populace, always ready to follow the successful one, now deserted him who had spent his short reign in the indulgence of the worst passions of his heart, and loudly proclaimed the new emperor, as they rushed towards the palace to aid in the execution of the sentence of the Senate. Before they reached it, Nero had perished by his own hand.

The death of the tyrant afforded a short amnesty to the persecuted Christians, and the new reign commenced by the restoration to liberty of all prisoners. Large multitudes of Christians were thus set free, and for a time the Church prospered in Rome. Many, however, left the city, and the Gospel was spread more and more throughout the empire. Among those who had departed from Rome were Marcianus and his son Felix, who removed into one of the northern provinces of the empire. Upon the breaking out of the persecution again in Rome, they gladly received into their house the new convert, Julia. Here she was soon followed by Lucius, who was wearied with the cruelties of his native city, and whose heart began to be dissatisfied with the gods of the nations. In the household of Marcianus he soon learned to love the religion of the cross, and devoting their lives to the cause of the Gospel, they spread around them a light that never went out.

THE BIRD OF THE BOSPHORUS.*

Mysterious bird of the tireless wing,
Say, where is the nest where thy young ones sing,
And thy fond mate watches thy homeward flight?
Is it far o'er the waters so blue and bright?
And when, in his mantle of purple and gold,
The bright Day is bidding our region good night,
And Eve, stealthy tracking his pathway of light,
Her dark wing to cover the earth doth unfold;
At that hour, when thy land brothers eagerly hie
To their young nestlings hid in some sylvan retreat,
Weary wanderer, dost thou to thy distant home fly,
And expect from thy loved ones a welcome as sweet?

In vain are these queries—no mortal can know,
Strange bird, whence thou camest, or whither dost go,
For, from earliest morn, till the pale evening flings
Her shadows, thou'rt seen on the same restless wings.
"Lost spirit" some call thee, who fancy, 'twould seem,
That thus the lost spirit is fated to roam
Through regions of space, never finding a home.
Perchance some doomed spirit within thee, they deem,
Has found its abode—though methinks no hard doom
'Twere to wander 'mid scenes so enchanting as this,
Which with Eden might vie in its beauty and bloom,
Though, alas! how unlike it in virtue and bliss!

Idle reveries these—and yet may we not see,
Restless bird, the lost spirit's fit emblem in thee?
For, impelled by its endless desires to and fro,
It seeks quiet in vain in the dark world of woe.
O! the doom of the lost one! what heart can conceive
The horrors that fill his abode of unrest!
All the treasures of earth—all its joys, if possess'd,
How glad for one moment of peace would he give!
Bright bird of the Bosphorus, naught dost thou heed
Of the thoughts thou hast waked, but as graceful and gay,
Thy light wings sail on with the same tireless speed
O'er the blue sparkling waters, away and away!

Trebisond, 1846. M. G. B.

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* While rowing up and down the Bosphorus, one sees, in rapid succession, flocks of swift-winged birds, which fly near the surface, and are never seen elsewhere. They are sometimes called by Franks "*Lost Souls.*"

JOURNAL OF A TOUR

THROUGH PART OF SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

On the 2d of September we left Edinburgh, and embarked on board a steamboat at New Haven, a small village upon the Frith of Forth, about three miles west of Leith, for Stirling. The Forth may be three miles in width at this point. The opposite shores rise into high and bleak mountains. As you sail up the river, the lands lie low for three or four miles, when a lofty range of mountains, stretching from Arthur's Seat, near Holyrood House, north and south, meets the eye.

From Alloa the Forth narrows to a small sluggish river, about 150 feet in width. The towers of Stirling Castle are now in full view.

We arrived at Stirling, the occasional residence of the ancient monarchs, and renowned in Scottish story, as the battle-field of mighty warriors contending for empire, about 8 o'clock in the evening.

Stirling is the border town of the Lowlands, the last before you enter the Highlands of Scotland. The chief part of the town is situated upon the declivity of one of those isolated craggy mountains peculiar to this country, upon the peak of which stands the castle. The town contains a population of 8,000 or 9,000 inhabitants. Broad street, the principal and only one of any consequence, runs from the foot of the mount nearly to the fortress, which, having the command of the main passage from the north to the south, and holding the keys of both, is associated in the minds of the natives with the most interesting historical recollections. Here the kings and queens of Scotland held their court, and deigned a passing smile upon the chiefs of clans, as a reward for fidelity and submission Here you see clustered in a small space the fragments of antiquity, and must travel far up through by-gone centuries before you come to the time of action, and mingle with these stirring events, which connect Stirling with the bold adventurers and terrible deeds of blood and strife which marked the career of the Highland chiefs, as they led onward their respective clans from the shadowy glens of the north.

The castle is entered by a drawbridge, or rather by what once was such. A guide meets you here, and conducts you through the various apartments of the fortress. It is now a mere barrack for half a regiment of soldiers, a magazine of arms—the relic of what once was a castle. The view from all sides is beautiful, and the eye wanders over a country finely cultivated, until it rests upon the heights of Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi.

Having marched through the various cold, damp, and dreary apartments of the castle, seen the spear of Bruce, the oaken pulpit of Knox, the battle axe of the warrior, and the trophies of victory, there remains nothing in Stirling of peculiar interest to stay the foot of the traveller.

In the afternoon we proceeded by coach to Callander, 16 miles from Stirling, through a country beautifully cultivated. The larch, an evergreen of the fir genus, is extensively planted in Scotland. Its dark shade of green, without the slightest variation of tint in a whole plantation, though a pleasing relief to the eye in this mountainous world, shows too plainly the hand of art, and excludes that exquisite assemblage of natural beauties which throws such a charm over the forests of America.

Callander is situated in a valley, at the foot of the crag of Callander, which towers sublimely above the village, on the right, as you enter the town from Stirling. On the left, near the centre of the valley, flows the river Teigth, and the mountain Ben Ledi, seen in the distance, altogether form a beautiful combination of natural scenery. One principal street of small stone cottages, one church, and McGregor's hotel, form the village.

Here we rested from our labors, and spent our first Sabbath in the Highlands of Scotland, and in all probability the last. In the morning we went to the church, where service is performed in English in the morning, and in Gaelic in the afternoon. The form of worship was that of the Scotch Church. We had a sermon of an hour and a half in length, upon the subject of Joseph receiving his brethren in Egypt. It was heavy metal, rudely polished.

The exterior of the brick-built church presents a decent appearance. Within, nothing can be imagined more plain, nothing more abominably filthy.

The rain descended in mighty torrents the whole of Saturday afternoon, Saturday night, and continued until Sunday afternoon. The Teigth was in consequence swollen to a flood, inundating the meadows and fields, and sweeping before it the haystacks and every floating substance within its reach, like so many bubbles upon the angry torrent. A stone bridge is thrown over the river at this place. We took a walk to this bridge, and whilst gazing upon the surrounding scenery, and the flood of waters which rolled beneath the arches, our attention was attracted by several laboring Highlanders standing upon the bridge.

We could understand their manners, although their language was to us an unknown tongue. One of them took out his snuff-box, and with a small spoon, about the size of a salt spoon, took a spoonful of snuff with one hand whilst he pressed one side of his nose with the other; then reversing the operation, the fellow-nostril was treated in the same liberal manner. He then returned the spoon to the box and passed it to his neighbor, who helped himself in the same way. We had heard of the Highlanders taking snuff with a spoon, but had supposed it was a fiction of some fanciful genius, not the reality of honest truth.

On the morning of the 5th of September we took our departure from Callander in a very neat and comfortable carriage, for the Trosachs, distance 10 miles. The morning was fine, the mountain breeze sweet and refreshing. We travelled through a wild and romantic country, with Loch Vennachar upon our left.

> " Few were the struggles following far
> That reached the lake of Vennachar."

We seldom passed a farm-house on the road; but upon the declivities of this mountainous district, on the right, a few shrubs, heath, and wild flowers forced themselves into view.

It will be recollected that we are now surrounded by the lakes, the mountains, the scenery which Sir Walter Scott, with fine imagination and exquisite taste, has consecrated by his matchless genius to the "Lady of the Lake." "Harp of the north," with what magic charms do thy sweet notes fall upon the ear! We see them all—"the copse-wood grey, the bold cliffs of Ben Venue, Ben Ledi's airy ridge, the Trosachs' wildest nook."

> " Boon nature scattered free and wild
> Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
> Here eglantine embalmed the air;
> Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
> The primrose pale, and violet flower
> Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
> Fox-glove and night-shade, side and side,
> Emblems of punishment and pride,
> So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
> The scenery of a fairy dream."

We arrived at Stewart's hotel, the only one in this part of the Highlands, indeed, the only house in this secluded region, about 9 o'clock. Here we experienced all the inconvenience of that perfect apathy, and unconcern, and inattention peculiar to Scotch servants. We left Callander early, with the view of breakfasting at the Trosachs, in time to take the boat, which we were informed left the shores of Loch Katherine at half past 9. We found the boats ready, and several parties just on the point of starting, as we arrived at the hotel. We ordered breakfast immediately; but as there was nothing ready but an exhausted teapot, which would not be the case under similar circumstances in any other country upon the face of the earth, nothing could be got. No remonstrance, no solicitation, no entreaty, no eloquence had the slightest effect. The servants did not seem to care in the least whether we had any breakfast or not. Indeed, we were satisfied that it was intended the boats should depart before any breakfast was provided, and that we should, in consequence, be laid under an embargo until the following day. But that is an old manœuvre, not likely to succeed with old travellers. It became necessary, therefore, to take the government into my own hands, or go without breakfast. I thought the former justifiable, and the latter not at all convenient. So, without more words, I marched into the kitchen, and under the table, upon a stone floor, I spied the remains of a leg of mutton, and the relics of some ribs of roast beef. I seized the mutton, and finding plenty of bread, butter, and honey, fresh from the heaths, helped myself pretty liberally, and rolling all, meat, bread, butter, and honey, in my pocket handkerchief, stowed it away in my beaver, and with my cap in hand, in three minutes, was all ready for a start. The same provoking, undisturbed apathy continued amongst the servants. I met with no interruption, no assistance, and no salutation, excepting from a Quaker gentleman, who, with his wife and two daughters, were on a tour of pleasure, but remained at the hotel that day. Seeing my hat so amply loaded, he addressed me—"Well, I think, friend, thee will do." "I think so, too, and wish you a good morning, sir." From Stewart's hotel to the head of Loch Katherine, a distance of about two miles through the Trosachs, there was only a footpath, and we were obliged to walk, the porters carrying our baggage. I had heard and read a great deal about the Trosachs, and all my curiosity was just upon tip-toe. I had no distinct idea what the Trosachs were. I found them to consist of a cluster of small conical mountains, scattered like a brood of chickens about the bases of the larger. They differ from the mountains, not only in their comparative diminutive forms, but in being covered with a green livery of natural shrubs, which form a striking contrast with the naked and barren aspect of the adjoining mountains.

The party, which consisted of eighteen or twenty ladies and gentlemen, English, Scotch, and Irish, all met at the head of Loch Katherine, and soon embarked in two long boats, the "Rob Roy" and "Ellen Douglass," beautiful names, but not more beautiful than the boats. Being comfortably seated, with four sturdy Highlanders for rowers to each boat, we skimmed along upon the bosom of this placid and interesting lake with inexpressible delight. The lake is ten miles in length, and about one and a half in width. The banks rise rather boldly on both sides, with young plantations of the larch, and thickly covered with a mantle of purple heath of extraordinary beauty.

"The beach of pebbles, bright as snow," is correctly described by Scott. The water is clear and cold. About half way up the lake, upon the right hand, near the shore, is Ellen's Island and the bowers of the fair Lady of the Lake. It is covered with low shrubs, and may be one or two acres in extent. Its real beauty and poetic interest can be found only in the bard's description. We landed upon the left shore, about two miles from the north-western extremity of the lake. The rain began to descend in torrents. Here we found one little thatched cottage, containing no earthly comfort but whiskey, and that is a wonderful comfort in Scotland. Before we were aware that all things necessary for our journey were not provided by the guides, I heard with surprise that all the ponies and donkeys, nine for eighteen people, were engaged, and that the distance to Loch Lomond was five miles. When I inquired how we were to get forward, and how my daughter was to be conveyed, no kind of heed was given to my inquiries, but both gentlemen and ladies deliberately mounted their steeds, and onward they went. The baggage was placed in a one horse cart, a sufficient load, and therefore we were denied the privilege of passing as baggage. Finally, when it came to the last push, a young Scotch gentleman had the gallantry to give up his pony to my daughter. She was soon mounted, and brought up the rear. As I had not secured a pony for myself, there was no alternative but to walk. At last we were all upon the way, for road it could hardly be called.

As the party, one after another, rose and descended the hills and valleys, it appeared to me that I could perfectly realize the retinue of an Egyptian caravan. But notwithstanding the novelty of the thing, the force of excitement, and the effects of the whiskey, I could not count it all joy, for the rain came down with peppering violence, a cold, bleak wind whistled from the barren mountains, and innumerable rivulets, hurrying down from the heights, intersected the road, bad at best, and furrowed up its naturally soft and oozy surface. I walked through mud and water, hopping and jumping from one stone to another, and found no difficulty in keeping up on such a road with the caravan. The perspiration rolled down my blazing cheeks, my feet and legs drenched, and the pleasure-hunting jaunt became more terrible to me than anything I ever before experienced in travelling, not even excepting corduroy roads. My daughter stuck to her pony like a veteran soldier, and although saturated with rain, as the high winds prevented any one from carrying an umbrella on or off horseback, weathered the storm with singular fortitude, laughing at the novelty.

The whole of this district is bleak, mountainous, and wild in the extreme, the fit, suitable, and real residence of that bold adventurer, Rob Roy. There are but two or three cottages, perched upon the declivity of the mountains, in this neighborhood, where misery alone can find a shelter.

At length, descending almost perpendicularly, we reached Invessen, upon the shores of Loch Lomond.

Hungry and thirsty, and drenched from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet, my spirits were buoyed up, like those of a floating cast-away mariner, with the hope that I should here find some little comfort, at any rate some refreshment, for a hungry dog, almost the only one I had seen in Scotland, nosed my breakfast at the last landing place, whilst I was occupied in trying to provide a pony, and to the great amusement of the whole party, excepting the lawful owner, stole my beaver, and appropriated the whole of its contents to his own use. By this time, it may be imagined, as we had had nothing but whiskey the whole day, hunger began to petition for relief. But no: Invessen, as pronounced, I know not the orthography, could boast of only one little thatched cottage, the chimney opening out at the top like an Indian wigwam, or Laplander's hovel, a little peat burning on the hearth, and the smoke so thick that one could hardly see his neighbor. Here we were, twenty in number, crammed into a little pestiferous smoke-house—not a bit of bread, not a single biscuit, nor any other eatable thing to be found. *Whiskey* was the *only article* to be had at any price. A gentle dame of our party, however, hearing my complaint, and seeing my distress, had compassion, and kindly opened her wallet. A cold tongue, rolls, and a glass of whiskey set me upon my legs again, and I thank that lady from the bottom of my heart, whoever she may be, for her maternal charity.

After waiting about an hour at this miserable of all miserable hovels, the steamboat which plies upon Loch Lomond came down the lake to receive us on board for Bannock, about seven miles from Dumbarton.

This lake is a fine sheet of water, twenty miles in length and from two to three in breadth, widening to double that breadth as you approach the southern extremity. Upon the left, Ben Lomond rises in magnificent grandeur, around whose summit the solitary eagle, with outspread wing, wheels his lazy flight, and with instinctive sagacity plants upon a rock his unmolested foot. The whole country, far and near, is one vast pile of mountains, with the same bleak, barren, bold, and naked appearance as has already been noticed of others. You see nothing of that charming variegated covering of trees and shrubs, of every form and every hue, that grow in wild luxuriance, and adorn the mountain scenery of the western hemisphere.

We arrived at Bannock at the close of the day, and as the rains had caused the lake to overflow the usual landing place, we were with perfect coolness cast on shore upon the bank of the lake, and were obliged to climb over a stone wall, ladies and all, to get into an adjoining field; and then, if we could find anybody to carry our luggage a quarter of a mile to the coach, well and good; if not, we must carry it ourselves. Some left their wives and daughters to guard one part whilst they carried another part; so, some in one way, and some in another, we all, like St. Paul and his fellow convicts after their shipwreck, finally reached the coach in safety; no thanks to the captain, or crew, or proprietors of the steamboat, or any one else. No one was in attendance to see that the passengers were accommodated, or in any way rendered comfortable—a neglect which, one would suppose, the common principle of self-interest would overcome.

We proceeded to the King's Arms Hotel, in Dumbarton, perfectly worn out with fatigue, desiring nothing so much as refreshment and rest. We will take both, and then proceed to Glasgow and Londonderry.

SCHILLER.

Of modern literary men, few occupy a higher niche in the temple of fame than Frederick Schiller, and we have thought a brief sketch of his life and character would prove interesting to the readers of the Christian Parlor Magazine. Some acquaintance with those minds which ever and anon break out like suns to dispel the general gloom and darkness which centuries have accumulated, seems to be too indispensable to be slighted by any intelligent and reflecting observer. Such a mind was Schiller's. Upon the heart of Germany he has engraved his name for ever. In the palace and the cottage, by the peasant and the prince, his voice is heard, like that of an oracle, disclosing the mysteries of the invisible and future; and not in Germany only, but in all lands that acknowledge the power of sweet song, is his influence beginning to be felt and admired. Distinguished alike for the splendor of his intellectual faculties and the elevation of his tastes and feelings, he has left behind him, says one of his admirers, a noble emblem of these great qualities; and the reputation which he thus enjoys and has merited, excites our admiration the more, when we consider the circumstances under which it was acquired. Schiller had peculiar difficulties to struggle with, and his success has likewise been peculiar. Much of his life was annoyed by inquietude and disease, and it terminated when he was but 46 years old. The best years of his youth were spent in uncongenial studies and pursuits, leaving him but a short time in which to rear for himself the reputation he has established.

Johann Christoph Frederich Schiller was a native of Marbach, a small town of Wurtemberg, and was born on the 10th of November, 1759, a few months later than Robert Burns. His parents, though not oppressed by poverty, were in a dependent condition, and could not make the liberal provision for their son's education which they desired; but they appear to have been persons of much moral worth, and this more than compensated for the disadvantages of their worldly condition. The mother was a woman of many household virtues, and to a warm affection for her children and husband she joined a rare degree of taste and intelligence. The husband was a man of great probity and meekness of temper. A sincere piety diffused itself over all his feelings, and especially influenced the training of the son There is yet preserved in his handwriting a prayer composed in advanced age, wherein he mentions how, at the child's birth, he had entreated the great Father of all "to supply in strength of spirit what must needs be wanting in outward instruction." The grey-haired man, who had lived to see the maturity of his boy, could now express his solemn thankfulness that "God had heard the prayer of a mortal."

Young Schiller manifested early an ardent imagination and a love for poetry. The poetical passages of the Old Testament and the works of Klopstock were his favorite reading His first desire was to study theology; but the Duke of Wurtemberg offered to educate him at his military school, an offer which Schiller's father did not feel at liberty to refuse. In addition to the military studies of the place, those of law and medicine were pursued. All these were dry enough to the young poet, and he was strictly forbidden to court the Muses; but so strong was his inclination for poetry and elegant literature, that he could no longer be restrained, and he wrote and published "The Robbers," which was afterwards moulded into a dramatic performance, and one which produced a strong sensation in Germany. He finally abandoned his connection with the duke, and pursued his own course in literature. He wrote a num- of tragic poems and several historical works, in all of which moral elevation was the distinguishing characteristic. Among the former of these was the magnificent composition, "Wallenstein," which has been admirably translated into English by Coleridge, and should be read, pencil in hand, by every lover of the beautiful and true.

We have not room for an enumeration even, much less an analysis of his works. One spirit pervades them all—a spirit of moral beauty. As his admiring critic, Menzel, observes, "He is the poet of youth, for all his feelings correspond to the earliest aspirations of the yet uncorrupted youthful heart, of love yet pure, of faith yet unshaken, of hope still warm, of the vigor of young souls not yet enervated. He is the favorite poet of all who have preserved their virtue—whose sense of truth, and right, and greatness, and beauty, has not yet perished in the mart of vulgar life. He has purified and regenerated German poetry. He warred with the immoral tendency of the taste of the age more powerfully and victoriously than any preceding writer. With Schiller, literature was a high and holy calling. As he viewed it, genuine literature includes the essence of philosophy, religion, and art—whatever speaks to the immortal part of man. The daughter, she is likewise the nurse of all that is spiritual and exalted in our character. The boon she bestows is truth. "Genius, even in its faintest scintillations, is the inspired gift of God; a solemn mandate to its owner to go forth and labor in his sphere to keep alive the sacred fire among his brethren, which the heavy and polluted atmosphere of this world is for ever threatening to extinguish. Wo to him if he turn this inspired gift into the servant of his evil or ignoble passions; if he offer it on the altar of vanity, if he sell it for a piece of money."

Such were the ennobling views of Schiller, and his works happily corresponded to these sentiments. True, his opinions, his views of things, in many respects, might not have been precisely those which would be considered here purely evangelical; but, according to the light he possessed, he was a true man, seeking truth and aiming to dispense it, and this, more than anything else, gives an unspeakable charm to his works.

Of his poetry, several specimens have appeared in the early numbers of this Magazine. The "Song of the Bell," in the 3d No. of Vol. I., gave great satisfaction to many of our readers. It was translated by an appreciating hand, whose favors are always welcome, and it found, we have reason to think, an appreciating audience.

In May, 1806, he finished his splendid career. Feeling that his end was come, he addressed himself to meet it, not with affected carelessness or superstitious fear, but with the quiet unpretending manliness which had marked the tenor of his life. Of his friends and family he took a touching but a tranquil farewell. Some one inquiring how he felt, he said, "*Calmer and calmer*"—simple but memorable words, expressive of the mild heroism of the man. About six he sank into a deep sleep; once, for a moment, he looked up with a lively air, and said, "Many things are growing plain and clear to me." Again he slept, and his sleep deepened and deepened until it changed into the sleep from which there is no awakening till the Judgment.

The latter part of Schiller's life was marked with a growing seriousness and sublimity of sentiment. His mind appeared to labor as if engaged in themes of unearthly import. The universe of human thought, says Carlyle, he had now explored and enjoyed; but he seems to have found no permanent contentment in any of its provinces. Many of his latter poems indicate an incessant longing for some solution of the mystery of life. His ardent spirit could not satisfy itself with things seen, though gilded with all the glories of intellect and imagination; it soared away in search of other lands, looking with unutterable desire for some surer and brighter home beyond the horizon of this world. Had his life been prolonged a few years, he would probably have far exceeded all that he has now left us. At the moment death overtook him, his mind was teeming with new subjects, and could they have been elaborated under the influence of that lofty and pure spirituality to which he was daily advancing, they would have eclipsed all the previous emanations of his genius.

Those who desire to become better acquainted with the character and works of Schiller, will find Carlyle's life of the poet a pleasant and satisfactory volume—a volume, moreover, which is free from the deformities of style which characterise Carlyle's later performances.

THE DEPARTURE OF YOUTH.

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven."

Why is it that we mourn the Past and sigh for the years that have glided from us? Is it not because those years have borne away with them something of our purity, something of the gladness and innocence of our childhood? Do we not feel our hearts closed to the sweet influences that used to steal into them from nature, and from our own youth and innocence? Have not many of the bright hopes we have sent forth to meet the future, returned, like the dove to the ark, having found no resting place in this weary world? Is it not for this that we mourn the Past? Is it not the disappointment of our hopes, the closing of many a fountain of joy and gladness, rather than the departure of years, that makes us old? And is not this the secret of immortal youth, that we should preserve the freshness, the buoyancy, the purity of our childhood—that the years, in their departure, should leave nothing of bitterness or of disappointment in our hearts?

The Past is sad or joyful to us as we have lived in it. It is either a fountain of sweet memories, whose pleasant waters refresh the weariness of the present; or it is a huge serpent coiling itself away, fold after fold, ready to dart forward and fill our hearts with the poison of his breath?

Is not, then, the voice of wisdom clear? Should we not so live as to preserve our youth, "to become as little children?" Disappointment is the flood that covers the earth. Let us send forth our hopes, as doves, heavenward, and though the waters cover the tops of the highest mountains, yet by the stream of life grows a tree whose leaves we may pluck, and which shall be to us the emblems of *peace* indeed. Let us then live virtuous lives, loving truth, doing good as we have opportunity, and although our bodies may totter and bend beneath the weight of years, yet perpetual youth shall dwell within our hearts. The hours of life, if well improved, will erect for themselves a shrine within our hearts, and many pleasant memories will be laid thereon as perpetual offerings.

C. A. D.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZA ANN WOOD.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

SHE came, and like a star divine,
She made our mortal bliss more bright;
Like beams that through the tempest shine,
She fringed our passing clouds with light.

The star has faded from the sky,—
The beams are lost in heavenly blue,—
There is a light that cannot die,
There is a life serene and true.

She loved the light, and round her feet
Now laughs and leaps perpetual Day;
She chose the life, and now repeats
Her pulses their immortal play.

We saw the promise of the child
The intellectual girl fulfil;
The nature, generous, free and wild,
By Grace subdued, was noble still.

And nobler—for Religion takes
From Nature only stains of sin;
The Beautiful she ever makes
More beautiful, without, within.

In Joy's pure waters bade to dip,—
And small, of common griefs, her store,—
She touched the wave with Hope's warm lip,
Gazed on her God, and drank no more.

She prest "a soft, a downy bed,"
Made for his daughter by the King;
Death came—she knew the rider's tread,
But light lay on his raven wing.

She rose and broke the bars of clay,
And sprang at once from tears and dust,
More glorious on her shining way
Than when she came from God at first;

For, wounded in the primal crime,
And healed by Calvary's wondrous power,
No lily of the spotless clime
Blooms like the amaranthine flower.

She died—not hers, but ours, the loss;
She died—not ours, but hers, the gain.
We die, whom yet the billows toss;
She lives, who's past the surging main.

So in the mansion, still and dark,
We laid her form, decay to share;
We knew that Victory's burning spark
Irradiates every atom there.

While cold and heat, and storm and frost,
Shall come and go, nor break her sleep,
Her loveliness will ne'er be lost,—
Affection will her image keep.

Of her sweet worth we'll think and talk,
Nor deem such virtues can be dead;
And in the same bright faith we'll walk
By which her constant step was led.

Boston, August, 1846.

MY FIRST SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

BY MRS. LUCY K. WELLS.

"He that sits above,
In his calm glory, will forgive the love
His creatures bear each other, even if blent
With a vain worship; for its close is dim
Ever with grief, that leads the erring soul back to him."
Mrs. Hemans.

My earliest teacher was a widow lady. I loved her tenderly, and with a peculiar affection. I did not then know what was the secret spell that bound young hearts so closely to her. Her face was sad; and her voice, too, was sad, though musical, yet no buoyant spirit like ourselves ever won such love. A look, a word from her, would make us pause in the wildest career of mirth; and even the reckless boy, who was guilty of the last stage of schoolboy cruelty, the robbing of birds' nests, shrank from giving her pain. Yet, sad as she seemed, I never saw any one sympathize more deeply in the joys of others. She loved to see young spirits happy, and her melancholy look would for a while pass away, while watching our gay sports. I never thought her unkind but once. Then—well do I remember it. It was one of those long bright summer days, when the mere consciousness of existence is so delightful. I sat on a long form, by her side, with a laughing little romp of my own age, and another, whom I loved with a sister's love, or rather with such a love as I might have to a pure seraph who was sojourning awhile on earth. The spirit of misrule was busy in the little group. One pulled his neighbor's ear, and then, with a most saintly, pitying look, wondered who could have done the mischief. Another slily put upon his head the tall pyramid-shaped cap of bulrushes, weathed with drooping dandelions and strawberry blossoms, till, seeing the "school madam" turning towards him, he snatched it off, and bent his eyes upon his spelling book with an expression of as intense application, as if solving a problem in Euclid. It was in vain that our teacher was all eye, all ear—in vain that one and another culprit was

"—— Sent into the corner,
Face towards the wall."

The wriggling and hitching on the long benches, the buzzing whisper, the suppressed giggle, eluded her utmost vigilance. On that day the quiet spirit of my young friend was raised to unwonted gaiety. We laughed and played; and at length she was separated from me, and placed on the high stool reserved for younger culprits. How my young heart swelled with indignation. I could have borne disgrace myself, but to see *her* placed there was intolerable. She died but a few months after this, when just entered on her sixth year; but I have never ceased to remember her. Again and again, in the light slumbers of childhood, her placid eye has beamed on me, and I have heard once more the silvery tones of her voice. Years have passed over me, years of disappointment and sorrow; but still, when both the present and the future were all dark, dark, in that heavy slumber which sinks down on the weary and exhausted, that gentle spirit has seemed hovering near me, and whispering of peace and of hope. I doubt not she is my guardian angel, and that the pure friendship, which just dawned on earth enough to shed a ray of mild silvery light along my dark pathway, will become the perfect day in that land where is neither darkness or sorrow.

But I have strayed far from my original purpose, which was to draw a sketch of my first school-mistress. I have said that, though sad herself, she seemed to rejoice in the happiness of others, especially of children. When, at a later period, I became acquainted with her melancholy history, I wondered at it. I wondered that, withered as her hopes, and lonely as her own heart had been for many a long year, she could have any sympathy remaining for the gay and happy. Experience in later life has solved the mystery. I have learned that, when woman is made utterly desolate, after the first burst of grief is over, the sympathies will go forth to those who enjoy a brighter lot. When her own fountains of joy are dried, like summer brooks, she will seek to satiate her thirst for happiness at those fountains which still well forth their pure waters for those who have not yet found them turned to gall and bitterness. Thus it had been with her. She was left an orphan early in life, but I know not that she had more than the usual share of an orphan's sorrows. I can tell, even upon a slight acquaintance, when a warm-hearted girl has felt the want of a mother's love. Her destiny in other respects may be happy; but all her gentlest and purest emotions are closely hoarded in her own bosom. If she loves, it is with a fervor and entire devotedness unknown to those whose warm affections have gushed out in the tender sympathies of the domestic circle. She loved—was united to the only object of her devotion, and a few months passed in that delirium of happiness known to those only, who can for the first time repose with unwavering confidence on a faithful and kind friend. A stroke, sudden as a thunderbolt, took him from her. He, who was to her not husband and protector merely, but in the place of parents, brothers, and sisters, was laid low. The world was now a fearful blank. Nothing remained to her, and she abandoned herself to hopeless grief. Why should she not? There was no one to be pained by her excessive sorrow. She could not lay her head on her mother's breast, and weep away her griefs, and sink to rest as in helpless infancy. No brother was near to sustain her by his manly arm, and no gentle sister to whisper of heavenly hopes and consolations. She enshrined *his* image in her soul, and worshipped it with tears and the homage of a broken heart—an homage which, if yielded to Heaven, would have brought peace and rest. Time had no effect in assuaging her sorrors; on the contrary, the channels of her griefs were worn but deeper by years. At length she was roused from her long dream of anguish, by finding that a distant relative, to whom her little all was entrusted, had embezzled the whole, and she was cast penniless upon the world. In her selfish and extravagant sorrow, she had thought herself released from all obligation to be useful, and incapable of any exertion; but now her slumbering energies were awakened. She determined not to disgrace the memory of the noble being with whom her destinies had been linked, by listless dependence; but all desolate as she was, where could she look for aid or guidance? She now opened her Bible, and to her surprise found it a book for the children of sorrow; she had before admired its poetical beauties, but now affliction had given her the key to unlock its heavenly treasures. There she read of a friend closer than a brother—a friend eternal, who can never change and never weary. She there learned that "as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him, *for he knoweth our frame; he remembereth we are dust.*" Delightful assurance to woman, feeble, lonely, desolate. She read of love stronger than death, triumphing over the agonies of crucifixion, to provide a refuge and protection for that sorrowing one who, in her love and grief, had followed him even there; and offering up in that last hour, not for a sister or friend, but for his murderers, that sweet prayer, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." With deep emotion she learned that this love yet remained immortal and unspent; and that whoever has a burden or a grief may come to Him, who notes the falling of the sparrow, and pencils the lily with beauty. She sought with intense eagerness to know what return she should make for love and care like this, and found but this one consolation, "Give me thy heart." Now she deeply felt the idolatry of her grief, and with the humility and simplicity of a child turned for aid to "Him who alone healeth the broken in heart, who bindeth up their wounds." She rose with new strength and energy, and peace, unknown before, descended upon her troubled spirit. Leaving the city which had been her home, she sought the residence of a long-forgotten friend in the country. There I first saw her. The little pittance she received for instructing during the summer months, she increased by employing herself in things which had been her amusement in brighter days. As I now remember her, I can but think she enjoyed much. She delighted in being useful, and though her own hopes were all crushed, she still shared in the hopes of others. Her heart was softened, and not withered by affliction, and was susceptible of every impression from the glad faces, and joyous tones, and merry laugh of the young and happy.

THE STAR LICHNEDIA.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

SYSTEMATIC name—*Phlox Drummondii;* Class V., *Pentandria;* Order I., *Monogynia;* Natural order, *Polemoniaceæ.*

Generic Character.—Calyx inferior, monosepalous, prismatic, five-cleft or five-parted; segments converging: corol salver-form, regular, five-lobed, with a tube somewhat curved: stamens five, unequal in length, inserted into the middle of the tube of the corol, and alternated with its segments: stigma three-cleft: cells one-seeded, seeds oblong, concave. Herbaceous.

Specific Character.—Stoloniferous-procumbent, pubescent: leaves alternate, clasping, lanceolate, narrowing abruptly, awned, hairy, roughish: panicle lax, fastigiate: divisions of tha corol equal, tube pubescent: teeth of the calyx long, subulate. The color of the blossom varies from pale pink to deep carmine, with every intervening shade—deeper colored at the centre, pale blush beneath.

Geography.—Indigenous to the south-western part of North America.

Properties.—It possesses no medicinal virtues, or if it does, they are unknown.

Remarks.—The generic name is derived from φλοξ, a flame, because red is the prevailing color of the blossoms. The specific name is given it in honor of Mr. Drummond, a distinguished botanist from Scotland, who made a tour through Mexico and some of the Southern and Western States about fourteen years since, when he discovered this species of the *Phlox* in the prairies of Texas. He carried it to Scotland and England, where it was highly prized and cultivated with great care. It was brought from thence to America again, to grace our gardens, about seven years ago.

It is a beautiful little annual, requiring the seed to be sown every spring. It begins to blossom early in the season, and continues to throw out its chamelion flowers till the approach of frost. The seed should be sown early, in a rich, light soil, and this being done, the florist will be abundantly repaid for his labor by a constant and rich profusion of elegant blossoms. Its beauty is very much enhanced by its five bright stellated points in the centre of each flower—hence the common name of Star-lichnedia. These central spots, together with the different shades of color of the flowers in general, give to a bed of them a pleasing variety of aspect.

A London magazine speaks of this new species of Dwarf Annual Phlox in the following manner: "Every flower, though of the deepest carmine, has its petals of a pale blush color on the under side, and every petal, though of the palest pink, has a dark carmine spot at its base. Thus the variety of colors displayed in a bed of these flowers, almost exceeds description, and when they are seen under a bright sun, and agitated by a gentle breeze, the effect is extraordinarily brilliant."

Sentiment.—Variety pleases.

I know the world is all for show,
  To fickle fancy given;
What satisfies the taste at morn
  Is thrown away at even.

So I bedeck myself to please,
  In varied costume flowing,
My gaudy hues expose to view,
  In dazzling sunbeams glowing.

And though the thought oft makes me smile,
  My heart with pride is swelling,
That exquisites and amateurs
  Crowd thick around my dwelling.

They quit the fragrant violet's bed,
  Their praise on me to lavish;
Neglect a far more worthy flower,
  While I their bosoms ravish.

Thus human beauty oft is judged,
  By dress and carmine touches;
While real worth and solid sense
  Retire with modest blushes.

SLEEP.

Sleep! sweet are thy visits to infancy's eye,
Coming soft, ere the twilight hath shaded the sky;
Ere the dews, lightly falling, the clover hath seal'd,
Or the stars of the primrose to eve are reveal'd.

And sweet to the aged, whose years have declin'd,
'Midst the home of his kindred, the faithful, the kind;
His hoary head honor'd, and softened each care—
Reposing at noon in his easy "arm-chair."

And sweet to the ploughman, with set of the sun,
Return'd from the field when his labor is done;
And snoring aloft, on his pallet bespread,
To wake ere the sky with the dawning is red.

And sweet to the maiden, whose heart, like a flower,
Expands to a sunbeam and folds with a shower;
Still true in affection to all that is bright,
But timidly shrinking from aught that would blight.

And sweet to the trav'ler, when daylight is fled,
And the stars watch alone o'er his shelterless head—
When the light of his watch-fire is red on the sand,
And the sound of the wave breaketh hoarse from the strand.

And sweet to the sailor-boy, dreaming of home,
When rock'd in his hammock above the sea foam,
He sees the fond image of all that is dear,
While his quivering eyelid is moist with a tear.

And sweet when the mourner hath wept o'er his dust,
And render'd to heaven his idol in trust;
Then, heart-worn and weary, hath sunken to rest,
With the Ægis of mercy laid light on his breast.

Yet the infant, the aged, the clown, and the maid,
Shall wake to the sunshine, the shower, the shade;
The trav'ler shall journey, the sailor shall roam,
And the future's bright star be the lone mourner's home.

But a sleep waits for all when this day-dream is o'er;
Ah! sound are the sleepers who never wake more!
And happy is he who, retiring to rest,
Doth feel that "whom heaven hath blessed is blest."

J. C. W.

VOICES OF THE GRAVE-YARD.

[The following letter from an esteemed correspondent of our own, to a friend, is full of awakening facts and wholesome thoughts, and we adopt it entire for the readers of the Parlor Magazine. It is a history of the changes which death and the grave are continually making, which will come home to many a heart.]

K——, June 8th.

My Dear Ellen,

My first visit the next morning after our arrival here was paid, as you will surmise, to the spot where reposes the object of my earliest love. The dew yet lay heavy on the grass, as I crossed the common lying in front of the graveyard. A new entrance had been erected, something like Mount Auburn, though more humble; but the improvers of the spot, with more good sense than often falls to the lot of reformers, had retained the rustic stone wall which, from time immemorial, had encircled the spot. The tall sentinel poplars still guarded the place, and the morning breezes sighed through their branches a wail for the departed A small side wicket gave me admission, and I stood within the hallowed enclosure. The gloomy pines on each side the avenue oppressed me, and I hastened on to about half its length, turned aside, and stood before the low railing which surrounds our portion of the burying-ground. There stood the stone—the name and age its only inscription. I gazed upon it. Was it possible my father was but forty-eight—cut down in the very prime of life! I sank on the ground in agony.

Till then I had remembered my father as he seemed to me when, at seventeen, I parted from him, as an old man; but as I had advanced in life I had learned that at fifty a man is not aged; and as I thought of the pride and pleasure with which he would have looked round on his descendants, I felt it impossible to submit to the decree which had laid him in the dust.

Long time lasted the struggle; but at length religion asserted its supremacy, and I felt that all was directed by Him who had truly fulfilled his promise, who had been a Father to the fatherless, a God of the widow. Calmed and soothed by communion with my Heavenly Parent, I rose from my knees and looked around me. By my side lay my little brother, the lovely boy who gave me my first childish notion of death. I recalled his large black eye as it cast an imploring glance to its father, to its mother, and then seeming to withdraw into itself, relinquishing all hope of human help, closed upon earthly things to open on glory and beauty for ever.

The lot next ours attracted my attention, and brought before me a large and happy family, who, when I was a little girl, had lived next us, and who were now, with a single exception, dwellers in the land of silence. I had stood by the death-bed of the father, a senator of the nation. I had known every one who slumbered there. Consumption seized them—the young, the elder, the learned lawyer, and the stripling boy, all were marked for her prey.

Behind me was a well-filled enclosure, and I entered it. The father—the children of all ages were there; and as I thought of the matron whose treasures lay buried below, of her distinguished piety, her dignity of character, her gentle manners, her benign expression of countenance, I realized the meaning of the words, "perfect through suffering." The tribute to her step-son touched me. After recording the name and date of his loss, it proceeds:

"This monument is erected by her who supplied to him the place of a mother, to whom and to her children his conduct was everything that filial devotion could suggest."

Could I have dreamed that another month should deposit there the daughter whose joy in mature life it was to anticipate her mother's wants, to relieve from care, to cheer, to console her beloved parent! So it is; the branches are lopped off, and the parent trunk survives, "bringing forth fruit in old age, to prove that the Lord is good."

The broad tablets which told of the respect paid to the former Governor of the State and his admired wife, led me to the grave of three of their grand-children. Martha, of all my school-fellows the most admired, so full of life, of spirits, the gayest of the gay, with beauty, rank, and wealth, devoted to worldly pleasures, she seemed to have commenced a career of folly; but God had thoughts of mercy towards her, and she was led to turn from all earthly sources of happiness to the everlasting fountain. The change made by religion in her deportment was striking, and a few weeks showed she had chosen the better part, for a brain fever hurried her into eternity. During the delirium her visions were all of angels and of heaven, and I doubt not she is now with them singing the new song.

Her two younger sisters, Sarah and Julia, are also there; too beautiful they seemed for earth. What was the despair of the parents as they were forced to part with those exquisite forms—what was the mourning when it was told in the little town, Sarah S. is dead!

A newly made grave arrested my steps. It was that of one who, cut down in the midst of public life, had been borne from the halls of legislation to rest with his father and mother. Appropriate place for him, near those whose old age had been cheered by his assiduities, gladdened by his attentions, and made happy by his deservedly won honors.

But what recollections were awakened by the grave of Anne. Oh, Ellen! had you known her, you would understand what I experienced. She was one of my earliest playmates. I can look back upon the fourteen years of uninterrupted intercourse with her, and not be able to point to a single unkind act—to recall one bitter word. She was beautiful, she was good—of superior talents, always first in her classes, even in the large establishments of our cities. Her humility was not less remarkable than her attainments. Long months of suffering were appointed to her, but she submitted without a murmur. None who saw her the last year of her life can forget that exquisitely formed face, those earnest, dove-like eyes, shaded by their long dark lashes, the classic contour of that head, the marble whiteness of the skin, but above all, the heavenly smile which beamed from the countenance, the touching words which fell from the lips!

"Do not, dear sister," said she to the young creature who, with tears rolling down her glowing cheeks, and emotion quivering her cherry lip, stood by her bed—"do not, when I am gone, praise me, and say Anne wrote this—Anne said that. If I have done anything right, God gave me grace to do it, and give to Him the glory." The week before she passed away, all her papers were destroyed, and only a few, accidently overlooked at the time, remained to her bereaved friends. They were enough to reveal the purity, the sublimity of her inward life—to show whence came the strength which sustained her spirit in the last conflict. Oh! how slight must be the transition from earth to heaven in such a soul as hers! The blessedness of the righteous is theirs even while here below, and they have but a glorious increase of joy, and happiness, and love above.

Not many steps led me to my grand-parents. They slumber among their forefathers, but their memory is blessed. My grandmother's spirit seemed to rise up before me, and bid me trust in God. Her prayers for her offspring were registered on high, and of her numerous descendants not *one* has ever disgraced his name. Intemperance has never found a victim among them, and nearly all are now numbered among the followers of Christ, while from the lips of her posterity "the people that sit in darkness" have heard proclaimed "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." The verse, which my Daily Food had that morning supplied for my meditations, recurred to my mind, and I repeated aloud, "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children—to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them." When that saint left this world only one of her daughters was a Christian; but all have since been gathered in, and her sons, full of years, are waiting patiently their summons to depart.

Who that traces the history of Christian families can doubt that "there is a God that judgeth in the earth," and that though the harvest may not be reaped in this world by those who tearfully sow the seed, yet in another and better land a new thrill of ecstacy shall be felt by them, as one after another joins them in the upper sanctuary.

My letter, my dear friend, is running on to an unusual length even for me; otherwise I might tell you other tales—might show you the resting-place of the drunkard husband and his heart-broken wife—of the infidel father, and whisper the sad story of his offspring; and I might show you the grave of Maria, where, every morning, the freshly culled wreath tells of cherished love. The tomb of the devoted missionary, too, is at K., and by his side sleeps the young creature who sorrowed for him even unto death; but I must defer all this till I again greet you at your own fireside. Till then I am ever

Yours, most affectionately,

ALICIA.

REPENTANCE.

FROM KRUMMACHER.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

A **PEASANT** had planted a row of noble fruit trees with his own hands. He was greatly pleased when they bore their first fruit, and he was very eager to know of what quality they would prove to be.

The son of a neighbor, a wicked boy, then came into the garden, and enticed the peasant's son, so that they went and robbed all the young trees of their fruit, before it was fully ripe.

Now when the owner of the garden entered it, and beheld the trees thus stripped, he was very sorrowful, and cried out, "Alas! why have they done this? Wicked boys have robbed me of my pleasure!"

These words went to his son's heart, and he ran to the neighbor's son, and said, "Ah! my father is greatly grieved at the deed which we have committed! My mind can no longer be at peace. My father will no longer love me, but will punish me with his contempt, as I have deserved."

Then the other answered, "Thou fool, thy father does not know who did it, and never need know. Thou must carefully conceal it from him, and be upon thy guard."

But when James (this was the name of the peasant's son) came home, and met the kind glance of his father, he turned away his eyes and could not look up to him again, for he thought, "How can I look with pleasure upon him whom I have grieved? A dark shadow, as it were, rests upon my heart."

The father now approached, and reached to each of his children of the fruits of his fields, and to James with the rest. The children ran towards him, and ate, and were greatly delighted; but James covered his face with his hands, and wept.

The father then said, "My son, why weepest thou?"

And James answered, "Alas! I am not worthy to be called thy son. I cannot bear any longer to appear before thee otherwise than as I am and know myself to be. Dear father, be kind to me no longer, but punish me, that I may return to thee again, and cease to be my own tormentor. Let me suffer for my fault severely, for it was I who robbed the young trees."

Then his father stretched out his hand and clasped him to his heart. "I forgive thee, my child! God grant that this may be the first and last time that thou hast anything to conceal from me; than I shall not grieve over the first fruit of the young trees."

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THE EVENING OF LIFE.

BY REV. DR. DAVIDSON.

"At evening time it shall be light."—*Zech.* xiv. 7.

OH! grant, sweet Heaven, a ling'ring ray
To cheer me on my lonely way,
And guide me down the vale!
The evening shades are length'ning still,
The evening dews are falling chill,
And strength and courage fail.

The early friends I sadly mourn,
Who, one by one, were from me torn,
As mourns the widow'd dove;
I've none my joys or griefs to share,
I've nothing left to hope or fear,
I've nothing left to love.

Then grant, sweet Heaven, a ling'ring ray
To cheer me on my lonely way,
And guide me down the vale!
Then let me gently sink to rest
Upon my Saviour's friendly breast,
Whose love can never fail!

POOR FLORENCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JUNG STILLING.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

It was on a beautiful afternoon, about the time of the vintage, when the leaves grow yellow, and at every breeze fall rustling from the trees, when all the corn-fields are bare, and the kine graze in little herds over the stubble, and every hill cast a long, slant shadow, that poor Florence, a boy of ten years of age, descended the hill by a solitary footpath. He was barefooted; his dark brown feet, covered with a thick scurf, were accustomed to walk over sharp stones without injury. His skin was so hardened by cold, sunshine, rain, and wind, that even the scratches from the thorns and thistles by the wayside did not pain him. He was clad in a ragged little shirt and tattered linen clothes, which he had obtained by begging. His round curly head was covered by a large torn hat, which had turned grey with age, while through its rents his light hair streamed forth in profusion; a wallet hung at his side, and in his hand he carried a strong cudgel, for defence against fierce dogs.

As he came down the mountain, along the footpath, he saw before him a beautiful meadow, and beyond the meadow a wood, from the midst of which a thick blue smoke arose; at his right hand, a stone's throw from the path, lay a turnip field, which was encircled with a rope, upon which hung old rags, that, when moved by the wind, were well calculated to frighten away wild birds.

Poor Florence hurried onward across the meadow until he reached a brook; he stooped down, drank, and then took his seat upon the turf by an elder bush. He was hungry, therefore he opened his wallet, and as he found nothing in it but crumbs and a few dry crusts, his clear blue eyes glistened, and the tears streamed profusely over his brown cheeks. He then sighed deeply, and said to himself, "Oh, my dear mother, I have you no longer with me!" He wept aloud. "You always had bread, and when my wallet was empty, you gave me some from yours; now I am often hungry, and when I have anything at all to eat, it is but little."

He peeped again into every corner of his sack, gathered all the crumbs together, and ate them. He then continued: "Oh, dear mother, if you only were not dead! Your poor Florence now goes begging around the world alone, like a poor little chick that has lost its mother. You often told me that God loves all men; that he sees all men, although they do not see him, and that he is kind, and if we would beg of him, he would very often give us something. Well, dear God, I will now beg at thy door; thou must be very rich and great, since thou hast made the heavens, the sun, and everything. Give me this night a good shelter, and do not let me be so cold when winter comes. Give something to poor Florence!"

He now wept again. "Oh, dear mother!—but she is dead, and I shall never see her again, and such another mother I shall never find as long as I live." Thus he lamented. It then occurred to him that he had seen people wear black clothes and something black upon their hats when any friend had died, and that when other people saw it, they became sad, and sympathised with those who wore such clothes; but poor Florence had nothing of the kind.

As he thus mourned his eyes fell upon the turnip field, and he longed to eat some of the raw turnips; but his mother had taught him never to steal anything. In the meanwhile a little maiden approached, leading a white goat by a string, in order to let it browse upon the stubble near the turnip field. Poor Florence now arose, and walked towards the maiden. She was a peasant girl of about ten years of age. She pastured her goat quietly, and let the boy approach her, without exhibiting the least fear.

"Maiden," he began, "I should like very much to eat a few of these turnips, but I dare not. Do they belong to you?"

"Yes. Where do you come from?"

"Ah, me! I have no home; I am a poor boy. My name is Florence, but the people call me poor Flor."

The maiden's face beamed with kindness. "You are called Florence," she said; "that is a very pretty name. My name is Rosina."

"And that is a very pretty name, too; but my mother was called Helen, and that is still prettier."

"Where is your mother?"

"She is dead and buried!"

The maiden's face was now all sadness. "Poor Florence," she said, "how long has she been dead?"

"Eight days." The boy now wept again, and the maiden's eyes were filled with tears.

"Listen Florence; you shall not eat the raw turnips. But are you very hungry?"

"Yes, I am very hungry, Rosina."

"Well, then, I will share my supper with you." She then took a double piece of bread and butter from her basket.

"No," said Florence, "I will not eat a bit of it, for you will not have enough for yourself."

"Oh, I am not at all hungry, and besides, I shall have plenty when I get home, and you do not know where you will find a morsel for supper."

She now took a little knife from her basket, divided the bread and butter into two unequal parts, and gave the largest to poor Florence. They both sat down together, and ate with great satisfaction. The poor boy now thought of the mourning clothes again. "Listen, Rosina," he began, after he had eaten up his share of the bread and butter. "The people always wear something black upon their hats when any of their friends die; I should like to have something of the kind, but I have nothing."

"Yes, indeed, poor Florence, you ought to have a piece of crape on your hat. I myself have none, or I would give it to you." As she said this she looked around, and behold! upon the fence that enclosed the turnip field, there hung a piece of an old crape gown of her mother's. She at once leaped up, ran thither, tore off a few long strips, and returned. Poor Florence jumped up, and was in great delight, but she took a seat, collected some pins, and the boy gave her his hat. But all her attempts to arrange the loose ends upon the hat were in vain.

The maiden said at last: "I have just thought of something. Our bailiff once wore a piece of crape upon his arm when he was in mourning."

"That will do," replied Florence, and in a twinkling Rosina pinned the old black strip of crape in tolerable order around his ragged sleeve. They chatted away an hour together; but it was now near evening, and it began to grow cool.

"But where will you sleep to-night, Florence?" said Rosina.

"Can I not go down with you into the village?"

"Ah, no! We have a cross night-watch, who would drive you away."

"Well, do not be uneasy, Rosina. I have always been able to find a place where I could sleep; but I do not like to leave you."

"The tears stood in his eyes. Rosina cried also. "Listen," she said at last, "do you see yonder smoke up in the woods?"

"Yes," he answered.

"That is a collier's," she continued. "He is a very good man; he receives everybody into his house when they are driven away by the night-watch. You can go thither."

Florence now arose, took his cudgel, bid Rosina a hearty good-bye, and trudged on towards the collier's.

Robert Cole dwelt in the village in which Rosina and her parents lived. This village was situated at the extremity of the valley, at the foot of a mountain, and consisted of thirty thriving families, all of which obtained a decent livelihood from farming and the raising of cattle. Of these, that of the collier's was perhaps in the most comfortable circumstances. He was a tall thin man, of seventy years, with hair white as snow. His wife had been dead many years. He had a married daughter who lived with him, but who had no children. Her husband's name was Lorenzo, and he was an honest, industrious peasant.

On the evening of this day, old Robert wandered around his coal-pits to see if anything remained to be done before nightfall. The sun was setting over the distant western mountains; its beams shone between the trees upon the worthy old man, and he had just begun his evening hymn as poor Florence came rustling along through the bushes, and met him. "Father," he began, "will you not give me a shelter for the night?"

"I cannot tell as yet."

"Oh, give me a place to sleep! There was a maiden in the field, called Rosina, who was feeding a goat, and she told me that you were so good a man that you would certainly give me a shelter."

"That might be, if I only knew that you were a fine, honest lad, for, hark ye, bad children I cannot endure. Are you all alone, then?"

"Yes, my mother died eight days ago. I

have no father, no mother, no brother, and no sister!"

"How old are you?"

"I am in my tenth year."

"Hark ye, my lad, if I knew—yet remain with me. I will give you shelter. Are you you hungry, too?"

"No, not now. Rosina gave me a large piece of bread and butter."

"Rosina is an excellent girl. But tell me, boy, if Rosina was so kind to you, were you grateful for it? Look, people here give you food and lodging, and still they are not bound to do so. Have you ever thought of that?"

"Oh yes, father, my dead mother often said to me, 'See, Florence, we have no claim upon any one, and still the people give us food. When you are grown up, you must in your turn do good to them.' But I think to myself, if I have to go around begging, how can I work and help all those people who have given me anything; and then I cannot help wishing that I were not obliged to beg any more, otherwise I must work and assist all the world."

Old Robert laughed heartily, and said: "True; but why, then, did your mother beg—why did she not work?"

"Ah me! she was always sick"

"That alters the case, boy. I am pleased with you. I will give you food and lodging. But are you, then, really tired of begging?"

"Oh, father, if I only need not beg, I should be willing to live always on bread and water, and wear ragged clothes. When I was with Rosina, a little while ago, I could not help thinking why it was that I was obliged to beg while she was not, and then I felt heartily sick and tired of it."

"Wait, my boy; sit down by this coal-pit." Then Robert began his evening hymn again.

When the sun had set, and the moon with its full yellow disk shone through the branches of the trees, Robert's daughter came towards them, carrying a basket on her head, which contained her father's supper. The old man hastened to meet her, helped her lift the basket from her head, and then said: "See, Martha, here is a poor boy who is called Florence; he has neither father nor mother, brother nor sister; he pleases me; take him and give him shelter. I wish that you would let him stay in your house for some days."

"I will do that willingly," answered Martha; "we can then find out his disposition."

"Well, then," continued the old man, "if he is honest, and has no one to depend on, and has told the truth, I will keep him and bring him up. You are without children; but we must first hear what your husband says to it."

"Of course," answered Martha; "but he will have nothing against it, if you and I are satisfied with the plan."

Poor Florence now arose, leaped for joy, came towards them, stood near Martha, and looked up in her face with a sweet smile. Martha's eyes filled with tears. "Ah!" said she, "'tis a dear boy. Come home with me, and if you are good, I will be a mother to you."

Florence looked for a moment at the sleeve of his coat, and then said: "Yes, I will be good."

"What is that upon your arm?" asked Martha.

"It is a piece of black stuff that I put on because my mother is dead."

"Poor boy! and who fastened it on for you?"

"A maiden whom I met yonder by the turnip field. Her name is Rosina."

"Rosina is an excellent child. But how long do you mean to wear it?"

"I will wear it until you are satisfied that I am a good boy."

Old Robert and Martha looked at one another in surprise.

"Ah!" said Robert, "the lad has some sense."

"He thinks, perhaps," said Martha, "that I will then be a mother to him, and then he need mourn no longer. Boy, come with me"

Martha now wished her aged father a kind good-night. He thanked her, and said: "Greet your husband for me!" Florence also bid him good-night. Robert thanked him, and said: "Boy, behave yourself, so that you may soon be able to take the crape off your arm."

Florence answered: "I will wear it until this new mother of mine says that I may leave it off." Martha took him by the hand, walked on with him, and talked to him the whole way until she reached the door of her house.

Lorenzo, her husband, was sitting by the fire, with his elbows supported upon his knees. "See here, Lorenzo," said Martha, "my father has sent you a son, if you are willing to take him. He also sends you his best greeting."

Lorenzo turned his head, looked coldly upon the boy, and said, "Much obliged!" Martha now went about her work, and said nothing more.

Florence placed himself opposite Lorenzo, and stared him full in the face, for he did not quite trust the man. Lorenzo gazed upon him steadfastly in return. When this had lasted for awhile, Florence scratched his head, and looked around for Martha. She, however, took no notice of him, but went on feeding the cattle. In the meanwhile, Lorenzo looked at him still more coldly and steadfastly. Florence could no longer endure his gaze; he turned away and began to weep in silence. Lorenzo knew at once what was the matter with him, and the boy's tears seemed evidence of his goodness of heart. He now broke the silence, and began. "Boy, what is your name?"

The poor fellow started when he heard a sound from those grave lips. Trembling, he replied, "My name is Florence."

"So, then, come here, Florence."

The boy timidly approached.

"Give me your wallet."

Florence looked at him with open mouth and eyes, and slowly loosed his wallet from his shoulder. Lorenzo took it, rolled it up, and put it in the fire. "You will not want it any longer," he said. Florence breathed forth a deep sigh; it was the voice of nature thanking God from his heart. He gazed steadfastly in the fire, sighed once again, and tears rolled down his full, round cheeks.

Martha now approached them. She had closely observed all that had passed. As she knew her husband well, however, she did not speak to him, but kept perfect silence; for when he was about to do a good action, words only disturbed him, and sometimes entirely turned him from his purpose.

After gazing awhile with a serious face at the fire, and when the wallet was in part consumed, Lorenzo slowly took the tongs from the wall, and thrust the fragments that were left into the flâmes. He then leaned upon his knees again, and looked on until the whole was burnt to ashes. He now arose quickly. Florence started and moved out of his way. Lorenzo smiled slightly, and said, "Martha!"

"What is it, husband?"

"Where is my woollen cap?"

"It lies yonder, in the cupboard."

"Listen, Florence. Go throw your hat into the stall."

Florence smiled, ran thither, and threw it away. Lorenzo now went up stairs and brought down a handsome woollen cap, and gave it to him.

It was soon time for supper. Lorenzo went into an adjoining room, where he laid the cloth, and Martha crumbled bread in a deep earthen dish, poured fresh milk over it, and placed it upon the table. Florence, in the meanwhile, remained very patiently by the fire where Lorenzo had been sitting.

While at supper, Martha related to her husband all that had taken place between her father, herself, and the boy, and that she had promised to be a mother to him if he would conduct himself well.

"Leave that to me, Martha," answered Lorenzo; "that depends upon the way in which he is brought up."

"Not wholly, dear husband. There are children who are brought up strictly, and still do not turn out well."

"Between *strictly* and *well* there is a difference. All that is necessary is a tender heart"

"That is just what I think, dear Lorenzo—just what I think."

"Well, now, I am satisfied that the lad has a tender heart. He wept when I first looked at him. He wept and sighed when his wallet was burning up. Now a bad boy, if I had gazed earnestly at him, would either have smiled like a rogue, or have looked sulky; and at the burning of the wallet, would either have laughed outright, or have been vexed."

"He seems to me to be a good boy; he has a fine, honest face. He will look nicely when he is once washed, and has on other clothes."

They now left a good portion of porridge in the dish for Florence, ate yet a piece of bread and butter together, and then called him into the chamber. Lorenzo told him to come to the table, and he himself kept his seat; but Martha had something to do in the kitchen.

The boy now took his seat at the table. Lorenzo laid a spoon before him, and said, "Eat now your fill, Florence." The good fellow now fell to gaily. After awhile Lorenzo began: "Tell me, Florence, what are you thinking about while eating?"

"I am so glad that I have come among kind people."

"But why, then, are we so kind towards you? You have done nothing for us, and we do not even know who you are."

"I cannot tell why."

"Reflect awhile why it is that we are so kind towards you."

"I am poor, and you take compassion upon me because you are good."

"Are all people, then, so compassionate towards you?"

"Oh no; people like you I have never met with before."

"But we also have met with many a beggar-boy, yet we have done for no one what we are willing to do for you. Boy, hast thou heard of God?"

"My dead mother used to tell me much about him; how he had created all things, and watched over all things, and that the hearts of men—ah, I now remember something; I did not think of it then."

"What is it?"

Tears came into his eyes as he said, "I prayed this afternoon to God that he would this night give me a good shelter, and not let me be so cold when winter comes. Now I know he has brought it about so that you and your old father and my new mother are so kind to me."

Lorenzo dried his eyes and called Martha. She came.

"Listen, Martha. The boy knows how to pray, and God hears him." He now told her what Florence had said. Martha's eyes filled with tears also. "Lorenzo," she said, "the boy shall be our child."

Martha now made Florence some nice new shirts, and Lorenzo clad him from head to foot, and gave him clothes for work days and for Sundays. A bed was made for him in old Robert's chamber, who often told him old histories, and taught him much that was good.

The winter was now close at hand, and Robert, Lorenzo, and Martha began to consider what they should do with the boy. They at last resolved to send him to school this winter, for he did not even know his letters, much less how to read. Florence was very well satisfied with this arrangement, for he had often heard old Robert read in the large family Bible, and he then always wished that he himself could read such stories. He began then to go to school. To his great delight he found Rosina there also. He had seen her at times, but had scarcely had an opportunity to speak with her, for Lorenzo never allowed him to go out in the road, and run about with the other boys, but he always furnished him with employment at home with which he must occupy his time.

Rosina, on her part, was also very glad to meet Florence, for he was now well and neatly dressed, and appeared much better than when she saw him at first. The only thing that displeased her about him, and which made her ashamed of him, was that he sat lowest in the school, among the boys of four and five years of age. Rosina could not bear this. She went therefore to the schoolmaster, who was a worthy, reasonable man, and a very good instructor, and begged him to allow her to teach Florence his alphabet. The teacher readily gave her permission, especially as she learned with great rapidity, could sing and write very beautifully, and had a number of maidens of twelve years of age under her, whom she assisted in their studies.

It was not long before Florence could not only read, but could understand all that he read. He began then to write and learn his catechism.

Rosina's parents were in comfortable circumstances, and were very good-hearted people, yet they were not so charitable as Robert and his family, neither had they so much understanding. Rosina's father was called Nicholas, and her mother Clara. She was a very good, kind woman. She had no children except Rosina, whom she loved beyond measure She did not, however, educate her delicately, but in a strict and orderly manner.

When Robert and Lorenzo saw that the boy was so industrious and intelligent, they loved him more and more, especially as they observed nothing like self-will or obstinacy in his character. He did what he was bidden to do readily and with cheerfulness, and when he had done his work, he sat down to read and to practice with his pen. The schoolmaster also came, at times, in the evening to visit Robert, and they then spake together of Florence, and of what they should make out of him. They spoke also often of Rosina, how that she was so excellent a maiden, and how the children were so fond of one another. They now proposed to the boy that he should read a chapter or two out of the Bible to the family every Sunday afternoon. This duty he took upon himself with great willingness.

Robert said to him, "Florence, if you are very good, prompt, and industrious, this week, you shall read the Bible in my place on Sunday." This he did with such emphasis and so correct utterance, that it was evident he understood what he read. Rosina also came to visit Florence at times, when she would read a chapter likewise. Every Sunday when the weather was at all favorable he must go to church. Rosina almost always accompanied him, and everybody in the village was pleased with the good children, and always spoke well of them everywhere. Thus the children grew up; they learned quickly and improved in all good things, and became sensible, industrious, and honest people, and found favor in the sight of God and of man.

A STREET SCENE, BOSTON.

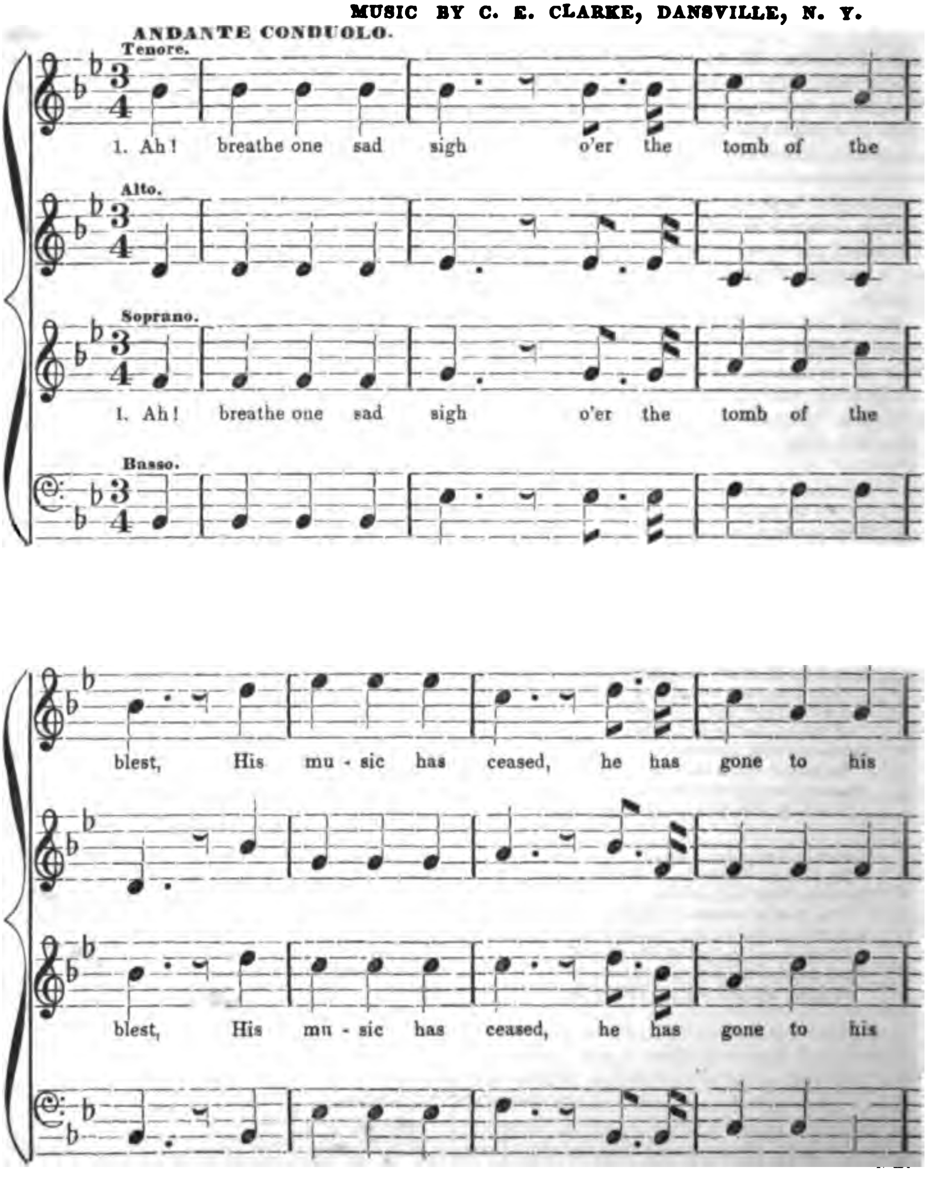
BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

You know the Park street church—its sky-built spire,
Which overtops all others, and you know
The clock 'neath which the hasty passer-by
A moment shades his eyesight with his hand
To read the time, then hurries swiftly on;
You know the corner where, in wintry days,
You turn your back against the piercing wind,
And where the poor lame fruit girl, thinly clad,
Her crutch beside her, shivers on the step,
And looks with wistful eyes in every face!
There stood I one warm day, when all the air
In every spot, save this, was hot and still,
Across the way, against the granite post
Which marks the ample gateway of the Park.
A blind old beggar leaned, with labelled breast,
Where all might read his melancholy tale,
His trembling hand stretched out, imploring alms!
And there the lusty millionaire stalked by,
With golden-headed cane; his very sleeve
Disturbed the old man's fingers—that was all!
The beggar closed his hand and clasped the air;
Then patiently put forth his palm again.
Now gathered merry groups of children round,
And some there were who then forgot their mirth,
And timidly gave up the simple coin,
The wealth which childhood knows; and some there were
Who jeered and made a frolic of his woes!
I watched the groups departing, and I saw
The ones who gave and those who jeered turn off
In different directions! So, thought I,
It shall be with you in the years to come;
Your paths run not together on the earth;
I dare not penetrate the grave and ask
How it shall be hereafter! But no more;
'Tis not a picture which I love to paint:
But when you pass that way, remember, do,
The fruit girl and the beggar!

HE SLEEPS HIS LAST SLEEP.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF L. T. CHADWICK, ROCHESTER.

MUSIC BY C. E. CLARKE, DANSVILLE, N. Y.


ANDANTE CONDUOLO.
Tenore.
1. Ah! breathe one sad sigh o'er the tomb of the
Alto.
Soprano.
1. Ah! breathe one sad sigh o'er the tomb of the
Basso.
blest, His mu - sic has ceased, he has gone to his
blest, His mu - sic has ceased, he has gone to his

by passing compliments; he administered the sternest law with a bland and polished smile; and he disarmed rebellion by a bow. Similar examples of the influence of mere manner might be quoted by the volume, and they are not unworthy of the study of good men, who would make an impression upon others for their good. Of course, none but a stupid reader will understand us as teaching that mere manner, without principle, is to operate with renovating force upon society. But we mean that a pleasing manner is the proper external expression of inward goodness; and that the influence of the latter is crippled and hindered by rudeness and roughness of address. We have known preachers and others, who, with a message from the Lamb of God, have delivered it as if they were unlicked cubs of a polar bear that had been wafted into temperate climes on an iceberg; and we fear that some have even studied to be as abrupt, rude, and boorish as possible in both their public and private intercourse with the people. Every Christian, and especially every clergyman, should be a pattern of graciousness and winning urbanity.

Hymn to the Evening Star.—There are some pleasant lines in the Hymn to the Evening Star of our correspondent Ella, but as a whole, it needs more revision than we can or are willing to bestow. Suppose we substitute for Ella's lines these following:

Fair Star! with calm repose and peace
  I hail thy vesper beams returning;
Thou seem'st to say that troubles cease
  In the calm sphere where thou art burning:
Sweet 'tis on thee to gaze and muse;—
  Sure angel wings around thee hover,
And from Life's fountain scatter dews
  To freshen Earth, Day's fever over.

Star of the Mourner! 'mid the gloom,
  When droops the west o'er day departed,
The widow bends above the tomb
  Of him who led her broken-hearted;
Darkness within, and night around,
  The joys of life no more can move her,
When lo! thou lightest the profound,
  To tell that Heaven's eye glows above her.

Star of declining day, farewell!
  Ere lived the Patriarchs, thou wert yonder;
Ere Isaac, 'mid the piny dell,
  Went forth at eventide to ponder:
And when to Death's stern mandate bow
  All whom we love, and all who love us,
Thou shalt uprise, as thou dost now,
  To shine, and shed thy tears above us.

A Word of Advice.—This number visits its readers in the midst of the autumnal season. In the country the active toils of the harvest are over—the glory of the summer is departing; "the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year;" the yellow leaves are dropping from the trees; the singing of birds is over; and the grave appearances of nature invite to reflection. The lengthening evenings afford opportunities for reading, for conversation, and useful thought. In the city, the fiery heat of summer no longer oppresses and scatters the inhabitants. The absent have returned to their wonted avocations and to their own families; and after the respite all are prepared to engage with zest in business or pleasure. Now is a good time for our young readers especially to lay their plans for the winter, and what we desire to advise, is a thoughtful and judicious appropriation of time to the purpose of self-culture and self-improvement. Choose your company, your reading, your recreations, with reference to your growth in virtue, knowledge, usefulness, and happiness. Whether in city or country, let our young friends provide beforehand the best methods of occupying their time, so that the autumn and winter before them shall be made to yield solid and permanent revenues to their mental and moral possessions. This is advice which none need fear to regard. If compliance fail to command success in future life, it may do more, enable them to deserve it. Striving to prepare themselves for a useful and honorable future, our young readers may commit the rest to Providence, or not unaptly join the poet in saying:

Let not my life be like the stagnant lake,
  For ever sleeping in the sunny beam:
I ask it not—no, rather let it make
  A course like that of some fair mountain stream,
Now rushing on its way with many a beam
  Of sunny hope, now gliding through the mead
Of verdant joy, and now, if Heaven deem
  More useful, through the lowly valley's shade—
Though it be lost to sight, it still may verdure aid.

To Correspondents.—We have on hand a large number of contributions, some of which are marked for insertion, as soon as we can find room for them; and others, which we have not found time to examine, shall receive early attention. We have to request again that contributors will retain a copy of the articles they send us, otherwise productions may be lost which they would wish preserved. In the mass of manuscripts which accumulate in our office, it is not certain that some will not be mislaid beyond recovery.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

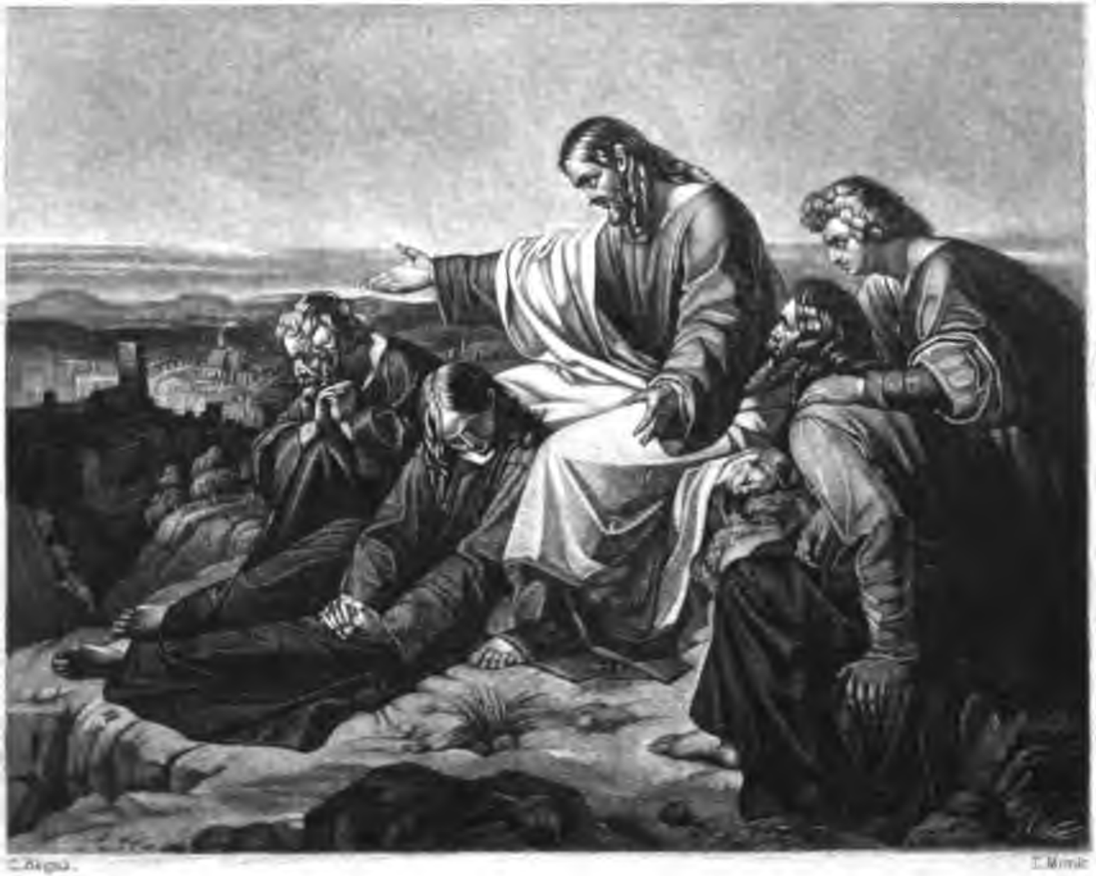
Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons, by Rev. Henry Duncan, D.D.—Mr. Robert Carter, 58 Canal street, has just published another of these delightful volumes, which completes the series. The present volume treats of Autumn, and besides containing various details of autumnal appearances, produce, &c., is largely and judiciously occupied with the general results of that remarkable system which pervades animated nature. The wisdom and goodness of this system consists in its admirable adaption to the circumstances and condition of fallen man. The problem, observes the author, has been said to be, "matter being given to construct a world," but more truly the problem was, human nature being given, to construct a system by which the bodily and mental faculties should be developed and carried forward to perfection, and mind should be exhibited meanwhile in all its various phases. In the arrangements and operations of Providence, this problem has been solved. Man is subjected to wants in order to stimulate his dormant powers; and while nature, yielding to his judicious labors, is made to supply these wants, new wants are created, and the stimulus to continued exertion is increased. Again nature is propitious, and again new wants arise; and thus man is urged forward from improvement to improvement in an increasing ratio and interminable series.

This work, now completed, forms a treasury of facts of the highest interest, applied with tact and judgment to the author's purpose. The style is eminently pleasing, and the deep devotional feeling pervading the whole can scarcely fail to communicate a healthful glow to the heart of the reader.

Works of the Puritan Divines.—Wiley & Putnam, New York.—The third volume of a uniform series of works which are being reproduced in England and the United States, embraces a Memoir of Rev. John Howe, one of the choice spirits of the 17th century, and a collection of several of his most remarkable discourses and essays. The character of this great and good man's writings is happily too well known in this country to need our praise. We hope to hear that this series of publications is sustained by the reflecting and the serious.

The Evils suffered by American Women and American Children: the Causes and the Remedy, in an Address by Miss C. E. Beecher. Also an Address to the Protestant Clergy of the United States. Just published by the Messrs. Harper, New York. This publication is designed to call attention to the great want of the means of common education to the children of this country, and to secure associated effort in fitting and sending forth to all parts of the country not provided for, suitable female teachers, under the direction of the Society for Promoting National Education, located at Cincinnati. Miss B. presents an array of startling facts illustrative of our destitution even in such a State as New York, and her plan for meeting the exigency, while it promises well for the rising generation, suggests a practicable method of affording dignified and useful employment to multitudes of worthy females, who are now scarcely able to keep body and soul together by the proceeds of long and toilsome labors with the needle. It is computed that there are in the city of New York alone, 10,000 females compelled to live by their needles, many of whom receive but about a shilling a day. By the scheme of education proposed, thousands of these females would, before long, be qualified for, and engaged in, the honorable work of teaching the young in every American village and neighborhood. This book deserves the attention of philanthropists and patriots, and especially of American ladies.

Temper and Temperament; or Varieties of Character. By Mrs. Ellis, author of Women of England. New York: Harper & Brothers. Mrs. Ellis has many readers and admirers, and this volume will increase the number. The design of the story is excellent. In its delineations of character, it aims to show its varieties and the peculiar requirements of different dispositions. But temperament may be modified and temper improved by early religious culture, and it is the object of Mrs. Ellis to enforce the importance of all those lessons of wisdom that grow out of the subject; not the least of which is that charity that endureth, hopeth, believeth all things.


C. Begas. T. Mimk

"Jerusalem hath grievously sinned, therefore she is removed."

LAM. I. 8.

THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1846.

THE LONE WATCHER.

BY PROF. J. ALDEN, D.D.

"He will not be here to-night," said Mrs. Brainard, with a deep sigh, as she let fall the curtain which she had lifted from the small and solitary window of her humble dwelling, having vainly endeavored to pierce the darkness which reigned without. A fierce storm was raging. The dread roar of the wind which swept through the valley overlooked by the site of the dwelling, was incessant, save when drowned for a moment by the violent beating of the rain against the window. Occasionally, the crash of a forest tree was heard, as it was hurled from its place on the mountain that rose abruptly in the rear.

"He will not be here to-night," repeated Mrs. Brainard, in a tone of deeper sadness, as she crossed the floor, seemingly with no definite purpose. A slight sigh, as of one awaking from slumber, caught her ear, despite the noise of the elements without. She moved quickly, and gently drew aside the curtain of a bed that stood in a rude recess of the apartment, and exposed to the dim rays of the flickering lamp the countenance of a young man, whose ghastly paleness and deeply sunken eye betokened a speedy departure to the spirit-land.

"Has he come?" said the invalid, in a feeble, hollow voice.

"No, my son. It would be impossible for any one to come up the valley on such a night as this. It would be almost certain death to attempt it.'

The fall of a venerable hemlock which stood at the very door of their dwelling added a fearful commentary to her remarks on the dangers of the night. An expression of fear crossed his countenance as the sound and shock of the fall was heard and felt.

"We are safe," said the mother, noticing the expression. "Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. The very hairs of our head are all numbered. Our best and most powerful friend is with us, if your father is not."

A slight groan was uttered by the sufferer. The hand of the mother was gently laid on his forehead, while on her countenance there rested an expression of grief, to which copious tears would have made no addition.

"Are you in much pain?" asked she, in a tone which exhibited all the depths of a mother's tenderness.

"No. I wish to see him once more."

This effort at utterance caused a fit of coughing which seemed to threaten immediate dissolution. How earnestly did the eye of the mother glance around the apartment, as she supported her son, while she vainly strove to suppress the trembling that shook her frame.

The paroxysm passed away, and his eye closed as if in slumber. Gently she laid him down upon his pillow, and gazed with tearless and glassy eye upon the face that she doubted not would assume the fixedness of death, ere the morning sun should light up the desolations of the storm. She sat down for a moment by the bed-side, then rose and paced the floor with her hands pressed on her burning forehead, paused for a moment at the window, and half drew back the curtain, then kneeling, she attempted to cast her burden upon the Lord. A slight movement of the sleeper disturbed her devotions. She arose, and bending over him, listened to his (to her ear) rapidly shortening breath. Again she left the bed-side, and repaired to the farther corner of the room, saying to herself as she knelt, "If prayer fails to relieve me, what shall I do?" Long did she kneel there, and calmer and calmer grew the heavings of her bosom; and when she arose, she felt that she was not alone. She proceeded to make preparation for the remainder of the night, and even calmly sought and arranged articles which might be needed when the death-hour should come.

She then sat down by the bedside. The sleep of the patient was deep and long continued. As she sat beside him, she "remembered all the way which the Lord had brought her," from the commencement of her being to the present sad and solitary hour. She reviewed the days of her childhood, when her glad voice mingled with those of brothers and sisters who rejoiced in the richest treasures of parental love—her first acquaintance with the future husband of her youth, and the delightful hours when she permitted the current of her affections to flow out towards him, met by a returning stream not less pure, deep, and perennial—the hour when, united to him in holy bonds, she left her home and kindred for the full possession of a heart which sympathised with every feeling, from the lightest to the deepest, that stirred her soul—the years of prosperity, so abundant in the means of contributing to the enjoyment of those lacking sympathy and succor—the days of darkness, when wealth and the friends made by it were scattered, and the hospitable mansion was exchanged for the lonely log cottage—the separation of those who had been one in heart and life, the father to a foreign land, the son for toils which his delicate frame was unable to sustain, the daughter to strive to communicate, to listlessness and imbecility, those mental and physical accomplishments which had so often elicited the admiration of the most cultivated circles—the return of that son to die, as it seemed, with her alone—all these scenes passed in review before her, and in all she could distinctly trace the hand of Almighty goodness and wisdom, even in this last closing scene, whose shades were so fast darkening around her.

She rose from her seat, and kneeling by the bedside of her dying son, gave thanks to God for all His dealings with her and hers, and asked, in full assurance that she should be heard and answered, for strength to sustain her in the trial that seemed to be near, even at the door.

As she resumed her seat, she fancied she heard an attempt to lift the latch, and it was was not till a violent gust of the storm had passed that she was able to hear the movement, which told that some one was at the door. She sprang and opened it, and her daughter stood before her, drenched to the skin and deadly pale. A half-suppressed exclamation burst from the mother, and they were locked in such an embrace as is known only to those who have hearts as warm as those that beat in the bosoms of the mother and her daughter, and who, like them, meet, after long separation, in the chamber of death, or beside the grave of buried love.

Mrs. B. led her daughter to the bedside, and allowed her to imprint a kiss on the pale brow of the sleeper, and withdrew her to make the necessary changes in her dress.

She had effected this, and was sitting by the fire endeavoring to restore warmth to her chilled and exhausted frame, leaning on the bosom of her mother, too feeble and too full of heart to speak, when her brother awoke and made an effort at utterance. Her impulse was to rise and rush to his bedside, but her strength failed her, and she sank to the floor in a swoon. Her brother's wild look of inquiry was answered by his mother, while she was placing a pillow beneath the head and using means of restoring her suspended animation. "Your sister came, half an hour ago, wet and exhausted. She has not told me whence and how she came. She is beginning to recover."

"She slowly opened her eyes, but the wild light that gleamed from them, and the nervous agitation of her frame, led her mother to fear that she might suffer a double bereavement. For a moment she felt an unutterable pang. For the death of her son she was prepared; to that stroke she could bow without a murmur. Could she be resigned to the living death of her daughter?

A moment relieved her from this distressing fear. Speculation appeared in the full dark eye of Mary. Reason resumed her sway. Supported by her mother, she sat by the bedside and took her brother's hand in hers, while a smile so angelic lit up her wan features, that it renewed the fear that she might be on the eve of her departure to the better land.

"Dear sister," said the dying brother, "I am thankful to see you once more; you are pale; we shall not be separated long; it will be a joy to me to welcome you home. But our dear mother—how could she do without us both?"

The thought disturbed him, but calmness was restored by the remark of the mother. "Your sister is exhausted, as she may well be, by her efforts to reach us. She will soon recover; but if not—if God calls her, I can spare her." These words were spoken in a firm, calm, and even cheerful tone.

A change soon took place in his breathing. "Your confidence is firm?" said Mary, rightly divining that the end was near.

"Firm as the everlasting hills!" was the reply.

He sank into a lethargic slumber. Mrs. B. constrained her daughter to lie down upon a couch and seek some repose. She soon fell asleep. For several hours the mother watched the slumbers of her children. The day began to dawn, and the hoarse voice of the storm to die away As the first rays of the morning sun glanced in at the window, nature was calm, and almost at that moment the spirit departed from its tenement. There was no death-struggle; he simply ceased to breathe. So sudden and quiet was his departure, that Mary was not called to witness it. She was suffered to sleep on, and take her rest.

While the mother was thus sitting between the living and the dead, footsteps were heard approaching, and a low rap at the door. She opened it, and Mr. Bateman, a rude dweller on the mountain a mile or two distant, stood before her.

"Good morning," said he as he entered, in as mild a tone as his habitually harsh voice would allow. "You are all alive yet, I hope, after this dreadful"—. But seeing her shake her head, he paused abruptly, and then asked, "Is he gone?"

"Yes," said she, pointing to the corpse, and then, with a gesture deprecating noise, to the couch on which Mary was reclining. At that moment she suddenly awoke. "I dreamed he was dying," said she, and going to the bed-side. "Oh, why did you not call me?" Convulsive weeping followed a sight of the fixed countenance and closed eye. Her mother led her to an adjoining apartment, and after a short absence returned.

She found the old man sitting by the bedside, with his chin supported by his hands, which rested on the top of his staff. His cheeks were wet with tears. Her own flowed copiously at the sight, for Bateman was the last man to be seen in such circumstances, and giving evidence of tender feeling. He was one of those forest Ishmaelites who fear not God nor regard man; from whom a display of human feeling was no more to be expected than from a brute.

"I never heard," said the old man in a broken voice, "till yesterday morning, that your son had come home sick. I was then on my way from home, and did not get back till after dark. As soon as I got home, I set out to come here; but when I got to the bridge, I found it was gone, and I was obliged to give it up. I was afraid there was nobody to take care of him. This morning I started as soon as it was light, and had to go round to near the head of the stream."

"I am greatly obliged to you," replied Mrs. Brainard, "for taking so much trouble to come to us."

"I didn't mention it to show how much trouble it cost, as if I valued that at anything; but to show the reason why I was not here sooner."

"You are very kind to come at all; we had no claims upon you."

"Yes you have, or *he* had, and you for his sake. But when did your daughter come?"

"About midnight."

"On foot, and alone?"

"Yes—that is, she started on foot when she left the stage at the opening of the valley."

"What time was that?"

"Just before sunset?"

"And it took her till twelve o'clock to get here?"

"It was a little past twelve, I believe She came in thoroughly drenched with the rain, and exhausted. I have not yet learned the particulars. I only know that she set out as soon as she was informed of the danger of her brother, and arrived here last night."

"It is a wonder she did not perish. But what is now to be done? I had better go and get some of the neighbors to come and lay him out. Anything you want done first."

"I should like to have you send to the post-office for me, and make inquiry if anything has been heard of Mr. Brainard. He wrote me he should be here last evening."

"I wish that I had known it before I left home; then I could have sent Ben. I don't know, though, as it matters much, for it is ten to one if he had gone a step after my back was turned. My children don't behave as yours do or did. I know about him who is gone, and the girl that would come through such a storm must be of the same make Well, I will go and send help here as soon as I can, and go myself to the office, and then I shall know it is done." He laid his hard hand for a moment on the temples of the sleeper, saying, "What a loss to lose such a son! and what a comfort to have such a son!" He left the house, and proceeded to execute the plan proposed.

Mrs. Brainard was surprised at the kindness of one who was distinguished for his misanthropy, but thought it not stranger than that she should be supported as she was in her grievous trial. She referred all to the good providence of God.

Mr. Bateman had proceeded but a short distance on his way before he saw Mr. Brainard slowly advancing towards him. He had arrived at the opening of the valley at a late hour the night before, and, with his feeble health, did not dare to undertake to make his way through the darkness and the storm.

When he saw Bateman in the distance, he was sorry that it was necessary to meet him. The last time they met, Bateman, for an alleged fault on the part of Brainard, had overwhelmed him with abuse.

As they drew near, Brainard took the opposite side of the way, and looked down, that they might pass in silence, but was surprised to find Bateman planting himself before him, and, with his eyes filled with tears, extending his hand. The hand could not be refused.

"Have you been at my house?" said Brainard, perceiving that he was speaking to a changed man.

"I have just come from there."

"And my son?"

"He is well off, for I have no doubt he is in heaven, and I have no more doubt that there is a heaven, than I have that I am alive." This was said in allusion to Bateman's oft-expressed disbelief of everything relating to religion.

"When did he die?"

"This morning, about sunrise"

The father was prevented from falling to the earth by the supporting arm of his late enemy. They sat together in silence, while flowing tears relieved the pressed bosom of the bereaved.

At length he rose to proceed. "I see I must go with you," said Bateman. Leaning on Bateman's arm, Brainard made his way slowly towards the dwelling which he longed, yet feared, to reach. When within sight of it, he paused, and it was not until Bateman had remarked, "Your wife sees you, and wants you to come on," that he moved forward. Bateman assisted him to enter, and closing the door, went on his way.

There was not one of the scattered inhabitants of the valley who did not sympathise with the bereaved parents, and freely furnish all the aid their circumstances required. All were surprised that Bateman should be the messenger, and still more that his manner should be so softened and subdued.

The funeral took place at the appointed time. Bateman was there, and classed himself with the mourners. It was the first time for more than half a score of years that he had been present where a prayer was offered, or other religious services performed.

When the body was consigned to its resting-place in the lone burial-yard where the dead of the retired valley were deposited, he followed the bereaved family to their home, but did not enter. He seemed to have an instinctive feeling that they should, for a season at least, be left alone. Mary saw him sitting under the deep shade of a venerable beech that grew at a little distance in rear of the dwelling, and invited him to came in.

"I don't know, young woman, as I ought to disturb you, seeing how you are situated, but I didn't feel as if I could go home. There isn't any place for my feelings there, and, to tell the truth, I feel as if I had lost the only friend I had in the world."

"If he was your friend," replied Mary, "my father and mother are your friends—we are all your friends, and greatly obliged for the sympathy and assistance you have rendered us. When did you become acquainted with my brother?"

"A year ago, when you first came here, I saw him, and he treated me as if I was a human creature, which was so different from what I was used to, that I couldn't help liking him, though I didn't let him know it. Last spring, when he came home from college, and before he went to that place where he broke down, as I was afraid he would, I saw a great deal of him."

"I never knew that he visited you. You were never at our house."

"You were not here all the time, and I guess he didn't tell you all he did in his way of trying to do good. You see, he would take his gun and come over our way, and if he found me by myself he would begin talking to me. Many a time I abused him, and threatened violence if he came again; but he would take it all as pleasantly as a lamb, and may be the next day he would come along with that smile of his—you know what sort of one it was?"

He raised his eyes, which had been steadfastly fixed on a decaying log, and saw that she was weeping.

"I'm sorry—I was going to say I was sorry I had said anything to make you cry, but I wont say so, for I don't think it does anybody any harm to cry."

"Go on," said the weeping girl.

"Well, he kept on coming till I couldn't find heart to be cross to him, and sometimes I would find myself talking with him, and forget what time it was; and at such times he always said something on the subject of religion that I couldn't forget. Before he went away, he had brought me back in my belief to what I was when I was a child; he brought me back to the catechism. I didn't let him know it, though. I got to love him as if he was my own son, and more too; but he never knew it. I had got so unused to having or showing any feeling, that I couldn't say what I wanted to. When he went away, I wanted to throw my arms around him, but I couldn't. I did make out to offer him money to keep on through college; but he said it belonged to my own boys, and he must do something for his parents. He tried to make me promise to attend to religion, but I would not, though I was very near it, and if he had urged a little longer I should. When he bade me good-bye, he looked sorrowful, and said, 'I am afraid, after all, friend Bateman, that you will be lost.' Those words have been ringing in my ear ever since."

"Come in and talk with my father on this subject," said Mary, knowing that her father would rejoice to find him in such a frame of spirit, and might give him counsel that might be of saving benefit.

"No," said he, "I had rather talk with you. I can't be half as free with him as with you There is a good deal in your ways that reminds me of *him*." I wish I could have seen him before he died. As soon as I heard he had come home sick—that is, as soon as I got home, I started to come here; but the bridge was gone, and the storm and darkness made it impossible for me to go through the woods towards the head of the stream, where I could cross. But you were out in the storm; how was it?"

"I left the main road just before sunset. I had the stage set me down there. It was dark before I got half the way through the valley."

"How could you keep the road?"

"I did not except by feeling. I felt my way the whole distance, and was about to give up, when the faint light of the window met my eye. I am thankful I was permitted to see him before he died."

"I can't help thinking how different your family, or rather your father's family, are from mine; and the main reason is, that mine were brought up heathens, and, I am afraid, will never be anything else. I wanted to see that brother of yours once more. I would have felt my way here if the bridge hadn't been gone. I didn't take a lantern for fear they would ask me where I was going. I wanted to see him, and give him the promise that he begged for when he bid me farewell the last time we parted."

"Oh! make it to me; he would wish you to do it if he could have the opportunity."

"I will on one condition. If you will pray for me here,—there is nobody to see or hear you but God,—I will give you the promise he tried so hard to make me give him."

Mary hesitated. Her voice had never been heard in prayer, save when whispered in the retirement of her chamber. She felt, however, that it was wrong to hesitate. With a glowing countenance she kneeled in the deep shadow of the forest trees, and in tremulous tones breathed forth a prayer for the returning prodigal so tender and solemn, that his heart was more deeply affected than when kneeling beside the coffin of his departed friend. Without uttering a word, he turned his footsteps towards his home, and Mary went in to comfort her afflicted parents.

On the next Sabbath, Bateman was at Mr. Brainard's at an early hour, prepared to accompany them to their house of worship, which was at the village without the limits of the valley. In that village Bateman was well known. He frequently was there on the Sabbath, but his foot had never crossed the threshold of the house of God.

Much speculation was occasioned among his former associates when he was seen passing in the direction of the church with a pious family. Some followed him till they fairly saw him enter the sanctuary. Others, more sceptical, actually entered themselves, that they might be assured of the strange fact that he had exchanged the seat of the scorner for that of the disciple.

The pastor saw him, and his devout bearing and moistened eye gave a joy to his heart which he had never felt before while standtng in the sacred desk. It, moreover, prompted him to enter on a course of exertion in behalf of those whose case had commonly been considered hopeless, which resulted in the conversion of nearly a score.

In due time they, with Bateman, made a public profession of religion. To one who congratulated Bateman on the change he had experienced, and not observed in others, he replied, "Let God have all the glory; yet, to the praise of the glory of his grace, let it be understood that these effects have followed the faithfulness of that young man who is dead and gone, and the faithfulness of those parents who brought him up to do good !"

JOURNAL OF A TOUR

THROUGH PART OF SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

FROM Dumbarton, we took our departure in a steamboat for Glasgow, distance up the Clyde about 20 miles. This is a delightful sail. The banks of the river, upon the right more particularly, are highly cultivated, and the grounds, which are laid out in parks, lawns, and ornamental plantations, contiguous to gentlemen's seats and country mansions, present a lively picture of opulence, and indicate your proximity to a great, flourishing commercial city. The navigation of the Clyde is greatly improved by river embankments, which contract and proportionably deepen the bed of the river. But nothing has contributed so largely, within the last few years, to the commercial interests and aggrandizement of Glasgow as steam navigation. It is well known that the first steamboat constructed in Great Britain was built in Glasgow, in 1812—a small boat, christened the Comet, of about 25 tons, and plied upon the Clyde between Glasgow and Greenock. When I first visited Glasgow, in 1806, the Clyde was a small, rapid, shallow stream, incapable of floating a paddle boat at Glasgow, and just answered the purpose of a wash-tub for the washer women of the city. Now, as we neared the city, a long range of funnels, rising from splendid steamers moored along the wharfs, receiving and discharging their cargoes, presented a most animating scene of bustling commerce.

The city is situated upon the northern banks of the Clyde, and chiefly built upon a plain, but rises on the north and north-west to a bold ridge. The streets are spacious and well built, thronged with a concentrated population, and every court, lane, and alley literally crammed with children. The main street, running east and west, continued under the names of Argyle, Gallowgate, and Trongate, is about two miles in length, and eighty feet in breadth For so large a city, the general appearance of the citizens is rough, squalid, and perhaps I should not be far from the truth if I were to add, dirty; the children generally, and the young laboring women frequently, without shoes and stockings, half dressed in tattered rags, and would indicate to a stranger, if he were not better informed, an extreme state of indigence. At the same time he will observe an orderly movement and no begging in the streets. The people do not look healthy, but are pale, thin, attenuated, and, one would imagine, only half fed. This may arise from the atmosphere being constantly impregnated with the smoke and fumes of extensive manufactories, for the city is by no means confined, not half as much so as London, and yet the inhabitants do not carry the same ruddy appearance of health and cheerfulness.

The four bridges thrown over the Clyde have a charming effect, and that is very much heightened by the ample space left between the river and the buildings, which rise beautifully upon its banks.

The new Exchange is a splendid and elegant building, every way worthy of this magnificent city. We have seen no building of the kind equal to it, excepting the Exchange in Paris, and the new one in London.

We visited the ancient cathedral, interesting as a monument of departed Popery and as the record of the architectural genius which distinguished the early ages of Christianity. It is still upheld in a good state of preservation.

Here we again met the Quaker and his family, whom I mentioned as seeing at the Trosachs. After the usual friendly salutations, he inquired whither we were going next. We informed him that we were bound for Londonderry. In turn we inquired of him where he was going. He replied that he should take the steam-packet for Liverpool, on his return to London. We proposed that he should alter his route, and join us in an excursion through Ireland. He seemed a little startled at the bare proposal, and declined the invitation; but immediately asked, "Art thou going to take thy daughter with thee?" "Certainly I am." "Well, then, I think thou art a very bold fellow." I understood the admonition perfectly. It spoke a volume to my mind. He really thought we should never return. His mind, as the minds of almost all Englishmen are, was so thoroughly imbued with a sense of the ferocity of the Irish character, that he concluded at once that we were rushing upon certain death. As to an English lady travelling in Ireland, where the least she could expect would be to have her throat cut, the thing was monstrous, unheard-of, and most presumptuous. The fact is, that no English ladies do travel in Ireland, and very seldom an English gentleman, excepting upon matters of business. A fearful apprehension, and a most unreasonable and unjust one, fills the mind, that all the crimes of Ireland chronicled in the English daily journals will be visited upon them.

A little to the eastward of the cathedral, upon a lofty ridge, which bounds the northern extremity of the city, you notice the Merchants' Park—an odd name, considering the purpose for which it is consecrated. It is an immense ledge of rocks, which form the quarries, that are deeply and widely excavated to furnish material for building the city, and then converted into a cemetery for burying the citizens. This is the Merchants' Park. The whole is tastefully laid out, planted with shrubbery, evergreens, flowers, &c., in imitation of Pere la Chaise, in Paris. A winding path conducts you to the summit. The tombs are all excavated from the rocks, and the merchants of Glasgow may rest here securely enough until the trumpet of the archangel calls them to judgment.

On the peak of this cliff stands the monument of Knox, the Reformer, and all Scotland, for 50 miles around, may see it every day. From this elevation the eye wanders over the city of Glasgow, the windings of the Clyde, the fortress of Dumbarton, the hills of Renfrewshire, and the mountains in the far off distance. The churches, chapels, asylums, hospitals, banks, theatres, hotels, bazaars, &c., are all just suited to their respective objects, and just such as one meets with in all the large towns in the British Empire.

In taking leave of this rude country, where

"No vernal blooms the torpid rocks array,
But winter, ling'ring, chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare and stormy glooms invest,"

It is scarcely needful to remark that the romantic ideas which the perusal of her poets and historians, her philosophers and divines, of her martial achievements and undaunted heroism, wakened in the student's youthful mind, vanish into air, and leave the impression of rocks, and cliffs, and naked mountains.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Ay! there thou stand'st, the monument of ages,
Lifting thy battlements against the sky,
The Mausoleum of earth's sleeping sages,
Who in thy voiceless chambers silent lie.

Grand, gloomy, in thy solitude, unbroken,
Save by the echo of some traveller's tread,
Who, 'mid thy dreary vaults, would find a token
Bespeaking memories of the mighty dead.

How sacred seem thy vaulted aisles, awaking
Strange thoughts and mighty, which we may not tell;
Each stifled whisper startles us with breaking
Back on the ear like a low funeral knell.

The streaming sunlight e'en takes on a sadness,
When resting on thy dark sepulchral walls;
And from the heart flees every thought of gladness,
Beneath the death-damp of thy charnal halls.

The dust of kings is on thy floors and ceiling—
The poet's cenotaph and statesman's pile—
The sculptured slab the hero's couch revealing,
Are all thou hast of beauty to beguile.

Yet precious are the gifts which, for thy keeping,
Earth yields reluctant to thy sad embrace;
The great, the wise, the good, all calmly sleeping,
Have found in thee an honored resting-place.

Science has here her champion in his slumber—
The Muses come to weep at MILTON'S tomb—
Proud Eloquence, among the sacred number,
To BURKE and CHATHAM points amid the gloom.

Here, too, Religion finds a holy altar,
And keeps her wakeful vigil, with a tear,
O'er a true faith that ne'er was seen to falter—
For WILBERFORCE and HOWARD slumber here.

Guard these blest relics with a reverent pleasure;
No foot profanely 'mid these sleepers tread,
Till God shall call thee to resign the treasure,
And clothe immortal the reviving dead.

Whitestown, N. Y. G.

ON NATURE.

BY J. B. C.

I HAVE often thought, while wandering through the verdant fields, watching the varying tints of shadow thrown by a passing, half-transparent cloud upon their undulating surface, and the fast ripening corn nodding in the breeze; and yet still more frequently have I thought, while treading the trackless wilds of the great West, where the hand of civilization has written no sign, but where all remains as it came from the hands of the Creator, that that man does not exist who is wholly insensible to the beauties of nature, for she *is* beautiful—most beautiful—even in her wildest garb—who cannot, if he will, trace the hand of an All-wise Being in every scene that meets his gaze; and, let him be never so careless, he must at times be stricken dumb with awe as he looks upon the wonderful works of the Almighty, and his very soul go forth with veneration for the Being who formed alike the subject of his admiration and his own miserable clay. And if, at such moments, religion—pure religion—does not move his heart, and an humble prayer rise to his lips to "The Father who art in Heaven," such man, I say, should not, cannot, does not live.

Yet need we not go far to contemplate some of her rarest specimens of loveliness. What shall it signify that we are in a hot and crowded city, think you the vanity or might of man can obliterate every trace of her charms, every sign of her existence, every evidence of her rule? No! Look you from this casement; here, 'tis true, the puny works of man predominate, and are the most conspicuous; but see you not yon single blade of grass, peeping modestly from between the flags of the very street, and with gentle but irresistible force urging its way upward to the sphere which its Creator fitted it for, emblematical alike of the triumph of humility and the reward of perseverance. But let us examine it closely—let us scrutinize its structure, and consider its purpose and end.

First, then, we perceive that God hath made it in a succession of delicate veins or fibres, capable of being separated, and each distinct and perfect in itself, acting in the growth or nourishment of its part wholly independent of the rest. Of these there are in the blade before me but thirty, so delicately and beautifully united, that to the common observer it would seem a whole, and, perhaps, in some respects, may properly be so considered. But, say you, wherefore hath God, in so small a space, placed so many distinct vessels, and to what end? Here the wisdom of the Divine Author, as revealed in this trifling instance, should fill our minds with admiration and gratitude. Each of these veins, communicating directly with the soil, derives the necessary nourishment alike for its upper and lower extremity, by a curious natural philosophic law. God having made the bore of each of these vessels exceedingly fine—so fine indeed that a single hair might scarce pass through them—they may be considered, and are in fact, natural capillary tubes, and the law of attraction of cohesion, or capillary attraction, enables the liquid sap to rise above the level of its great reservoir, the earth, from the cohesive attraction between the particles of the liquid and the interior surface of the vein; but if the bore be not sufficiently fine, the sap will only rise until the attraction between it and the internal surface of the vessel shall be balanced, and from thence can go no higher, consequently, the upper extremity receiving no nourishment, must wither and die; and thus it is, we see, that the greater the distance the sap has to ascend, the finer the bore of the vessel which conveys it.

This, perhaps, is an instance of God's wisdom which few persons would consider worth their while to examine; yet, I confess, however trifling or insignificant it may appear to another, affords to me not only an excellent lesson in the school of divinity, but an intellectual entertainment of the highest order; for I cannot perceive a study more exalting in its pursuit than an inquiry into the wonders abounding in creation, and the wisdom, ingenuity, and benevolence of the Creator.

There are those who look for greater wonders in greater things; but, as the offspring of the same hand, all are equally worthy an examination, and fitted as they are for different spheres, and planted for different purposes, each contain beauties and contrivances not found in another.

Who shall deny the beauties of Flora and *her* odoriferous offspring? None. Who shall she number in her train, and who shall tell of her charms? All, all! But who can do her justice? She is a last remnant of Paradise, left by the goodness of God to wean us from sin—an evidence of his affection and desire to take us to himself, to remind us of that which we have lost and must truly repent, and of that which we may expect—of those sweets we may enjoy—in the everlasting life to come.

A fair poetess* has said:

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor does it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drank them all.

Then, wherefore, wherefore were they made,
And dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night.

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountain high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by.

Our outward life requireth them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth,

To comfort man, to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him.

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* Mary Howit.

But let us not confine our attention to any one branch of nature in preference to another; let us contemplate her perfections together in her many magnificent combinations; let us go forth in the fields, where the music of a thousand bright-plumaged songsters comes to us upon the wings of a passing breeze—where the sweet perfume of her verdancy falls upon the senses and fills the heart with joy, and exalteth it with love and gratitude to the Author; let us seek the flowing bourn, where the torrent heaves and laves itself to foam, dancing, as it were, to its own music and the sea-gull's scream, and in fury throws itself headlong from the precipice; let us wander in the wilderness, where man's foot hath never trod—where a boundless, mighty forest frowns in rude magnificence, sublimity, and grandeur, solemn and soul-stirring. Who shall say these are not beauties? But let us ascend this mountain. Think you that aught but the Almighty hand could design and execute such a scene? Observe you the heaving sea of many-colored and delicately-tinged foliage, smiling in richness beneath the rays of the glorious orb, extending as far as the eye can reach; trace you the crooked course of that rivulet fallen from those lofty hills, wending its way through the mighty woods, swelling to a broad stream, bearing its waters to replenish yonder lake, and say whether the awe-inspiring silence of this uninhabited world (for such it appears to be from where we now stand) does not—but it *must* strike a slumbering chord in your heart, and teach you that this is nature, God's sublime perfection.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.
BYRON.

BROADWAY CHARACTERS.

In the motley throng which crowds this great thoroughfare of New York, every day, may be found living specimens of every kind, and grade, and hue of human character that ever existed, or ever will exist, in this world. Good men and bad, saints and scoundrels, honest men and rogues, and hypocrites, variously masked, wise men and fools, rich and poor, high and low, in countless variety meet and mingle here, or jostle each other on the too narrow pave. We have many a time watched this great stream of life, as it rolls onward, and surges back and forth ; and sometimes the thought that in fifty years perhaps all these multitudes would be swept into the grave, has filled our heart with that saddening thought of the Psalmist, in which the march of life is compared to the transit of shadows over a plain. And then we have considered by how little and unworthy purposes the great majority of this vast caravan of pilgrims to eternity were moved; or reflected upon the base, selfish, sordid, sensual, ambitious, vindictive passions, prejudices, and affections, which were, beyond question, the animating principles of a large proportion of the crowd upon which our eye rested, till continuous contemplation of the scene became oppressive and sickening. As we have said before, much of the real character of the individuals of the throng is masked. A respectable exterior covers hideous moral deformity. There is a vast difference between what man sees and what God sees. If, by any means, God should be pleased to make every man's character manifest to his fellow travellers, there would be a panic and a consternation in Broadway several times worse than could be produced by an earthquake. All the other exhibitions in New York would be forgotten, eclipsed by the strangeness of this.

That elegant lady, with her costly equipage and obsequious lacqueys, who has just stepped from her carriage to purchase some expensive article of dress, or some costly and dazzling bauble, that she may shine, the observed of all observers, at the approaching party or ball, would perhaps, in the light of such a manifestation of character as we are imagining, stand exposed to public scorn and contempt as an extortioner and oppressor of the poor dress-maker in her employ. It might appear that the poor female whom she had engaged in this capacity, had been toiling through long and dreary hours of night far into the morning, struggling against excessive weariness,perhaps sickness, too, that she might finish her task and receive the pittance from which she hoped to realise bread for her hungry children, or, it may be, medicine for a dying mother; and when, at last, the work is done, and she has gone with it and begged for her hire, she has found the fine lady too much engaged to see her; or receives a promise of payment; or is insulted, perhaps, for importunity; or compelled to take less than she is entitled to receive.

If common fame is not the greatest liar in the universe, there is a great deal of oppressive extortion practised by ladies upon the laboring classes of their own sex—upon housemaids, seamstresses, and the like, paying them the very smallest sum possible for their services, and doing it grudgingly, insultingly, and often compelling them to wait for their wages; and all this is done, too, by ladies who affect to lead fashionable society, and can spend hundreds freely to adorn their own persons and make a show. All this is commonly reported and commonly believed, and hence our apprehension, that if God should some day throw light enough into Broadway to make manifest the real characters of its promenaders, many a fine lady would find herself in a very uncomfortable predicament, and would be as anxious to shun the gaze of the public as she now is to gain it.

We can readily imagine that many a delicate and haughty lady, now wrapped up in fond self-complacency, would shrink, if all masks were torn away, from a comparison with the most forlorn, forsaken, and despised of her sex. It is not only in the hovels, amid filth, and rags, and gaunt famine, and squalid wretchedness, that we are to look for depravity of heart. There, indeed, we shall often find it in its utmost loathsomeness, but protected by no disguise, defended by no apology; while ignorance, strong temptation, and cold and contemptuous neglect experienced from the world around them, might well be pleaded in extenuation of the misdeeds of the wretched. But what, if in the saloons of wealth and refinement, of comfort, ease, and elegance, where all that heart can reasonably wish is enjoyed in profusion, without anxiety or toil—what, we say, if we shall find there the same, or even worse, debasement of principle than we detect amid the rags and filth of the hovel? What, if the fine lady of Broadway is a cheat, an oppressor, an extortioner of her poor but industrious and honest sister; while the ragged woman of the suburbs and purlieus is, it may be, a thief from necessity. The latter steals that she may be able to supply pressing wants, and probably takes from those who can afford to lose. The former steals the bread from the lips of famished children, or the medicine from the dying patient, and steals to add to her abundance. The crime of the rich woman is fifty fold worse than that of the despised creature who is carried to the Tombs for petty larceny. And if, as we were saying, God should light Broadway with the light of the Judgment-day, we question whether the pilfering woman of the suburb, in rags, would not sneer at many of the Broadway ladies in silks and five hundred dollar shawls and dashing equipages; and very likely the public voice would award superior principles of action to the former.

And perhaps scarcely less startling would be the manifestation of the real character of many a fine gentleman who now treads the great city thoroughfare, as if conscious of a superiority to all his fellow mortals. And yet, many of these men who carry their heads the highest would be terribly alarmed if assured that a full and true revelation of the entire history of their lives, and a perfect disclosure of all their private thoughts, feelings, desires, and practices, was about to be made public. There would be some trouble in very respectable quarters, we imagine. Many a man, proud of his wealth, and happy to be spoken of as a *millionaire*, or as one of the "upper ten thousand," would decidedly prefer not to have made known how he acquired his riches; he would tremble at the celebrity which would be given him by a perfectly true history of all his business transactions; all his hard bargains; all his unfair dealings; all his meannesses and petty oppressions towards those in his employ; and all the hard-hearted selfishness which he still cherishes. The thought of such an exposure before his fellow citizens would drive many a man mad. Some time ago it was said in the public prints, that an individual who had enjoyed a good reputation in the city of New York, was guilty of some gross impropriety at a public watering-place, information of which was transmitted to the city through the newspapers. So overwhelmed with shame was this man, that he could not venture to show his face here any more, but hastily gathering what property he could, fled to Europe, hoping to bury himself among strangers in a strange land. But if a man will thus abandon country, home, friends, and property to escape being confronted with one instance of misconduct, what would be the effect of such an exposure as that we have been imagining upon multitudes who now strut about as if the world was too narrow to contain them?

Thus we might go on, enlarging upon the subject of this article to almost any length; but it is unnecessary. It is enough for our purpose to have selected two examples, showing that, for the most part, men and women, too, are far different in fact and in heart from what they seem to be; and hence, that we derive incentives to the exercise of a modest estimate of ourselves, and a charitable estimate of the characters of those whom we have been accustomed to regard as far beneath ourselves. Let those, and those only, strut, and hold their heads high, and fling stones at their neighbor, who are entirely sure that they would have no cause to blush and hang their heads with shame, if all the secrets of their hearts and lives were made manifest to their fellow-men.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

The maxim that "charity begins at home," has been employed so often in the spirit of sheer churlishness towards every benevolent enterprise, and in reply to every appeal for generosity, that it has acquired an ill odor among liberal-hearted people It has come to be understood, that when an individual utters this maxim, he means to excuse himself from all participation in acts of general benevolence—that his plan of action begins and ends in self, or at most, in accumulating for his own family all he can possibly scrape together of this world's goods.

There is a sense, however, in which this maxim is just and important. There is such a thing as home charity, and it is true that the charity which is to bless the world on the largest field of benevolence must begin at home—must be born and nurtured there, and from thence must go forth on its errand of love and mercy. The spirit of charity must first be cherished and exercised within the domestic enclosure; it must be trained there to all those delicate offices of love and kindness—to all that patience, forbearance, quick sensibility, and generous devotedness to the welfare of others, for which there is so much occasion and such constant calls in this world of sorrow, sin, and suffering.

Home charity is a vastly different thing from that intended ordinarily in the maxim to which we have alluded. Those who employ the term in its selfish acceptation, as an apology for neglecting the woes of others, have usually no higher idea than that of accumulating wordly goods for home consumption and enjoyment. No reference is had to the cultivation of those dispositions and moral habits which render home a heaven below—which make the intercourse of parents and children, brothers and sisters, and all the members of the household, a delightful commonwealth of loving, lovely, and blissful hearts, and which, like a living, sparkling fountain, send forth streams for the refreshing of neighborhoods and communities.

That father and head of a family must have peculiar and very original notions of the nature of charity at home, who imagines that he is exercising it by providing merely for the temporal wants of his household. That is a matter of simple justice, for which he is legally bound, as much as he is legally bound to pay his just debts. Nor is it a much higher or better notion of charity at home, to imagine that it consists in laying up stores of temporal goods for the future use or aggrandizement of his family. Every dollar he adds to that stock may, and, without much care and pains-taking, probably will, become a curse, instead of a blessing or a charity, to those committed to his charge.

As we said before, then, charity at home consists in the exercise and cultivation among all the members of the family of the gracious and benevolent affections of each towards all the rest; and then, let it be remembered, it only *begins*, but does not *end* at home; but having acquired vigorous and free growth there, is designed to bear its appropriate fruits for the benefit of the whole circle of its relations, in the neighborhood, the community, and the world. And there can be no more conclusive proof that the culture of the gentle and gracious charities of domestic life have been neglected, than the manifestation of an indifferent, lukewarm, or churlish spirit in reference to any legitimate claim of benevolence. One of the chief objects of the great Founder and Father of the family institution was that it might be the nursery of all generous and kind sentiments, from which, as from a million of radiating points, might flow forth streams of light and love to the entire circumference of human want and woe.

It is for this reason mainly that we would urge, with all earnestness, the inculcation of a spirit of kindness in families. There are, it is true, other reasons why such a spirit should be sedulously cultivated. It is beautiful in itself; it would be beautiful and lovely were each family insulated from every other and from the world. A kind word, or even a look of affectionate interest, from the wife to the husband, or from the brother to the sister, may dispel a cloud which else would lower for days; or allay distress which no medicine can heal. This world has few lovelier sights than a household moving spontaneously, harmoniously, to the impulses of a love which speaks in every glance of the eye, in every expression of the countenance, in every utterance of the tongue; which finds it happiness in all gentle and loving ministries of one toward another, and realises its utmost and purest joy in serving the sharers of our domestic ties. Of all afflictions that can befall a family, this is the heaviest, when the genial spirit of mutual love and tenderness is wanting—when heart from heart is alien, held no longer by chords of sympathy which vibrate through the circle when the meanest, feeblest, weakest, least important member is touched with sadness, or stung with sorrow. Let charity, then, begin at home.

Oh! cheer one another along,
And joy and affection impart—
Unkindness of spirit is wrong,
But blessed the tender of heart.

Each life is a link in the chain
Of kindred humanity's race,
And sympathy softens the pain
And helpeth to bear it with grace.

Then cheer one another in gloom,
Since cheerfulness brighteneth care;
'Tis a short narrow road to the tomb—
Oh! cheer one another till there!

THE PRAYER.

FROM KRUMMACHER.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

Amelia was the delight of her parents, for she bloomed like a young rose when it unfolds its leaves for the first time to the morning dew; and her soul also was clear as a spring morn, as it hovers over the green meadows, a herald of the joyful day.

Amelia had as yet known nothing of life's cares and burdens, and the days of her youth were pleasant. But now, alas! her mother was taken ill, and lay for days upon her bed, and grew very feeble, and a fever fell upon her that entirely robbed her of her senses. The little maiden watched by night by the bedside of her sick mother, and tended her, and hung about her with gentle care and secret anguish.

On the seventh day the fever grew more violent than ever, and sickness prevailed in the chamber, and silent weeping, for all believed her near unto death.

But with the night came the long wished for slumber, and refreshed the mother, and life returned to her; and Amelia sat by her bed-side, and listened to her breathing through the whole night, and her soul was all anxiety and hope.

When the day dawned, her mother unclosed her eyes, and said, "How well I feel! I shall recover." And she ate, and drank, and slept again.

A strange delight now stirred in the maiden's bosom, and Amelia went softly out of the little chamber into the field, and ascended the hill about the time of the morning twilight. She stood here agitated by contending emotions of sorrow and of hope. Then the first glow of morning arose, and cast its beams upon her face, and Amelia thought of the new life her mother had felt after her refreshing slumber, and the thought likewise of her own sorrow and anguish. But her heart was too full for speech; she kneeled down, bowed her face to the earth, and wept.

She then returned to the house and to her mother's chamber, and Amelia was more lovely and amiable than ever, for she had talked with God.

HALLOWED GROUND.

EARTH HAS HER SPOTS AND SCENES, WHICH SPEAK ELOQUENTLY TO THE HEART.

I HAVE stood on the shore of the deep blue sea,
When it rolled up its billowy form;
And the marshalled waves made haste to flee
At the proud behest of the storm.
I have stayed to muse at the evening hour,
And list to its watery roar;
And awed and subdued by its chainless power,
Deemed I could be proud no more.

I have stood in the towering mountain's shade,
When the earth grew dark 'neath its frown;
While the lingering sunbeams joyously stayed
To repose on its foliage crown.
I have seen it stand, unswayed and strong,
When lashed by the tempest's wing,
And prayed that no strife, nor the tempter's song,
Might to *me* a base weakness bring.

I have stood beneath the bright star-lit dome,
When the tongue of the world was still;
When the moon looked down from its azure throne,
And its radiance slept on the hill.
And when the night-breath, like the harps of God,
Breathed its soft, mellow music around,
I have bared my brow, and with softness trod
What has seemed to be hallowed ground.

I have stood up before the man of might,
When his great soul flashed in his eye;
When he plead in power for his brother's right,
And wept at his brother's sigh.
And when he has lain, like a martyr down,
His hopes on truth's holy shrine,
I have said, in the face of a shameless frown,
"That life of love shall be mine."

Yet earth has one spot, where, deep from the soul,
Wells up a far holier tide,
Where life's earth-born hopes resign their control
To a trust in the Crucified.
I have pressed that sod at the hour of even
When the yew and the cypress wave,
And returned with a firmer hold upon heaven,
For I'd stood at MY MOTHER'S GRAVE!

Whitestown, N. Y. G.

RELIGION.

Neckar, the celebrated financier of France, says, "The more we know of the world, its phantoms, and vain enchantments, the more we feel the want of a grand idea to elevate the soul above discouraging events, which continually occur. When we come to experience what is the life and substance of religion, then we have this grand idea, which will raise up our souls, even in this life, to behold the beauty of holiness, and keep our heads above the surging waves of misfortune's element; and at our departure hence we shall find it a support, as a bridge whereon the soul may pass with safety into that country of everlasting happiness where all arrive who 'do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly.'"

Behold yonder poor laborer beneath that branching tree. He takes his mid-day meal from the basket—a flat stone serves for a table, a tin cup for a goblet, and he dips his beverage from the bubbling fountain. The spade and hoe recline against the tree while he refreshes himself for the labors of the afternoon. When these shall have been performed, follow him across the plain to his low cot. No little, prattling child runs out to meet him, calling, in sweetest accents, on "dear papa;" no smiling wife greets him with a cheerful welcome as he enters, and invites him to partake with her of the luxuries of her well-stored table. He is there alone. The evening repast is spread out by his own hand upon the oaken board, and this being over, that Book, which to him is indeed the book of all books, is perused, a hymn of praise ascends, and then the prayer, in which he forgets not to acknowledge the mercies and blessings of the past day, and to give thanks for present comforts. This man was once wealthy. He had houses, and fields, and herds, and wife, and children. He seemed as a favored child of Heaven, basking in the bright sunshine of continual prosperity; plenty filled his dwelling, and peace and happiness surrounded his fireside.

But lo! the tempest arose, and his houses lay prostrate with the earth. Blight and mildew stole over his fields, and no sheaves were gathered into the store-house. The fearful avalanche tumbled from the mountain's brow, and his cattle were buried beneath it. The electric shaft descended from the surcharged cloud, and his wife and children lay dead around him. Yet you see him ever cheerful, and praising and blessing his Maker. Do you ask, how can he appear thus, notwithstanding all his afflictions and bereavements? Because religion reigns in his heart, and he knows that "the Judge of all the earth doeth right," therefore he kisses the rod, and says, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

E. G. W.

MY DOVELET.

A sweet little dove flew down one day;
It came from the bright blue sky,
I caught it all slyly; but when we reach'd home,
There was none but Willie and I.

Then, where went the dovelet divine?
Why 'twas Willie, this blest boy of mine.
Oh! sweet little dovelet, from Heaven astray,
How happy I am that you wandered this way!

Ada.

THE PRINCESS STEPHANIE.

[Among the manuscripts committed to our hands, is an interesting journal kept by an American lady, while residing in the West Indies, in the year 1811, the period in which Napoleon was at the height of his power and glory. The unadorned tale of the adventures of M. De M., as given below, will possess, to most readers, an interest far greater than the most elaborately wrought fiction.]—Eds. Parlor Mag.

March 29th, 1811.

Just returned from a visit to the Baroness Tascher de la Pagerie, aunt to the dethroned Empress Josephine, and mother of the Princess Stephanie, adopted daughter of Napoleon. This lady received me with a warmth so resembling friendship, that I was taken by surprise, and almost incredulous as to its sincerity. A moment's reflection convinced me that it was but a consequent of the affection she professed to feel for my husband, of whom, for years, Madame de la Pagerie has been an avowed friend. The easy familiarity of a French woman of high breeding soon passed over the first compliments, and established the sort of intercourse belonging to old acquaintanceship. "You see me, Madame, surrounded by my children," said she, pointing to some pictures that adorned the saloon. "This is a portrait of my daughter, the Princess Stephanie D'Aremberg, now in Paris. Those are the likenesses of my sons, St. Rose and Henri de Tascher, who are attached to the court of the Emperor; and that—ah! I see you know it well—is the portrait of my adopted son, M. De M., for whom I have a true and maternal affection. With your permission," she continued—"of his I feel assured—let me transfer a part of it to his wife, with the request that she will make room for me in her heart." My reply to the advance of so august a lady was, I fear, somewhat awkward. I am a stranger, an American, and never over-fond of friendship at first sight. But why so fastidious? I begin to know enough of the French to perceive the difference between our coldness and their warmth—our reserve and their freedom. Somehow, the too great condescension of one so nearly allied to princely rank, seemed to arouse the pride of the republican. Perhaps I do not like the idea of patronage. But let that pass.

The Baroness de la Pagerie is a very charming woman, though bordering upon fifty. With a majestic figure and lofty bearing, the marks of great beauty appear in her face. I am told that her youth was passed amid the homage paid to her charms—that when hailed aunt to the empress of the French, and mother to a sovereign prince (Duke of Baden), ambition took the place of vanity. Madame de la Pagerie then established a sort of court at St. Pierre, where she dispensed her favors, and accorded her protection with the affability of a generous princess, delighting much to exhibit her influence at the court of Napoleon. Since the divorce of Josephine, the baroness has retired from public view; ambition has given place to devotion, and though still charming, even fascinating, she admits very few visiters. There is now no indication, in her dress or household, of the high rank she so lately held.

It is long, as you perceive, dear L., since the interview above described took place, and the persons therein mentioned, who, thirty years ago, sustained so illustrious a part on the theatre of life, have, most of them, passed from the stage of earthly action. Would you like to have the curtain raised, and behold one scene of the short drama re-enacted in your presence? If so, come with me while I unroll an old manuscript, written by a hand now mouldering in the dust. With it before us, let us transport ourselves to Paris, and pay a visit to the court, which, at that time, controlled most of the courts of Europe.

You perceive, by the preceding extract from my journal, that when a young man, M. De M. was high in favor with Madame De Tascher. Of this intimacy, and the events connected with it, thus speaks his manuscript:

"We were chatting together one morning, the baroness and I, with the familiarity in which she was pleased to indulge herself with me, when, as if an idea had suddenly struck her, she said, 'This colony is no place for you, my dear young friend; go to Paris. I will send you, as the son of my adoption, to my beloved Stephanie. It is some years since my poor girl has received the embrace of her mother; but she has a heart, though surrounded by the splendors of a court. She will receive you as a brother, present you to her cousin, the Empress, and a splendid career will open before you. Go, then, dear De M.; the Princess D'Aremberg, my Stephanie, will be the star of your good fortune.'

"I went home, and in reflecting on this proposal of my good friend, the baroness, imagination took wing, and I saw myself high in favor, and, under the auspices of such distinguished personages, perhaps high in rank at the first court in Europe. Ambitious hopes filled my inexperienced mind, and I hesitated not between so brilliant a perspective and the tame expectation of making a modest fortune by the laborious plodding of every-day professional life. My preparations were soon made, and with the first ship I embarked for France.

"This extract from the open letter put in my hands by Madame Tascher de la Pagerie to her daughter, the Princess D'Aremberg, I have preserved. 'I commend to you the son of my adoption. Do for him, my dear daughter, what, were I in your place at Paris, you know I would do for one coming from my Stephanie, thus bearing titles of her love. Place, as is customary, at the foot of the imperial throne, the testimony of my respectful attachment, with the prayer that their majesties will be favorable to M. De M.' &c., &c.

"With raised expectations I entered Paris. The most vivid impressions I had of this great city were the hardships and privations of a student's life. Having taken furnished apartments on the Rue St. Honoré, a short time sufficed to equip myself with a court dress and to repair to Neuilly, the sumptuous hotel of the Princess Stephanie D'Aremberg. Being announced as the bearer of a letter from Madame de la Pagerie, I waited but a few minutes in the ante-chamber. A page informed me that Her Highness, the Princess D'Aremberg, would receive me. I followed him through spacious halls and richly furnished saloons. My name was uttered by the page, as the door of a smaller apartment opened before us. A soft perfume of flowers breathed upon me. The elegant, though luxurious, simplicity of a boudoir relieved me from the oppression occasioned by the princely splendor through which I had been conducted. The light, softened and shaded by the drapery of an oriel window, discovered to me the slight form of a lady in the act of rising from a sofa, to meet me. I stood in the presence of the Princess Stephanie, adopted daughter of the great Napoleon, and wife to the sovereign Prince of Baden. She was magnificently attired—how, I do not recollect, neither do I recollect by what words I addressed her, or anything she at first said. Becoming more self-possessed, I discovered that I was seated at some little distance from her, and she, half reclining, was attentively perusing the letter I had presented. My eyes were fixed upon her, and I never so much as thought that she was a princess and I a commoner, or that I might be guilty of ill-manners in thus regarding her. I saw only Stephanie, the daughter of my adopted mother; my gaze was bent upon the face of a beautiful woman, whose eyes were suffused with tears as they wandered over the letter, so full of tenderness, written by the hand of that mother.

"She at length looked up from the reading that had so absorbed her, and extending to me her hand, said graciously, 'I receive you as my mother desires. Count upon my protection. A carriage waits to convey me to the Tuileries. My duty to her majesty performed, I return, and shall have much to inquire of you. Remain, and make one of my guests at dinner.' I bowed assent, for words seemed to fail me, and a *dame d'honeur* (lady of honor) approaching, she undertook to provide for my entertainment.

"The time fled swiftly, for my mind being much relieved, I found pleasure in the conversation of one or two charming women, as well as gratification in the admirable objects with which the chateau abounded; paintings, statues, cabinets of natural history, in the saloons; superb alleys, grottoes, plants most rare, in the grounds; so much to admire, that I had not half finished the examination when the carriage-wheels of the princess were heard rattling upon the pavement of the court-yard. The bustle of her entrance was soon over. She had gone to her apartments, and in half an hour I was again summoned to her presence.

"I found her highness in the same delicious boudoir. She was seated upon a low sofa, and looking more beautiful than before, for her court robes were exchanged for others more simple and more becoming. She motioned me to a seat near her, and a multitude of questions were asked and answered about her mother and Numa, her young and darling brother. When the princess seemed to have satisfied her affectionate curiosity, she inquired of me what was the object of my desire or expectation at court. I had, in fact, formed no very definite expectation, and therefore answered with the gallantry of a young man, who is somewhat surprised and elated with the familiarity so soon established between himself and a beautiful woman, moreover a sovereign princess, that for the present my ambition would be gratified in serving her in whatever manner her highness might see fit to command me.

"'Give yourself no concern about your advancement,' was her reply; 'leave that to me. I will speak of you to their majesties. The emperor is at present absent from the capital; but I will myself present you to the empress.'

"Dinner was announced, and magnificently served. A *maitre d'hotel*, with a sword at his side, and lace ruffles, went from guest to guest inquiring what each one would be helped to, giving the names of the various dishes that composed the courses. Altogether it was the finest affair of the kind I had ever seen. The desert, coffee, and liquers were served in another saloon, to which the guests, with the Princess D'Aremberg and *dames d'honeur*, repaired. There we had music, and conversation gay and agreeable. Henry De Tascher, brother to the princess, was then on a visit to the Chateau de Neuilly—a charming young man. He was attached to the service of Joseph Bonaparte, who, on the marriage of M. De Tascher, had endowed him and his bride, sister to the Queen of Spain, with rich possessions in that kingdom. The health of De Tascher, from severe military duty, had become deranged. He was then at Paris for medical treatment. The son of Madame de la Pagerie, and his younger brother, St. Rose De Tascher, engaged me in highly interesting conversation until a late hour. In taking leave of the Princess Stephanie, she said, 'Fail not to return to the chateau to-morrow, for I have still much to say.'

"The morrow came, and passed away delightfully at Neuilly. Succeeding days brought me again and again to the chateau, either because of the charm I found in the society there, or because of the hope that the following day would make some change in the prospects of my fortune. Indeed, I had several confidential interviews with the Princess D'Aremberg, in which she treated me with the familiarity showed to an old friend or brother. In one of these she said, 'I cannot employ you about my person, for I have enemies who act as spies upon me; all my actions are observed and reported; but I will do for you what I can. Come to me at an early hour to-morrow, and I will carry you with me to Malmaison. The empress, my cousin, has read the letter entrusted to you by my mother. Her majesty desires to see you, and will no doubt take care of your affairs. It is my advice that you begin your career as my brother, St. Rose De Tascher, is about to do, in a school formed under the auspices of the emperor. Napoleon loves to honor those who, by study, elevate themselves. He often says, "I was *sous lieutenant* before I was emperor." There must be a beginning in all things, and a young man, who has talents and industry, will mount from one grade to another. Who knows,' continued her highness, 'what may yet be the brilliant destiny that, under the auspices of the Grand Monarque, may await you? I will have you admitted with St. Rose. There needs but an income of 2,000 francs and a carriage of your own. Say no more (for I was profuse in expressions of gratitude); I will manage all that with the empress.'

"With a heart oppressed by gratitude towards the Princess Stephanie, I returned to *la Rue St. Honoré*, to occupy myself with my presentation next day to the Empress Josephine. Some additions had to be made to my already expensive wardrobe. I took out from my *escrutoire* another *rouleau* of *louis d'or*, but not, as before, with anxiety, as I saw them diminished, but with exultation, believing they were soon to be replenished from the overflowing resources of the empire. As the bell of the chateau indicated the hour appointed by the Princess D'Aremberg, my carriage entered its court. I passed to the ante-chamber; but judge of my disappointment when informed by a page, that Her Majesty, the Queen of Holland, had come to pass the day at Neuilly. 'But,' added Lindor, who seemed to be full of friendship for me, 'Her Highness Madame D'Aremberg, *vous ordonne*, commands you to remain for the day at the chateau.'

"This I did, and surely no method could have been better devised to change my disappointment into a gratification. The weather had that balmy deliciousness which almost oppresses with pleasure, and while Queen Hortense and the princess, her cousin, were with their ladies in the interior of the palace, I explored, more minutely than I had done, the fine grounds and preserves that surrounded this noble chateau. My eye, my ear, and every sense was charmed; but how much more when, the ladies entering the garden, the lovely Stephanie, with kind familiarity, deigned to lean upon my arm in the walks, and when these two sovereign princesses condescended to place themselves in a beautifully decorated boat, in which M. De Tascher and myself rowed them, they laughing, the while, at our awkwardness.

"The Princess Stephanie was not happy in her matrimonial relation. The marriage had been of Napoleon's making. Mademoiselle De Tascher, by him created Princess of the Empire, he married probably from motives of policy to the reigning Prince of Baden, which sovereignty was by Bonaparte annexed to the empire. Stephanie was then a girl of seventeen, and dared not openly resist the will of Napoleon, although she had an unconquerable aversion to the Prince D'Aremberg. The marriage was celebrated with much splendor in the palace of Queen Hortense, the whole imperial court being present, as well as all the princes then in Paris, who belonged to the confederation of the Rhine. All were joyful, except the young and beautiful bride. It was remarked by some that, in her magnificent attire, the Princess Stephanie seemed like a sacrifice dragged to the altar. But the emperor and empress were there, and who could be occupied with the sorrow of a young heart crushed in its dearest affections? And when, at the grand gala which succeeded the marriage ceremony, his imperial majesty danced with the lovely Princess D'Aremberg, who could suspect her of unhappiness?

"But neither princely or imperial splendor could satisfy the loving heart of the youthful West Indian. The sovereign Prince of Baden was her aversion. This fact was perhaps not generally known to the Court of St. Cloud. The Princess Stephanie, though young, knew how to preserve appearances with the world; but the husband knew it, and after making many efforts to gain her affections, like a wise man took his departure for the imperial army, where he ranked as general officer. The emperor knew the aversion of his adopted daughter for the prince, and it disquieted him, chiefly because she refused to assume the rank of sovereign princess, which he had bestowed upon her. The Duke D'Aremberg, her father-in-law, had prepared splendid apartments for her in the ducal palace of Baden, which Stephanie refused to occupy, preferring her own chateau at Paris. Napoleon having been informed of her refusal to join her husband in his dominions, intended to use his authority, and to this effect said to her one day, between jest and earnest, that he would send her with a military brigade to Baden. 'As you please, Sire,' answered the princess; 'it will then be understood that I go not with my own will.' '*Tête de Creole!*' (heady Creole) said the emperor impatiently, and he let the matter rest.

"But Stephanie De Tascher, transported from an obscure island in the Carribean Sea to Paris, the first city of Europe—from the plantation of her mother to the palaces of the Tuileries, Fontainbleau, Malmaison—from simple *Mademoiselle* was raised to imperial and sovereign princess—still Stephanie was not happy. Wealth and greatness may cover up, but cannot cure, the wounds of the heart. Stephanie loved the Count De Guitry, *ecuyer* of the empress. After the fall of Napoleon, she applied to Louis XVIII., who procured for her a divorce from her husband, and a dispensation from His Holiness the Pope, and the Princess D'Aremberg descended from her high rank to become the wife of the Count De Guitry."

This little episode of the domestic history of Mademoiselle De Tascher I have, in part, drawn from the manuscript of M De M., in part, from other sources. These personages. once so high, so honored, are now mingling their noble dust with that of the plebeian and the beggar. When viewed at a distance, a sort of veneration mingles with our admiration of their greatness and splendor. We are apt to imagine that high sounding titles and trifling pursuits never go together, and that happiness must necessarily abide within a palace; but familiar intercourse shows us that kings and queens are men and women of like passions with others, and that palaces are the gilded framework in which misery makes a darker picture.

To return to my manuscript. Says M. De M.: "Many were the days passed in the idleness of princely pastimes, while I was in attendance upon the Princess D'Aremberg. She loved admiration, for she was a young and lovely French woman. 'Dear De M.' she would say to me, 'I beg you to consider yourself a constant guest at the Chateau de Neuilly, as the adopted son of my mother; use no ceremony; you know my hours for breakfast and dinner; come as may best suit your convenience.'

"From this time I became almost a part of the court of Her Highness Madame D'Aremberg. *Les dames d'honeur* and other ladies vied with each other in seeking out agreeable amusements. With Madame Follard I botanized; with the beautiful Madame De G. I talked Italian; I played duetts with one—with another talked sentiment and poetry, while another amused me with her *espieglerie*, and pretty girlish tricks. Madame Du P., the oldest matron of the household, proposed to me a match with a young beauty of her acquaintance. Thus passed the days in enjoyment; but night returning me to the solitude of my chamber, brought with it the dismal reflection that my time was wasting in folly, and that my hopes of advancement were as far from realization as when I commenced my attendance at court. I thought of Ulyses held by the charms of the goddess Calypso upon her enchanting island.

"'Why so sad this morning, my dear De M.?' said the Princess Stephanie. I told her the cause of my inquietude. 'Ah!' said she, 'I see you are weary of us; my chateau contains not charms sufficient.' I endeavored to interrupt her with my reasons. 'Say no more; I was wrong to wish to detain you among us; your destiny is a higher one. To-morrow I will introduce you to my cousin, the empress,' said her highness.

"On the morrow, that long-desired interview, the object of so many hopes, took place. A carriage, drawn by four horses, bearing the imperial arms, conveyed the Princess D'Aremberg and my insignificant self to the favorite residence of Josephine. My mind was too much occupied to notice particulars in objects, so that I have a very imperfect idea of this palace, so noted for its beauties and various delights.

"I was standing in an ante-chamber—other persons seemed waiting, like myself, for the word of grace. I was, nevertheless, alone, for Stephanie had, on alighting, ascended to the apartments of the empress. Whether the time was long or short, I know not; it was the point of expectation, mingled with a sort of dread, to hear the summons to the presence of majesty. It came at length, and preceeded by a chamberlain, I was conducted through several apartments until I entered a spacious saloon, at the extremity of which I saw one whom I could not mistake, the Empress of *la Grand Empire*. A number of persons were near her Majesty, with whom she was conversing familiarly. They were foreigners of distinction.

"An encouraging look and agreeable smile restored my self-possession, as I entered the circle that surrounded the empress. I uttered but few words; they were to this effect: to pray her Majesty to receive graciously the homage of one of her own countrymen, and to accord to him her royal favor. Her answer was most gracious: 'Our cousin Stephanie has already obtained for you what you ask; and be assured, sir, that one who merits the affection of my beloved aunt, the Baroness Tascher de la Pagerie, can ask nothing satisfactory to her that by me shall be refused.' These words, in themselves so kind, and expressed in a tone of voice so gentle and sweet, filled we with a joy that must have been visible in my countenance.

"The empress then interrogated me respecting the Baroness De Tascher, and having recovered from the overwhelming effect of the presence of royalty, I answered with as much ease as might be expected in a young man. Her Majesty made many inquiries respecting her birth-place (Martinique), and finding that I was sometimes a guest at the governor's table, congratulated me on the friendship of so excellent a man. Then leaving the vicinity of the foreign ambassadors, who cast upon me diplomatic looks, the empress conducted me to a gallery of pictures, speaking all the while in the most affable manner, and deigned to explain some of the subjects of these admirable paintings. I stopped at a full-length portrait of Josephine, done by the celebrated Gerard, and could scarce withdraw my eyes from it, so much was it like the original then before me.

"Her Majesty invited me to come again with the Princess Stephanie to Malmaison. 'Then,' said she, 'I will show you my garden of plants. In the meantime, your affairs shall not be forgotten by me. It is my design to employ you about my own person. I seek an instructor for my children of Holland (her grand-children). My aunt De la Pagerie has spoken of your abilities. It is upon you that I have cast my eye.'

"I had no words to express my thanks for this condescension and kindness on the part of her majesty, and becoming sensible that a longer interview would abuse the royal patience, I prayed to be dismissed from the presence. The empress, in granting my request, cast upon me a look of benevolence that penetrated my very heart, and so affected me that it seemed as if my feet refused to bear me away from this adorable sovereign. Her majesty traversed with me the gallery of paintings, and we re-entered the saloon, where the ambassadors still remained. Many persons now crowded the apartment, and after a profound reverence, without uttering a word, I went to mingle among the crowd. The chamberlain, who ushered me into the saloon, apprised me that the Princess D'Aremberg required my attendance. In a few minútes I was without the precincts of the palace, and once more breathed freely.

"What dreams of success—what brilliant prospects passed before my youthful fancy! I saw honors fall thick upon me. My education, my talents, were to be appreciated and rewarded. Had I not a glorious promise of this from the empress herself? and who knows what, through her interest, I might obtain from Napoleon? Oh! how fortunate to have found so efficient a friend in the Baroness De Tascher, and again in the Princess D'Aremberg! These thoughts so occupied my mind as the carriage conveyed us from Malmaison to Neuilly, that I was several times roused from a profound reverie by some question from the princess, and had, in consequence, to undergo her raillery. Ah! what a novice was I among the great! how little did I then know of the lying vanities of courts!

"Some weeks passed in the dream of ambition. Study, the natural element of my mind, had been abandoned, and the hopes raised within it at Malmaison made me like a man walking on stilts. I was too high for the every day affairs of life. In daily attendance at Neuilly, and in daily expectation of a summons to attend the orders of the empress, I passed my time.

"A change came over my dream, for a greater change was at work in the Court of St. Cloud. Paris and the world were looking upon Josephine as the bright particular star that presided over the Court of *le Grande Monarque*. Blessed in fortune and in love above imperial queens, little did the world or Paris know of the anguish that already crushed the soul of her who, mistress of the hearts of all France, was supposed to reign supreme in that of its master. While many were sunning themselves in the smile that brought hope and joy to the suppliant, she beheld with dismay a cloud gathering over her own destiny, and, as she believed, over the destiny of the man she loved better than the grandeur to which he had elevated her. Josephine believed herself the ruling star of the fortune of Napoleon Bonaparte, and that star was fast descending to the horizon.

"The world knew not this, but it was known to the Princess Stephanie. Sadness at first, and soon deep melancholy, sat upon her charming countenance. I marked this change, but dared not inquire the cause, knowing what subject she had of domestic sorrow. Still, as I had never before observed in her symptoms of affliction, I marvelled at it now. My visits, however, to the chateau continued, but soon the princess was not visible. Madame Follard and Madame Du P. received me; but, an air of constraint and gloom, on their faces, rendered my visits short. I went again, and was informed that violent *megrave* (headache) confined Madame la Princess D'Aremberg to her chamber. The message, however, brought to my ear by her confidential domestic, Lindon, was, 'Her highness begs you will come again to-morrow; she is in despair not to be able to see you to-day.' To-morrow came, and brought a similar answer to my inquiry for the Princess D'Aremberg: 'Her highness is not visible; will Monsieur come again?'

"Thus I went to Neuilly and returned several times, to no good purpose. I began to weary of this fruitless attendance. Many reflections came to my mind about the deceitfulness of princes and courtiers, and bitterly I thought on the promise of the empress that had so elated me. No intimation of its fulfilment came from her majesty. She kept herself at Malmaison, and, as I understood, held no audience on account of indisposition; and the Princess Stephanie—I could not be admitted to her. A mystery seemed to hang over the court which I was unable to divine; but of one thing I was certain—that if I remained in Paris I was undone. I had no fixed income, and the little property I had embarked in this enterprise was melting away in the expenses to which I saw myself exposed by my connection with the Court. What with lodging, equipage, and dress, I was fast spending all I possessed. My resolution to leave Paris was suddenly taken, and I set about making preparations for an immediate departure.

"I went to Neuilly to apprise the princess of my determination, and was told that a consultation had just been held by her attending physicians on the state of her health. A violent nervous disorder had nearly deranged her mind. After a few days I went again to the chateau, sending in a request to be permitted an interview with her highness, as I was on the eve of my departure for Martinique. An audience was promised for the next morning.

"As soon as the hour of court etiquette allowed, I was at the chateau, and was conducted by Lindon to the same boudoir where I had first seen the Princess D'Aremberg. She motioned me to a seat beside her. How changed! In the pale cheek, the heavy, weeping eye, and wasted form, could scarce be traced the brilliant beauty of Stephanie. Profound grief was pictured in her face. I dared not question her as to its cause, for I knew that she had used great frankness with me respecting her affairs, and, were it discreet, I felt that she would do so at present. I hoped to be informed of what pressed so heavily upon her mind, but she confided nothing to me.

"'Why,' said she at length, 'do you leave us so soon? A little patience; things do not go all at once; and then the empress'—she stopped, and a slight color tinged her cheek. I would have reminded her of the promise of her majesty, but a tear fell from her eye, and she murmured some incoherent words. I thought of her ill health, and was silent. She soon became calm, and I ventured to say, 'Your highness must know that a young man with small means cannot remain long idle at Paris. I find that I must soon have recourse to my own exertions.'

"'But what will my mother say to see you return without having obtained what she expected for you? Remain awhile. My purse is at your disposal.' I bowed my thanks, and answered, 'I came from the Baroness De Tascher strongly recommended, not with any intention on my part to be a burden upon your highness, but to seek employ at the court of France, where I hoped to find myself under the auspices of the Princess D'Aremberg.' My answer brought no reply for some time; a sort of confusion appeared on the face of Stephanie. At length she said, as if with effort, 'The empress is not in a state to think of anything, and I have at present scarce any influence with the ministers. Napoleon is absent. You would find it necessary to remain at Paris awhile before a suitable place for you could be obtained. The empress'—she stopped again at this word, sighed, and did not finish what she seemed going to say.

"I understood afterwards that the dreaded repudiation of Josephine was what occupied her so intensely. Her own influence would go when her cousin was cut off from imperial honors, for Stephanie had refused the rank which, as sovereign Princess of Baden, she might still have held at Paris. What, then, could she do for me? Why should I wait? Doubtless such thoughts passed through her mind, for she said, 'Since you must depart, come again to me to-morrow. A large company will dine at the chateau, and my presence is expected. It afflicts me, but there is no help for it. My dear De M., let me see you once more at Neuilly. You shall have a letter unsealed to my mother. Read it. I pray you not to think of me unkindly.'

"With feelings almost as sad as those of the Princess Stephanie, I took my leave with a promise to go once more to Neuilly. Having made all my arrangements for departure, I went to dine at the chateau. There was at table a large party, who interested me but little. The guests seemed to be infected with the gloom of the fair hostess. At dessert, the princess complained of sudden faintness, excused herself, and withdrew from table, followed by the physicians in attendance. Conversation languished. The *dames d'honeur* could scarce find a word, and none seemed disposed to prolong the repast. I afterwards learned that some news from the emperor had caused the increased indisposition of the princess.

"Lindon brought me the promised letter for the Baroness Tascher de la Pagerie, with a request from her highness that I would not go without bidding her adieu. 'Impossible,' I replied; 'my passage is taken and paid for. To-morrow, at daylight, I shall be in the *diligence* on my route to Dieppe.

"The letter from Stephanie to her mother, as nearly as I can remember, was to this effect: 'That she had received M. De M. as a brother—had presented him to her cousin, the empress; that M. De M. had not patience to wait the result of the promise made him by her majesty; that the empress was in a deplorable state at present, and that it would not be long before the stroke that menanced her would be known to the world.' All this was true, and before I, in 1811, delivered the letter of the Princess Stephanie D'Aremberg to her mother, Josephine had been divorced by Napoleon, and Marie Louise occupied the place of the loving and faithful Creole of Martinique, in the heart, and on the throne of the Emperor of France."

What a lesson, my dear L., may we here take of the vanity of human glory. The pomp and circumstance of empire could not take away the anguish or heal the wounds of a broken heart, neither could might and power secure prosperity, not even fame. These great ones of the earth have already passed away from Time, and even with their own generation is their memory nearly blotted out; they are like a forgotten dream, and the youth that succeed them on the stage of action scarce know that they have existed. The forests, the rivers, the mountains of Baden and France remain; but where are the dukes, the princes—where the Grand Monarch that once laid claim to these works of the Almighty?

They all decay, but He remaineth; they lay down their power in the dust, but He ruleth over the stars for ever and ever!

LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.

BY E. M. K.

THEY have laid thee to rest in thy early grave,
With the lays of thy spirit unsung;
And thy lovely harp hangs by Death's gloomy wave,
Its silver chords loose and unstrung.
And mournfully murmurs its trembling strings,
Since thou from their hymnings hast fled.
And sad is the tribute each wild note brings
For the fate of the gifted dead.

They have laid thee to rest, and summers have shed
Their bright sunshine o'er valley and hill,
Since thy beauty was shrined in its clayey bed,
And thy beating heart met its first chill;
And autumns have chanted their requiems here,
As they cast their bright robes o'er the dead;
And the dirges of many a parting year
Been sung since thy spirit first fled.

Yet still art thou with us, in gushings of song,
That on earth have been echoed afar;
And, it may be, thy spirit oft glideth along
By the light of thy favorite star;
But dearer the thought, that an angel of light,
Thou art singing in regions above,
Where the discords of Earth, or Death's withering blight,
Never mar thy sweet accents of love!

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

Those who cultivate a garden know how dear the plants they cherish become to them. They seem to inspire almost the same sentiments of love and tenderness, and pity, too, with which we regard the fair and the fading, the beautiful and the perishing of our own race.

We invest our flowers with intelligence, and as they gladden in the sun or revive in the shower, they breathe a language of love, and hope, and joy, while their fragrance ascends, like the incense of a grateful heart, to heaven; and while we rejoice over the rapid growth of the vigorous and healthy, we watch the drooping and dying, with almost as much care and tenderness, as we are wont to lavish upon the babe in the cradle.

All communion with Nature, or rather with the works of the great Creator, elevates and purifies the soul of him who views them as manifestations of the glory of the "Uncreate"—as transcripts of the immortal mind; but while all the works of the Lord do praise his holy name, and show forth his glory, there is something in the language of flowers which peculiarly speaks to us of the benevolence (in the language of Holy Writ) of the loving-kindness of our God. It tells of the love of a tender father, that he should thus delight to adorn the abode of his children; and the lowliest and homeliest flower, which blooms by the wayside, teaches us a lesson of love and mercy even to his fallen and erring children.

Flowers are the appropriate emblems of youth and beauty; but they are peculiarly the objects of care to those who are descending the hill of life. Elderly women almost always love flowers. You will often find the pink and the marigold, the china-aster and the damask rose, in full perfection by the humblest farm-house, the rudest log hut; and if you will stop to inquire who tends these flowers, in nine cases out of ten you will find that they are watched over by a spectacled, bowed old woman. Young ladies talk a great deal of sentiment about flowers, and they like bouquets for parties, and as mementos from admirers, while they twist them into a language which their grandmothers no longer care to understand; but young ladies seldom really love flowers, or possess the tender, patient care so necessary for their culture and perfection; and although we often hear our young friends talk about "*my plants*," we generally find that it is "*my* mother," who waters and watches them, shelters them from frost, and gives them requisite light and shade.

Oh, no! The youthful beauty is too full of hope and gladness, of present enjoyment, and high anticipation for the future—too busy with breathing, active, speaking life, to find leisure to commune with Nature—to watch the germinating seed, the tender plant, and the budding flower. Nor does she care to learn the lessons they read to her of the rapid maturity and short-lived beauty of the most brilliant, or the early blight and frequent decay of the sweetest and loveliest, while age finds a solace and luxury in cares which have just similitude enough to the trials and employments of earlier days to soften and soothe, and yet not sadden the heart. It is generally after her children have left her side, and no longer claim her watchful tenderness, that a woman devotes herself to flowers. She watches them as she did her children, and there seems to be a blending of maternal instinct, in her love for them. They recal the past, and they foreshadow the future; and if their fading hues and scattered petals tell of the blighted hope and departed joys of early life, so do their bursting seeds and fresh shoots whisper of a future, which shall restore, in fresh beauty and unfading verdure, the loved, the cherished, the lost.

We have a friend, the owner of a garden well filled with old-fashioned country flowers, and with the most hardy of the brilliant foreigners, which are so much sought after and courted by our amateur gardeners. He loves his flowers like children, and much is he tried, when a rude hand or careless foot picks a tender bud or crushes a choice shoot. And not well does he love to gather his blossoms even for his fairest favorites. Short-lived is their beauty when they die on their native stem, and more meet does he deem it to watch them as they stand in their native hills, in their fresh beauty, and to linger among them at morning and eventide, to contrast their colors and enjoy their sweetness, than to form them into bouquets to fade and droop in the glare of the drawing-room, or to crowd them into vases, to shed their sickly fragrance abroad, while they are dying prematurely themselves.

Somewhat eccentric, he gives to many of his flowers the names of young ladies whom, in some way, he thinks or fancies they resemble, while others he views as types or classes of womankind. Thus his garden resembles the enchanted forest of the poet, and every plant enshrines a nymph. Dahlias tall and commanding, with their rich and varied colors, by their splendor and brilliance attracting and delighting the eye, but offering no fragrance; and, though glowing and radiant, while the sun cheered and warmed, sinking, black and discolored, unsightly and unseemly, before the first breath of frost—were fashionable dames in the pride of beauty, the flush of prosperity, but without religious faith, or mental stamina, destitute of all that could soothe or cheer in the hours of adversity; while he looked on the bright old-fashioned velvet marigold, rejoicing in the sunbeam, but still looking up in the storm, loving the bright smile of a cheerful autumn day, but still bravely enduring, and hardly shrinking from the frost, as the fit emblem of the country housewife, who loves this flower so well, who, cheerful and kindly in the days of prosperity, still gladdens her home and her husband's heart in darker hours, and who, like her own flower, transferred to her homely palace, in the bitter winter, though dry and faded, still retains enough of early beauty to reveal the past and to whisper of the future.

Roses are the fit and ever appropriate emblems of the young and the beautiful, and few are there to whom a blighted bud or a full-blown flower, plucked and cast aside to be trampled upon by a careless or ruthless foot, will make an appeal unheeded. But our friend delighted to expatiate on the varieties of this beautiful flower, from the wild rose, with its rich shining leaf, its single petals, and wild wood fragrance, to the carefully touched, delicately tinged, full leaved, and highly perfumed exotic, the pride of the parterre, bending and breaking, from its own weight, the slender stem; and, as he pointed to it, he was wont to mutter something about destroying, even by too carefully cultivating, the brightest and the finest. Monthlies were no favorites with our friend. He pronounced the ever blooming, ever smiling, through all seasons, through all changes, alike dwarfish and scentless.

To a very small class did he appropriate the white lily. Rarely did he find one who seemed to answer to that type—pure and polished, yet sweet and graceful—in queenly, yet modest, dignity, lifting her head and standing without the shelter of the parent stalk of green leaf, yet in conscious purity looking to heaven, and commanding, not seeking or desiring, the admiration of men. Well may the rose and lily be deemed rivals. If we love the rose best, we seem to reverence the lily more, while its purity and fragrance make it a meet emblem of the beauty of holiness. There was one of whom this flower seemed a fit emblem, at once so graceful and dignified, so pure, and sweet, and gentle, and when, bowed by sorrow, we saw her sinking to an early grave, we thought of the lily with its pure, rich petals broken, and crushed, yet still spotless and fragrant. And the sweet honey-suckle, scentless in the bright sun, but shedding forth the sweetest perfumes when the shower falls, or the dew descends. Is it not an emblem of the heart of the Christian when the influences of the Holy Spirit descend upon it?

And the Mignonette, shedding around its pure fragrance, yet so humble and obtrusive, overlooked and hidden by gaudier, and scentless flowers, like the good, and the gentle, who, unnoticed and unthanked, shed around their soothing influence, cheering and blessing those who heed them not; or, it may be, trample upon them in the pursuit of gayer flowers, and reserving their choicest influences for the darkened day and the evening hour.

And there is yet another flower we may not forget. Do you know the lily of the valley; It is an early opening flower, and appears soon after the frosts leave the ground. Its pure, white, bell-shaped flowers cling to a slender stalk and hide themselves under the broad, green leaves.

It is the sweetest of flowers, and while it hides its modest head the purest fragrance ascends from it. It loves, as Brenegan says, the moist and shady places in a low ground, nor does it thrive and bloom well in a rich, unshaded parterre of the garden. Often did our friend commend it to the fair ones who visited his garden, but to no individual did he appropriate it. Truly it is an emblem of Christian humility—of that meek and quiet spirit, which is woman's greatest ornament—and her highest, alas! too often latest, attainment. The unrenewed heart is not the natural soil for humility, and gentleness; nor youth, and beauty, and prosperity, the seasons most favorable for their growth. They are the graces of the spirit, and spring up only in the heart prepared by divine grace—and the counterfeits which the world cultivates are like the artificial flower displayed by the milliner, as contrasted with the natural flower.

He who hath said, "I am the Lily of the valley," has himself, drawn our attention to its exquisite loveliness, by making it a type of his own purity and holiness; and in the wreath twined for the fair and young, never let it be forgotten. No incense ariseth to Heaven like that of the pure and humble heart —and while our young friends cultivate the graces of which it is emblematic, its pure petals and rich leaves shall more adorn the brow than coronals of diamonds or wreaths of glittering gems.

MARGARET DAVIDSON.

BY E. M. K.

HUSHED is thy lyre! thou child of song,
And lingering echoes only tell
That a pure spirit passed along,
Through regions where it might not dwell,
Breathing from out its sacred shrine
An inspiration all divine.

Hushed is thy lyre! and many a strain,
That would have kindled rapture here,
Was wafted back to heaven again,
When thy pure spirit sought its sphere.
For when *thy* harp refused its tone,
For strains like thine earth had no home.

Hushed is thy lyre! o'er Time's dark wave
Its joyous numbers float no more;
It hymned a prelude to the grave,
Then paused, till on a brighter shore,
The full tide of thy minstrelsy
Was wafted through eternity.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

Education.—There are sad mistakes on the subject of education prevailing among us, as if schools and schoolmasters were the principal or only agencies—as if, through all the senses, every event and circumstance of every day life did not exert a moulding power upon the soul. It is truly and eloquently said, that education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's nod of approbation, or sigh of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green daisy meadows—with birds' nests admired, but not touched—with creeping ants and almost imperceptible emmets—with humming bees and glass bee-hives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes—and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God himself.

Charity to Prisoners.—One of the most interesting labors of love of our times, is that which directs its merciful care to the inmates of prisons. Too generally, and too long, had we given these unfortunate beings up as hopeless outcasts. A wiser charity has entered their cells and sat by their side, uttering words of sympathy and Christian counsel, and nowhere has benevolent effort found happier results.

The following letter was received by a lady from a convict who had served out his time in the State Prison, and to whom she had, during his confinement, sent a volume of the Penny Magazine:

"The gift now lying beside me, the Penny Magazine, is a miscellany fitted alike to the child and the man. In poetry and prose, its facts and fables, its descriptions and its prints, all afford instruction in different ways. I open the pictured pages in a strange land, in a country where I am an outcast from all the forms of beauty, all the communications of living intelligence; but on these leaves are imprinted objects once familiar to my eyes, when crime to me was only the name of evil, to be shunned and abhorred Here I behold the imaged ruins, and the columnar piles among which, in their majestic reality, 'my careless childhood strayed.' Here, too, are the ancient oaks beneath whose shadows my schoolboy footsteps lingered while the birds sang in their branches. All this speaks to my heart and my conscience. These ruins are an emblem of my own sad fall; what once stood in honor lies now in disrepair and abandonment, and there is no re-edifying of the prostrate pillar and the broken wall!"

When we follow the steps of a Howard, a Fry, and, in our own land, the benevolent Miss Dix, and others like-minded, who, resigning the ease and comforts of home, have sought companionship with the wretched, the despised, and forsaken in their gloomy dungeons, that they might raise them up to life and hope again, we feel re-assured and comforted, and acquire confidence that a better day is coming—a day in which it will be understood and felt that religion is not more a system of divinity than a system of *humanity;* when all other titles and patents of nobility will be superseded by the nobility of benevolence, and the circumstance, that noble or royal blood has descended to us through a hundred generations, will be outweighed by the humblest life of charity to man. Believe the poet when he says:

"From yon blue heavens, above us bent,
The gardener, Adam, and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.

Not stars and titles make a lord;
He's only noble who is good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple love than Norman blood."

Historical Discrepancies.—In another part of this No. we have briefly noticed Forster's Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England. In reading his Cromwell, we were forcibly struck with the importance to the student of history of an independent judgment, so differently are the same characters estimated by different historians. Mr. Fox, in his lectures on history, has justly remarked, that "sometimes you can scarcely recognise the individual as he is presented by historic painters of different classes. There is a specimen of what we mean in the different versions of the character of Oliver Cromwell. We have three remarkable ones, by three writers of eminent ability; Southey, in what was originally an article in the Quarterly Review, but was afterwards published separately; Forster, in his "Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth;" and Carlyle, in his recent publication of the "Speeches and Letters of Cromwell." Let us look at the man as he appears in each.

"The Oliver Cromwell of Robert Southey's delineation is a fanatic at the outset of life, conceited, bustling, pragmatic, and assuming, and very soon, indeed, becomes a hypocrite, a thorough and entire hypocrite, politically and religiously. His talk is cant; his gestures are grimace. He has no truthfulness in his heart in joining with the republican party; he has no real humility when on his knees in prayer. He is looking out for himself; and what conscience he has, is a conscience regulated, not by his own creed, but by what Southey, his biographer, deems the true creed in faith and morals. He is conscious of guilt in the gratification of his ambition; he knows he is doing wrong, through the whole process of the struggle; and, in the death of Charles, he has the severest sense of blood-guiltiness upon his soul. According to Southey, Cromwell never recovered the sense of his own crime in that transaction. He felt that he was a traitor—a murderous traitor. Nor was he so much the bigot or the republican as to think that the old forms, of what is called the constitution, were not the best. He knew that monarchy, aristocracy, and episcopacy, were essential to the well-being of the country; and having overthrown these, he tried to establish some forms and images of them, as the only means of holding society together. But he was always mourning in secret over his treason, his shedding of royal blood. This haunted him; this unmanned him; this filled his days and nights with sorrow: 'and for this,' says Robert Southey, 'oh, what would he not have given'—(he represents him as earnestly desiring the restoration of the Stuarts, only he knew that Charles the Second would never forgive him for the death of his father)—' what would he not have given, in reference either to this world or the world to come, to have had the crime of that bloodshed off his conscience.' That is Robert Southey's Cromwell.

"Mr. Forster gives us a portraiture something like this. His Cromwell is a man of intellect and earnestness, sincerely religious from a hypochondriacal constitution acting upon his sensations, and giving him that sort of experience which is so common amongst some classes of believers—ambition kindling up in him, prompting him, intermingling with better feelings and principles—a love of liberty, or, at least, a strong insubordination against tyranny, existing in his mind—joining heartily with Hampden and the other great leaders of the opposition in Charles's Parliament—but as they are, one after another, removed from the scene, his personal ambition growing more and more upon him, until it absorbs all other principles, he becomes a perfect Machiavelli in contrivances, a deep deceiver of others, and the subject of yet deeper deception in himself; his eye fixed on the crown, to which he dare not put forth his hand that he may grasp it; not untrue to himself, with his complicated and ambitious nature, but untrue to the political principles and the political associates of his early life, and punished in his own feelings, and in his external position, for that treason. Southey's Cromwell was a traitor to Charles the First; Mr. Forster's Cromwell is a traitor to the cause of civil and religious liberty. The consciousness of his failure, the consciousness of his own usurpation—this is the demon that besets him. In his unwise pursuit of personal aggrandisement, he found the very means of government breaking away within his grasp; difficulties accumulate without; perplexities increase within; he lives a life of torment; until, at last, the day which releases his spirit, the anniversary of his great victories of Worcester and Dunbar, is his fortunate day, more for the sake of the death it then brought him, than for that of the triumphs with which it had formerly illustrated his name. Such is the second Cromwell.

"Mr. Carlyle's Cromwell is different from either—different in being an entirely truthful man—true to himself, true to others. Carlyle's Cromwell begins and ends in sincerity and integrity. His hypochondriasis is the action of mind upon body, rather than of body upon mind—the hard strugglings of his soul in deep penitence for the sense of divine forgiveness. He goes into public life not from personal ambition, but under the strong compulsion of conscience. He feels that a woe, a curse, is upon him, unless he serves the Lord, and the Lord's people, in the work of the day; and he applies himself to it with all his might. No fear distracts him; no honor dazzles him; but on he goes, endeavoring still to secure true religion for his own spirit, and the people whom Providence had committed to his charge. If Mr. Forster's Cromwell has no penitence for alleged treason against Charles, Carlyle's Cromwell has no penitence for treason against the republican cause, or the supporters of republicanism. He has no penitence of any kind. With him, there is no breaking down within; there is a strong heart battling with the world, and with the things of the world; endeavoring to overcome every difficulty, in order that the great cause of which he is the agent and representative here, the great Puritan cause—the cause, in his estimation, of God and man—may be established. For that he lives; and praying for that, he dies—no hypocrite, no traitor, but a champion and martyr of the Puritanical faith."

From these examples, one can easily see that to arrive at just conclusions respecting historic characters and events, the judicious student must exercise a discriminating and unbiassed judgment, and balance, with nicest care, the various and conflicting opinions of historians. After all, how little do we know accurately of the past.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

Christian Union, by Stephen H. Tyng, D.D., Rector of St. George's church, New York.—This is a neat little volume from the prolific press of Robert Carter, 58 Canal street. Dr. T. has rendered a valuable service to evangelical Christianity, by showing the true nature of Christian union—that it does not consist in entire uniformity of opinion, an agreement, however perfect, in every view of religious doctrine—that it is as evidently, not a mere external, apparent unity of profession and name, a oneness of temporary discipline and outward type. The unity of the gospel, by which the church of God is known, in opposition to all the divisions of men, is a spiritual unity, which, though consistent with much outward diversity, is real, operative, and permanent. This view of Christian union is enforced with much clearness and eloquence by the author, and we cannot but hope for good results from the circulation of this little book.

The Mysteries of Tobacco, by Rev. Benjamin J. Lane. Also Responses on the Use of Tobacco, from numerous individuals, by the same author, published by Wiley & Putnam. Both these books have been on our table some weeks. They show no quarter to the consumers of the weed in any of its forms.

Butler's Analogy, with Bishop Wilson's Criticism, has just been published, in a beautiful form, by Mr. Carter, 58 Canal street. Of all the editions of this great work, we have seen none we should prefer to Mr. Carter's.

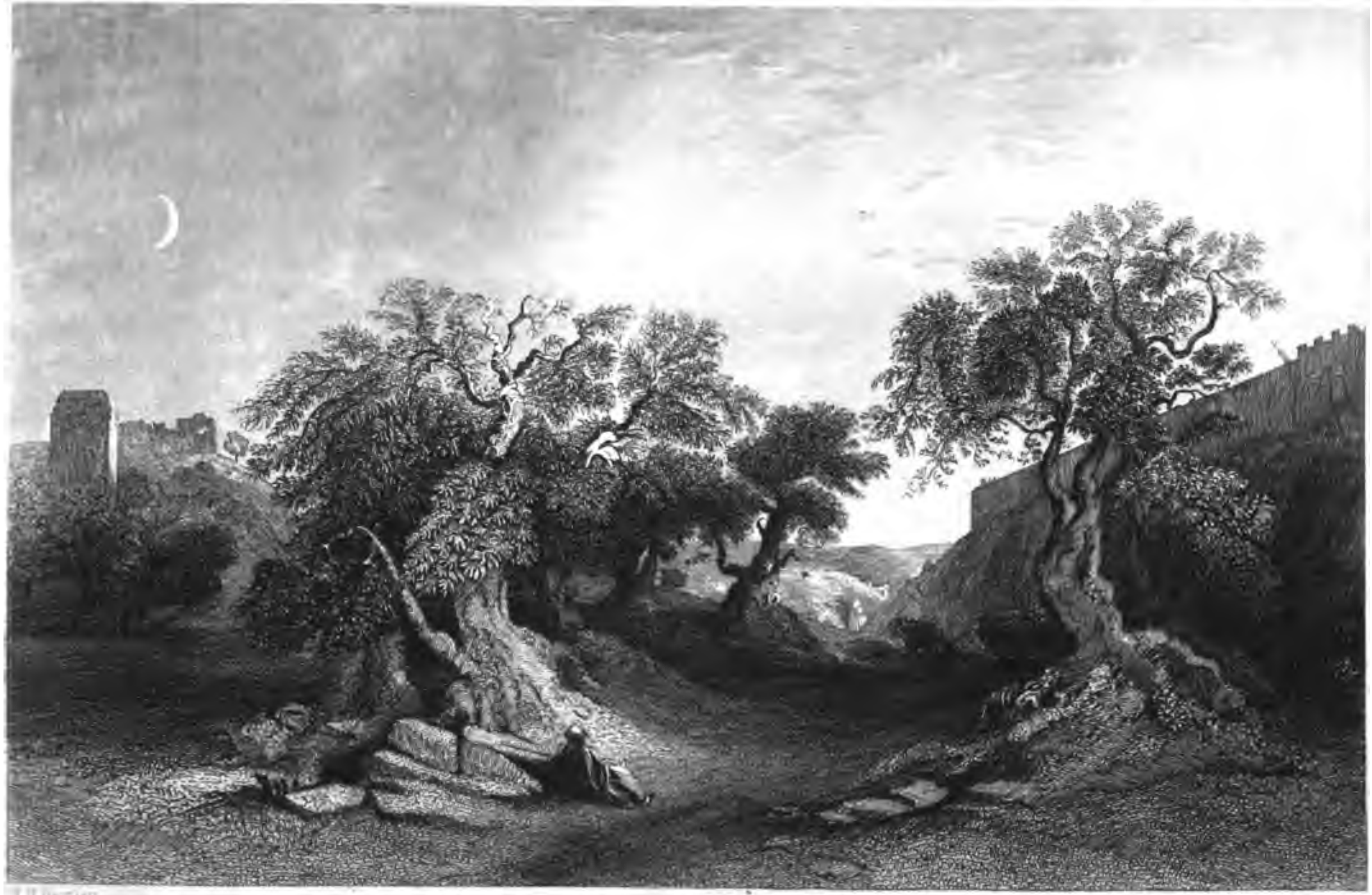
Forster's Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England.—We regret that our space compels us to speak very briefly of this highly valuable and interesting work from the press of the Harpers. It is well observed by Mr. Choules, the American editor, that our citizens can never be indifferent to the history of the struggles for freedom in the land of our fathers; and there is no more appropriate study for our youth than a careful examination of the men and measures of that period, which constituted the transition state of England from the oppressive reign of the Tudors and the Stuarts, to the constitutional liberty which it afterwards enjoyed. The close sympathy which was felt by our Pilgrim Fathers with Eliot, Hampden, Milton and Vane, gave an origin to our national existence, and planted the institutions of piety and learning on our shores. The Puritans were the conservators of civil and religious freedom, and to the days of the civil war in England we are indebted for the assertion of those political truths, which we now cherish as our dearest inheritance. The style in which this American edition of Forster has been got up, is creditable even to Cliff street, famous as it has become for the taste and elegance of its issues. We recommend our readers to make this volume a companion of the long evening hours now approaching. They will find it full of the romance of truth, which is "stranger than fiction."

The Sufferings of Christ, by a Layman—second edition, published by the Messrs. Harper. The author aims to show that Christ suffered on the cross, in his divine, as well as his human nature, contrary to the commonly received opinion that the divine nature is impassible. We had supposed there was but little interest felt in such discussions; but the fact, that a second edition is demanded, argues that we were mistaken.

Annals of the Poor, by Rev. Leigh Richmond. Mr. Carter sends us a new and neat edition of these charming sketches. We presume many of our readers will be glad to hear that they can have "The Dairyman's Daughter," "The Young Cottager," &c., in this convenient and tasteful form. Mr. Carter's "Cabinet Library," to which series this volume belongs, is worthy of a generous patronage.

We omitted, casually, in our last No., to notice that Mr. Carter had completed the series of vols. by Dr. Duncan on the "Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons." The whole four vols. may be obtained of him.

Night of Weeping, *or Words for the Suffering Family of God*, by Rev. Horatius Bonor. R. Carter, 58 Canal street.—This is a choice addition to Carter's Cabinet Library. It is intended for, and most admirably adapted to, the condition of afflicted persons. We have seldom read a work which reaches the heart of the mourner with a more discriminating and consoling power. Just such a book was needed, and Mr. Carter has shown his good judgment in selecting and reproducing it from the mass of English publications. We hope it may minister consolation to many a stricken heart.



Garden of Gethsemane.

W J Crosby Printer

"They always go together, and it has often been a matter of wonder to me that all observing and thinking men don't see it. Some seem to think that the law, 'thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' is written only in the Gospel, whereas it is written on all God's creation. It is only written a little plainer in the Gospel—printed in larger letters."

"I don't know as I quite apprehend your meaning. What is the principle which you affirm runs through creation?" said De Lancey, who had deemed it proper to listen awhile to the deacon before devoting himself to the ladies, and making an intellectual inspection of Grace.

"Why, the unselfish principle—the principle which shows that the way to benefit ourselves, is to benefit others. I said that this isn't true in respect to religion alone, but is true in respect to everything; though, for that matter, religion comprehends everything; but that is not according to the common idea."

"How would you show that?" said De Lancey, a good deal suprised to hear a hard-working farmer and puritan deacon talking about principles, and in a way which rendered it more than probable that he understood them, too. It was not at all in accordance with his ideas of puritanical narrowness.

"Why, you may take the case of a merchant. He wants, in order to prosper in his business, he wants to sell a great many goods, and get his pay for them. Now, how can he best promote his interest—by cheating and robbing the people?"

"Certainly not; his customers will all leave him in that case," said De Lancey.

"Take a little wider view of the case. He must not only pursue such a course as will not drive his customers away, but he must have customers that shall want a good deal of what he has to sell, and shall be able to pay him. He needs to have them prosperous, all of them; the more prosperous the better. Whatever he does to promote their prosperity, has a tendency to promote his own prosperity. Everything he does towards making them better off is calculated to make himself better off—that is, a fair understanding of the case, a knowledge of what is best for him in the long run, will lead him to do just as the Gospel bids him do—'thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Isn't that point clear to you?"

"Perfectly."

"The case of one man's working for another, in the employ of another, is similar. He may be saving and faithful, and promote the interest of his employer, or he may be wasteful and idle; but if he destroys his employer's property, or hinders him from prospering, he stands in his own light. The more prosperous his employer is, the more he will want to hire, and the more he will have to pay for work. If the hired man wishes to take the course that shall give him the most employment and the best pay, he must go according to the Gospel rule, mus'n't he?"

"Certainly."

"The case is just the same with nations. Satan tries to keep them cutting one another's throats, and injuring one another as much as possible; and politicians seem disposed to help him; but people are beginning to find out that it is for the interest of nations that each and all should be prosperous; that if we could do England as much harm as some seem to wish, wouldn't it affect this country's interest in about the same way that it would affect the merchant's interest, if he could send half his customers to the poor-house? Now the Lord commands peace and good will among nations, and He has so ordered it that that is just the way for them to prosper."

"I see you have read on Political Economy."

"Read what?"

"Political Economy."

"I've read what was said about it in the Bible. I was going to say I had never heard of it, but I do remember to have seen the words in the newspapers; but they have so many new words and notions, that I don't try to spell out and understand one half of them. I heard something said about it sometimes, when I was in the House, but I never could really get hold of it."

"Deacon Foreman alludes to the House of Representatives. He has been our representative for a number of years," said Mr. Hastings, seeing that De Lancey was a little at fault.

"Yes, and when I was sent I knew I wasn't fit for it, and thought I should have to act as the leading ones told me; but I concluded I would act understandingly, if I could. So I heard them argue, but I could never get much satisfaction. At last I thought I would go to the Book, and get what light I could there, and do what appeared to be right; and on all the questions which they called great questions, I got light out of the Book that satisfied me. Some thought I had studied them all out, and understood all about them, and would come to me and get me to explain to them; and they were a good deal surprised that I hadn't any wisdom of my own—nothing only God's wisdom to go by; and some of them didn't seem to think as much of me as they appeared to before. My way is this: I find a principle laid down in the Book—then I'm sure it will always be found true, and I observe and watch what is going on about me, so as to see that it turns out just as I expected, and it's a great satisfaction to find it so."

Deacon Foreman saw that conversation was suspended while he was discoursing. He left his seat, crossed over to the opposite side of the room, and began a conversation with Mrs. Hastings in a low tone of voice. The object of this movement was well understood, and all were willing to do their part towards its accomplishment. Conversation soon became general and animated.

About an hour passed, during which time De Lancey, Julia, and Grace carried on a desultory, yet animated, conversation. Grace was somewhat reserved, yet she made several replies, which reminded De Lancey of the quickness and sharpness, but not the harshness, of a steel-trap—a machine with which he happened to have, in his boyhood, great practical acquaintance. In truth, she, like some other girls which you might find in the land, if you were to search with sufficient care, had some suspicion that the polished stranger was not disposed to do full justice to the claims of the commonalty of New England on the score of intelligence and refinement, and hence her manner was a little more brisk than was natural to her. Perhaps Miss Julia was not as much displeased at this as she might have been under other circumstances, since it very naturally deducted somewhat from the sum total of that admiration which De Lancey evidently felt for the charms of her person combined with the powers of her mind. Grace was not slow in perceiving the existence of said feeling of admiration, and it rendered her somewhat more conciliating, yet not so as to soften down too much the bearing befitting true, genuine, Yankee independence.

In about an hour young Foreman returned. He was neither tall nor short, fat nor lean; in short, there was nothing remarkable in his bodily structure. Grace thought there was something very intellectual in his walk, and indeed in his whole bearing; but this was not visible to eyes of less perspicacity. In college, at his first entrance, at least, he might have been classed with those semi-rustics who are sometimes looked down upon by those who have enjoyed superior advantages for physical culture, but who often find it easier to laugh at them than to compete with them in whatever requires real mental vigor, or appertains to true manhood.

Horace was slightly embarrassed as he entered and perceived a stranger there. The true politeness of De Lancey soon put him at his ease, and enabled him to join in the conversation, which was adroitly led by Grace to such topics as she knew would awaken his enthusiasm, and cause him to shine. Several topics requiring discriminating thought were partially discussed. De Lancey found it was necessary to put all his powers in requisition, and still felt that he was conversing with one whose grasp of mind was superior to his own. He found that the young student, when excited, had an energy of thought and brevity of expression of which the exterior gave no betokening.

The conversation next turned on topics more purely literary, and in which De Lancey felt more at home; and he found that the spirit of poetry still lived among the descendants of those who still looked to John Milton as their leader and defender in a sacred cause. His own enthusiasm was kindled, and he passed an hour of high enjoyment, till he noticed the eager interest with which Julia listened to the remarks of the young student. He then made a vigorous but unsuccessful effort to believe that the enthusiasm apparent had been put on for the occasion, in accordance with the theory somewhat widely adopted, that in Yankee land everything is done for effect and show. The effort, as ever, was unsuccessful. The tones of nature, the flashes of intelligence, were not to be mistaken. When the visitors withdrew, Grace bade them good-night in a manner accordant with her name, and gave them a smile which De Lancey thought decidedly the sweetest one he had seen north of the Potomac, saving and excepting the smile of Julia Hastings.

"What do you think of your visit?" said Julia to De Lancey, when, by some natural accident they had become separated from Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, and Emily, who was accompanied by Horace, so as to allow them to converse without danger of being overheard."

"I think," said he, "you do as much thinking at a Yankee visit as we do at the south in—I know not how long."

"That is not telling me how you liked it."

"Pardon me, you did not ask me how I liked it."

"I thought I did. I will then use the privilege of my birth-place, and ask if you were not disappointed—did you not expect to pass a dull evening?"

"No, I did not expect to pass a dull evening, for I knew Miss Hastings was to be there; but I was, I confess, disappointed. My ideas of Yankee deacons have been greatly modified. To tell the truth, I expected to find a censorous, narrow-minded, ostentatiously religious man."

"What right had you to form any such expectation?"

"That was in accordance with the ideas I had formed of that class from books, I suppose."

"Or perhaps from some worthy representative of New England who has been travelling in your parts for the purpose of exercising his mercantile gifts. You saw but a small part of Deacon Foreman's character. He had no opportunity for exhibiting his warm and fine benevolence, and his delicate consideration for the feelings of others, whatever his rank may be."

"I can readily conceive that he possesses those traits of character."

"What do you think of Grace? I am to ask you all the questions I can think of, you know."

This was attempted to be asked in the same tone as the preceding ones; but a nice ear would have detected some slight variations, and variations not on the side of indifference.

"Well, I can hardly give an analysis of her character on so slight an acquaintance and such short notice?"

"I did not ask that."

"She is a girl of fine mind, and her logical powers are highly cultivated."

"Don't you think she is very handsome?"

"Yes, she is handsome, very, and yet there is a softness and repose that is wanting. There is too much energy to be compatible with the highest form of beauty."

"Do you think so?"

Apparently Miss Hastings deemed his last remark worthy of deep consideration, for she walked on in silence for some time. What the precise nature of her reflections during that interval were, we are not authorized to state.

By some means, Emily and Horace did not arrive at Mr. Hastings' as soon as the other members of the party, a fact not unnoticed or disapproved by De Lancey He recollected, also, without displeasure, that she was quite silent during the latter part of the evening, and that she paid extra attention to whatever was said by young Foreman. It also appeared that she was regarded with more complacency by Grace than Julia was.

Mr. and Mrs. Hastings retired soon after their arrival at home, leaving De Lancey and Julia to wait for Emily, whose protracted walk did not seem to give them any alarm.

"What profession will Horace Foreman choose?"

"He will enter the ministry, I presume?"

"Do all the young men in New England choose that profession?"

"Not all, but most of them who belong to such families as Deacon Foreman's."

"Are such families frequent?"

"Not very unfrequent. Mr. Foreman would feel very sad if Horace should not be a minister."

"I presume he thinks it the highest office in the world?"

"He does."

The tone with which these words were uttered seemed to intimate her agreement with the deacon on this point. De Lancey, with an abruptness not usual with him, said, "Do *you* think so?"

"Certainly."

De Lancey was silent. He thought of Horace and Emily He began to doubt whether the conclusion he had drawn respecting the relation they sustained towards each other was correct, and this, because Julia had expressed her concurrence in the belief of Deacon Foreman, that a minister of the gospel held the highest office upon earth.

He was at length on the point of expressing his dissent with a little more earnestness than the occasion seemed to call for, when he luckily bethought himself of a more excellent way: "Does your sister entertain the same opinion?" adding intensity to the question by a vigorous use of the eye.

"I presume she does," said Julia with a meaning smile. "Perhaps she is not in circumstances as favorable to the formation of an impartial opinion as I am."

De Lancey's complacency was restored. He cared but little about Julia's opinion of the relative rank of a minister, provided her sister alone was influenced by it in practice.

"You have been accustomed to view the ministry," said Julia, "merely as a profession. I have not been accustomed to do so. I always feel as if I made an improper use of language when I conform to the usual modes of expression on the subject. It is one thing to view a man as merely a member of a certain profession, another, to view him as an ambassador of God to men. Such the Bible declares the true minister to be; and if the rank of an ambassador is to be determined by the greatness and dignity of the power which he represents, then the office of a minister is higher than that of an earthly ambassador, or any earthly governor; and therefore Deacon Foreman's views are in strict accordance with truth."

"Deacon Foreman has communicated some of his logic as well as his religion to his neighbors."

"If that were to be the case, do you think they would be any the worse for it?"

"By no means. I should like to take a colony of Deacon Foremans home with me, and plant them down about me. The deacon is well off, as I believe the phrase is in the country?"

"He is the owner of a farm, which, by his labor, supports him, and enables him to educate his children and to set a good example of liberality."

"He has not laid out much in adorning his grounds. Would it not be better for him to pay a little more regard to the beautiful?"

"I cannot say but that it would; neatness is one of his cardinal virtues. Everything about his place is neat. The circumstances under which we New Englanders grew up from the beginning have not been favorable to the development of the idea of the beautiful; but we are making progress in that matter."

"Not in architecture," De Lancey was tempted to say, remembering the various pretending structures he had seen on the way; politeness restrained him.

At this moment Emily and Horace ended their walk and conversation, and the parties soon separated for the night. De Lancey repaired to his chamber with a very slight inclination for sleep. He employed himself in grave reflections on the influence of a Puritan ancestry on their real descendants of the present time. From what he had seen, he concluded that if a little more grace were added to the sterling virtues—if more regard were paid to the illustration of beauty in general, as well as the beauty of goodness, they would form a model people. These qualities were not wanting in Julia Hastings; therefore, seeing that there was no prospect of his being able to take out a colony of Deacon Foremans to live *about* him, he thought the wisest thing he could do would be to take all lawful means to enable him to carry out Julia Hastings to live *with* him. To the accomplishment of this feat he resolved to devote all his powers without delay.

LINES.

BY J. HONEYWELL.

Deeper, denser, grows the gloom,
Utter darkness fills the room,
Creeping those dull eyes before,
That may brighten nevermore;
Shrouded is the bloomy earth,
All its beauties nothing worth,
And in Death's forewarning shades
All of mortal seeming fades.

But as fade familiar scenes,
Shining through the cloudy screens,
In a purer, holier light,
Scenes celestial meet the sight;
These the eye of Faith perceives,
As its sight the darkness cleaves,
While across the striving soul
Sweet seraphic visions roll.

Around, above, are radiant forms,
Seen like rainbows after storms,
Hovering on translucent wings,
Till the spirit upward springs,
And with new-born strength endued,
Leaving earth and earthly strife,
For the untried after-life,
Soars into beatitude.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR

THROUGH PART OF SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

We embarked on our voyage for Londonderry in the steam-packet Glen Albyn.

* * * * * * *

After passing Lough Foyle, you enter the river Foyle, here perhaps half a mile in width, the celebrated city of Londonderry, rising in singular beauty and magnificence, opens to your view. The two most prominent objects that attract the eye are the cathedral with its beautiful spire, and the monument of the Rev. Gen. Walker, celebrated for his gallant defence of the city, in 1689.

By the recommendation of an Irish gentleman, a fellow passenger, we proceeded, on landing, to an hotel near the top of the mount, and were shown into a large upper room, which, upon occasion, is for the accommodation of public meetings. We were received with that gladness and openness of heart which not only indicated a cordial welcome, but a personal pleasure, at the arrival of strangers from England. Everything indicated the fact that it was a rare occurrence to see gentlemen and ladies from the sister island travelling for their amusement in Ireland. The old servant maid bustled about, most solicitous to do ten times more than was wanting, and poured out her civilities in the richest profusion and with the most admirable trepidation, as if the feelings of nature were struggling to give vent to expression.

The situation of the city is both picturesque and commanding. It rises boldly upon the banks of the Foyle, with a sharp ascent upon all sides. It contains no distinct castle, but the whole city is a castle, surrounded by a broad wall, with gates on the four sides, and flights of steps within, leading to the ramparts. There is no appearance of art-works, no trenches, no drawbridges, nor any external bulwarks which usually distinguish a fortified town. The main street is broad and airy, well paved, well built, and cleanly. The whole city is constructed of brick, which is the more remarkable, considering it is girt with mountains of stone at no great distance. The walls are of sufficient width to admit of military exercises, parading, drilling, marching, &c., which we paused to witness, seeing it was the first specimen of military tactics brought to our view in Ireland, and seeing that never having had any instructions or experience in martial science, we were the best judges of such matters.

The cathedral, to which is attached a bishop, dean, and two curates, is in fine condition, with a splendid organ and peal of bells. We ascended the tower of the cathedral, whence we had a fine view of the city, the river, the suburbs, nearly as populous as the city, and of the most charming, rich, highly cultivated country that the eye of man ever rested upon. The fields are generally small enclosures, laid out in parallelograms, sloping down to the river's edge, and covered with luxuriant crops of corn, grass, oats, potatoes, &c. The monument, consecrated to the memory of the Rev. Gen. Walker, is a fluted column, surmounted with a full-length figure of the Rev. Gen. The court-house and other public charitable establishments, are handsome buildings, suited to a city containing a population of about 10,000 inhabitants.

People in England, as I have before intimated, think Ireland a den of robbers and cut-throats. Let them visit Londonderry, which they never will do, and they will meet with every accommodation that a gentleman need require, and what, to one travelling for his amusement, is of no slight importance—he will meet with the kindest attention, a thankful heart, and uniform civility.

Giant's Causeway.—Highly gratified by our visit to the ancient and celebrated city of Londonderry, we took our departure, on the morning of the 10th of September, in the Glen Albyn for Portbush, on our route to the Giant's Causeway. At Portbush, we chartered a jaunting-car to convey us to the Causeway, distance about eight miles. It is a difficult thing to convey a correct idea of an Irish jaunting-car by description, because it is unlike anything known among civilized nations. It is a vehicle of two wheels, without any top or covering of any kind. In the centre of the body there is an open space, the length of the car, for the luggage. Over each wheel there is a seat fore and aft, with a foot board, to prevent your falling into the road when seated. The passengers sit back to back and sideways, so that you face one side of the road, with your feet not more than twelve inches from the ground. The driver's seat is just forward of the luggage, and the only comfortable seat in the car. In this antedeluvian sort of a thing we travelled along over hill and dale, always fearing, if we met anything, that our legs would go the other way. The road is good, but owing to the mountainous face of the country, is very winding and circuitous. We drove, however, sufficiently near the shore to give us a constant view of the sea. The lands are well cultivated, crops abundant, and the general appearance of the population far superior to anything we had expected to see in Ireland. No part of England presents a fairer specimen of agricultural prosperity.

Arriving at the summit of the cliffs which overlook the Causeway, a small thatched cottage, only, opens its doors for the accommodation of visitors. A large stone-built hotel has, since our visit, been completed, and will afford more comfortable shelter to future visitors. This single fact speaks volumes. In England, in the United States, in any other country but Ireland, a large town would have been built where stands a single, solitary, comfortless, thatched cottage. This is Irish enterprise. Nothing can exceed the beauty and grandeur of the view as you look down from a height of 400 feet upon the ocean which rolls and tumbles below. The rude cliffs and broken precipices which mark this northern coast, stretch far off in full view to the right and left, and hold the spectator in musing suspense. A footpath, wide enough indeed for a cart, descends in a horizontal direction upon the declivity of the precipice, which in some places is so perpendicular that rocks impend overhead. At length, after a long descent, we came to the base of the cliff, which now presents a bold front of 500 feet in altitude upon the right, the ocean heaving its restless waters upon the left. Here an old woman of a tall and slender form, withered by age, and browned by winds and storms, claimed our attention. "This, your honor, is the giant's well"—a little basin of clear spring water just in the middle of the footpath, with rocks in their natural state piled promiscuously around it. I could hardly refrain from laughter at the idea of a giant's well, about as large as a lady's teapot; but I soon found that the giant's little well was of giant consequence, and not to be overpassed without due libation to his giantship. The whisky bottle was presented in solemn form with one hand, and a small glass with the other, by the aforesaid mistress of the ceremony, and surely I could not do less than take a glass myself and present a bumper to those who attended me. With a cheerful smile and "health to your honcr," they all accepted the proferred glass but one; he declined. I knew he was an Irishman, and was most profoundly puzzled how to solve the mystery. On my arrival at Colerain, I learned that a temperance society had just been established in that place, and that many in the neighborhood had joined it; just the last thing one would expect from a laboring Irishman, and no doubt the best.

We now, having paid all due honor to the giant, approached the causeway. It was presently announced by the declaration of the guides, "This is the Giant's Causeway." We were quite upon it before we were aware that it was even in sight. There is nothing whatever in the reality to correspond with the idea fastened upon the mind by the name. It therefore needed this announcement, for nobody would imagine at first sight that it was any such thing. We had seen drawings and read descriptions of this celebrated curiosity, and really thought we had a correct idea of it. Our surprise was consequently great when we found that it was altogether a different thing from that we had figured in imagination. Indeed, such is the habitude of the mind, that we do not suppose it possible to think independently of association. If we speak of a river, the mind flies to a flowing stream; of a mountain, to the stupendous excrescences of the earth, which the eye has not seen, and which is already seated in the understanding; of a giant, to one of our race majestically tall, and of the largest bone.

The general form of the causeway is that of a pier projecting into the ocean. As it nears the water, it assumes the aspect of a gently inclined plain, until it loses itself in the waves of the sea. Its length, from the base of the cliff to the water, is about 350 feet, and its width, judging by the eye, about 200 feet, narrowing to perhaps 100 feet as it approaches the ocean. This natural pier is composed of Basaltic pillars, which, taken separately, measure three to four feet in circumference, and are all, without a single exception, of angular shapes, some pentagonal, some hexagonal, and some even octagonal. These pillars stand perpendicular, with their bases sunk to an unknown depth into the bowels of the earth, and their tops rising about ten feet above the general level of the beach. They are all clustered together with the most exact natural masonry, so that the angles of one pillar exactly correspond with those of its adjoining neighbor. Some of the pillars rise above the average level of the pier, and of course some fall below, which renders the surface of the whole uneven. Imagine these irregularities of surface reduced to one uniform level, and we should then walk upon a tesselated pavement in appearance, instead of the rough surface which the pillars now present. The next point of extreme curiosity is, that each pillar composing this extraordinary work is marked off into joints of ten to twelve inches by a natural vein running horizontally completely round the pillar, so that if you were to insert the chisel end of an iron crowbar you would pry off one joint, and one only, and this joint is uniformly concave and convex, similar to the joints of the backbone of a codfish. The fitting, both as regards the angles and the joints, is perfect, every pillar is perfect, and the combination of the whole is perfect.

There is no sublimity in the Giant's Causeway—nothing to strike the mind with awe and amazement, but everything to excite wonder and delight curiosity. You see something so unique, something so entirely foreign from the ordinary course of creation, that the mind, in its silent musings, asks itself, how can these things be? Solomon's army of master masons might have toiled thousands of years to hew all these pillars, to shape them into such exactly fitting angles, to form the joints, and to pile one upon another until a column of 40 or 50 feet in length was completed, and placed side by side, angle to angle, in a perpendicular position, forming one monument of human art, all in vain. They might as well attempt to "perfume the rose" or to "paint the lily." It is the wonderful work of God, and His hands alone formed it.

It was late in the day before we left this most interesting and curious promenade to pursue our journey in the same car we hired in the morning, for Colerain, distance twelve miles. We arrived at 9 o'clock in the evening, chilled to the very bone. Here we found an excellent hotel, an obliging landlord, a good fire, and everything agreeable, although in Ireland.

THE FIRST AND LAST VISIT.

BY L. S. Y.

It was night, and stillness reigned in Jerusalem. Wearied by the exciting scenes of their annual festival, the Passover, the people had sought repose, and not a footfall broke the silence throughout her streets. Among that unconscious multitude, there was one whose troubled thoughts forbade him rest. In the solemn hour of night, his mind was busy with reflections new to him. The scenes of the day that was gone had awakened questions within him of momentous interest. He was a ruler of the Jews, a man well versed in the history of his nation. The law and the prophets had been his study from his youth; he was accustomed to be regarded as authority in matters of religion; but it would seem that he was less bigoted than most of the Pharisees, and was possessed of a candid mind.

There had appeared among the people a man of singular character, but of wonderful power, an humble Nazarene; but even the nobles felt awed in his presence. For years he had been spoken of; there had occurred many things to throw an unusual interest around its history. They had been much talked of, and many conjectures were started, but they were ended with the significant question, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?"

As yet, he had appeared but little in public, but he had wrought many wonderful works that astonished the people, and they verily thought a prophet had risen up among them.

At this Passover he had assumed an authority altogether unheard of before. He exercised it in the temple in such a way as caused much wonder. Animals for sacrifice, which at first were kept without the temple, had, in this corrupt age, been brought within the sacred enclosures, and an immense traffic was carried on in them, a great part of the profits of which accrued to the priests. Much extortion and great indecorum were practised.

But that day the Teacher had administered a reproof which was hard to bear. With an authority which found a ready response in every heart, he had driven them all out, saying, "Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise." Never before had he spoken thus. The convicted and astonished people cried out in their hate, "What sign showest thou, since thou doest these things?" But their own confusion was evidence that conviction flashed upon their minds, and whether the Teacher was a superior being or not, they knew he was right, for they had desecrated their holy place; they deserved the scourge he coiled against them.

But he had taught the people in many discourses, and they wondered at his gracious words; even some of the nobles heard him gladly, and went away wondering whereunto this might grow. Of this latter class was the ruler, whose troubled mind allowed him no sleep. Anxious and doubting, he reasoned with himself: This Teacher is no common man. He acts not the part of a prophet, but professes that in him our prophecies are fulfilled. But can this be so? Can this be the Christ? Surely our great Deliverer cometh not thus. It cannot be. He hath not power to lead us on to victory over our enemies, and re-assert our claim to independence as a nation. And yet it may be. How lightly did our fathers esteem Moses till his miracles compelled their belief. And this man hath wrought many miracles, all acknowledge. Many things spoken by the prophets seem to be fulfilled in him. With what convincing power he speaks to the people. He knoweth the Scriptures better than the wisest. If this be indeed the promised Saviour, how foolish and wicked to reject him. Would that I could go to him and know of the doctrine from his own mouth. But I should be suspected of favoring him if I should seek such an interview. None of the rulers countenance him. I have nothing to gain by embracing a new religion, but everything to lose. But I can go this night to him, this very hour, and it will be known to no one. I will go and confer with the Teacher, and learn exactly what his doctrines are.

With this resolution he takes his way, at the calm hour of midnight, to the Saviour. This was his *first visit.*

He was kindly received, and addressed the Saviour in a way at once respectful and proper. But his question is anticipated; he has not time to utter it before he is startled with a proposition of a purely spiritual import, though couched in a figure which he understands literally. The idea of spiritual religion seems to have been, at this time, lost amid the forms and traditions of Phariseeism; the shadow had taken the place of the substance, and men went about to earn eternal life by punctilious observance of ceremonies, few of which could claim more than human authority. The Teacher changes his illustration, and states his proposition in another form. The inquirer, partly enlightened as to his meaning, but still mainly in doubt, exclaims, "How can these things be?" After reproving him with the question, "Art thou a *teacher* in Israel, and knowest not these things?" the Saviour asserts his authority, and explains the nature of his mission.

The account of this interview is brief, perhaps giving no more than the substance of what was said; but it contains that which must have been the subject of much reflection with Nicodemus. From the short acquaintance we have with him in this narrative, we are led to inquire, with no little interest, what effect these instructions had on him. Was that new existence of which he learned ever imparted to him? These are questions which can never have an answer in this world. We know if he was "born again," he is now a partaker of the "eternal life" then made known to him. The belief that this was so, is strengthened by the circumstances of his last visit.

The fearful tragedy of the crucifixion is past; the scenes of trial and insult which the Saviour endured before the high priest, Herod, and Pilate, were ended; the weakness of the Roman proconsul had yielded to the clamor of the multitude; the deed was done; the sufferer had uttered his last cry, "It is finished!" and expired.

In his extremity his disciples forsook him and fled; but there were those who would not leave his lifeless body to the common indignities of those publicly executed. One Joseph, whose brief, but significant, encomium is, that "he was a good man and just," got leave of Pilate to take away the body of Jesus. In these sad offices he was joined by Nicodemus. He had been witness of his sufferings—of the insults offered to him; but no efforts of his, or the few who sympathized with him, could have procured an impartial trial. The power of the priesthood to excite the passions of the people to the most atrocious wickedness, could not be resisted; no reason could arrest the decision.

And now that their purpose was accomplished, these two men come to perform the only office in their power, to show respect to his memory. Whether they did it simply because they thought he was an innocent sufferer, or because they had learned something of his true character, we honor them for the deed. How affecting must have been the scene to Nicodemus, when he recalled his first visit to him who now lay cold in death! With what vividness would those sacred words of the sufferer come up to his mind! Did he now understand what this meant: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that all believing in him should not perish, but have everlasting life?"

But they must hasten; the preparation drew to a close; they decently prepared the body for burial, and laid it in a new tomb which was in a garden near to the place of crucifixion, and departed.

PRAYER FOR PEACE.

BY ASAHEL ABBOTT.

O Thou that sitt'st above an amber cloud!
O Son of Heaven! insuperable, that wearest
Thy golden locks bound in a diadem
Star-wove, nor vainly hold'st in thy hands most pure
Thy sickle sharp, for vengeance due prepared,
Against this murderous earth thy stroke forbear!
Nor the sere harvest gather, tho' the cry
Hath risen from 'mid the temple, and the souls
Slain round the altar, that the nations whole
Should drink blood, and be drunken as with taste
Of sweet wine, in his wrath who sits above,
And knows their end is coming; for the lands
Not yet hath summ'd their crimes, nor with strict watch
Thro' all hath th' Infinite his number found
Of all selectest spirits, whose record
Is in the Book of Life: but when, at length,
All these have passed thro' fires, and found his rest
Made glorious through eternal ages, then
Hear thou thine angel calling thee from far,
And blood shall flow through lands even as the sea,
That nations o'er the globe thro' times to come
Learn justice, truth, and peace, nor more contend with God.

OUR DEACON.

BY KATE.

Every village has its character. Persons or things form prominent items, around which memory throws a charm, as she points to them in after-life. I remember the childish fondness I used to cherish for our old deacon, whose white hairs were ever an object of attraction to my youthful eyes. I loved the old man with all the fervor of childhood, and used often to win from him in return those endearing expressions which fall so gracefully from the lips of age, and find so ready a response in the heart of youth. Our good old deacon had long since followed his beloved companion to the silent tomb; but his dead Mary lived again in a fair image, so like the mother, that he would almost forget the lapse of time, and gaze on the young Mary's sweet face with all the fondness of an enraptured lover or doating husband. Sometimes he would sit under the shadow of the old porch for hours, and gaze on the fair sunny face that was upturned to his, so fresh with the hues of health and youthful buoyancy, that he would forget the thread of his tale, and unconsciously murmur the endearing words he had been wont to pour into the ear of the so dearly loved and so sincerely mourned, the departed. The sweet child loved her father in return with a fervor equalled only by that which burned so brilliantly in the old man's bosom. The atmosphere of love in which she had ever dwelt, served to mature her mind as well as affection, so that while she served to beguile weariness, she could also be, at the same time, a companion in the old man's loneliness. They would sit by the desolate hearthstone the livelong evening, talking of a purer and better world, the blessedness of the redeemed, and would almost forget that the veil of the tomb hid its glories from their exalted vision. Often, in the moonlight evenings of summer, they would walk to the village graveyard, and sit side by side on the grassy turf which covered their sleeping treasure. 'Twas then the old deacon poured forth all his griefs as well as hopes; then he would expatiate on the virtues of the dead, and pray that her mantle might fall upon the living; while the daughter would nestle closer to the old man's bosom, and pray that she might be spared to cheer his weary pilgrimage, and smooth his passage to the tomb. The spirit of the mother seemed to hover over them, and deepening shadows and night-dews were all forgotten in their hallowed communings with another world. Oh! if there be one hour more holy, more sacred, sweeter than another, it is when we hear the soft whispers of the dear departed, and feel the gentle floatings of angels' wings as they pass on lingering pinions to soothe the dear ones over whom they keep the vigils of ministering spirits. At such times we gather about us the mantle of faith, and sweetly resign ourselves to our righteous allotments, patiently "waiting the days of our appointed time, till our change come." Truly our sorrows are tempered with mercy, and life's bitterest cup, though drained to the dregs, still savors of celestial sweetness. The darkened soul that cannot look beyond the clouds which bedim its horizon, and trace the glory there garnered, has but little to console it in its bereavements. Not so the Christian. He loves to linger in thought around the glorious revelations of the "book of life," and binds to his stricken heart the healing found in the "balm of Gilead." One evening our friends lingered till the darkening moon forewarned them of an approaching storm. Mary could hardly be persuaded to quit a spot so dear, but her father's anxiety prevailed. Casting herself down upon the grassy hillock, she seemed to pour out her very soul in that long embrace; then rising, she placed her hand in her father's, and walked silently away.

That visit proved her last in life. The exposure to night air, together with the excitement of the occasion, produced a fever that burned already in her veins. She made no complaint, but on reaching home threw off her bonnet, and retired to her own room. The good old man, as was his wont, mused long after she retired, but was roused by low groans, as from some one in distress. He hastened to Mary's apartment, and found her already in a high state of delirium. He sat down by her, and taking her hot hand in his, sought to soothe her, but in vain. She would start up wildly, and exclaim, "See there, and there, and there, father! Are they not angels? Isn't one dear mother? and see, don't she beckon to me? But you can't spare me, father, can you? Shall I go? Oh, father, she is so beautiful! If it were not for leaving you alone, I would go." Then lying down, she would shake her head mournfully, and say, "No, no, I can't go now; father can't let me go." The old man pressed his darling convulsively to his bosom, as he exclaimed, "How can I give thee up? No, no, thou art bound about my very heart-strings, and to let thee go would be but cutting the cords of life." Who can picture the unutterable agony of that night? Those, and those only, can feel for the stricken heart, who have seen their idols perish, one by one, from their sides; but to know that others have experienced all this, takes but a poor drop from the overflowing cup of woe. All night the father watched by the couch of the sufferer, and with the first rays of the morning hastened for medical advice. The physician pronounced hers a hopeless case, and sought to reconcile the wretched father to what he felt confident was inevitable. The father mourned in sorrow, but the Christian triumphed. Wiping the fast-gathering tears from his care-worn face, he begged to be left alone, that he might gather up his strength for his last trial. His wish was complied with, and when he next came forth from the chamber of the dying, there was a firmness in his step, and lofty dignity of expression upon his countenance, not to be mistaken. He had sought consolation from that fountain which hath not as yet failed those who apply in humble confidence. From that hour the fountains of grief seemed sealed up. He passed in and out of the chamber of death with noiseless step, fanned the feeble sufferer, or administered the nauseous draught with the same composure which characterized his usual efforts. When the last agony was over, he smoothed down the fair locks about the forehead, straightened the lifeless form, and prepared it for the robe and the coffin. He seemed unwilling that other hands should minister to the last duties due his darling child; and those who had gathered round to offer aid and sympathy, forbore to disturb him in his holy office. There was a loftiness of soul we were not prepared for. We had looked on the good old man as one whom life's sorrows would bend low, and to see him thus, so calm, so collected, inspired us with a reverence unusual for us to cherish towards one so gentle as he had been in his intercourse with us. All night he watched by the coffin, seemingly dead to outward objects. His all was before him, and the feet of those who carry out the dead were already at his door. The precious ashes were doubly precious now that they were to be consigned to their kindred dust; and who could deny to the silent sufferer the gratification of thus watching beside his dead.

The day of the funeral dawned. It was a bright autumnal morning. The very earth seemed to shout forth its gladness; every leaf seemed eloquent with life; birds carolled merrily, unconscious of the sorrow upon which their songs were intruding.

The procession marched in solemn silence to the village church, where young and old were already gathered. A soul called from the active associations of city life, passes away unnoticed and unknown. Not so the village burial. One of our own friends—one known to each individual, is laid low, and we miss him everywhere. Though unconnected by the ties of kindred, it is still one of us, and we weep with the sorrowful, as though a pulse in the beating of our own hearts was stopped for ever. In the present case, the fairest flower had been nipped in the bud, and who could refrain from paying the last token of respect to one so dearly loved? Mary used to sit beside her father in the front pew, and by his request her coffin was placed on the seat she had been wont to occupy. The old man sat beside her, and silently communed with his own heart, while our minister improved the opportunity of impressing the lesson of human frailty on the young members of his congregation. Sobs and tears witnessed the sincerity of the sorrow felt by those present, as he traced, step by step, the history of our youthful friend. "In her," said he, was garnered up the hopes of an aged man. He had followed his companion to the tomb, but found his grief partly assuaged by the prattler she left behind. Now, the last link that bound him to life is broken. He has but to set his house in order, and depart in peace. We had expected," continued he, "to see the fair flower not only bud, but bloom. We expected her to minister to the last wants of the father; but lo! he mourns for one that was, yet is not. Yonder coffin contains all that is left of one so dearly loved. She sleeps in silence, but she sleeps not for ever. The morning of the resurrection shall dawn upon her, and she shall come forth in her glorious beauty, clad in robes of a Saviour's righteousness, and bask in the sunlight of his love. Hers has been a short existence; yet, brief as it was, it was amply sufficient to mould and fashion her after the likeness of her sainted mother. The prayers of the dying were answered. Her mantle had indeed fallen on her. To the father, bowed down, stricken, and afflicted, we know what to say. But be comforted; though cast down, thou shalt rise again, more than conqueror, through him in whom ye trust. Your light is dimmed only; it hath not gone out for ever. You shall find that he to whom you have committed your treasure, will keep it till the last great day." The fervent response of the old man assured us that his faith was in his Redeemer—his portion on high.

The bell pealed forth its solemn tones as we moved to the resting-place of the dead. The coffin was lowered; the gravel fell gratingly at the first; it seemed to break the quiet of the sleeper, on whom it so rudely fell. We lingered till the last sod was placed upon the grave, then returned to our several homes. Some of the neighbors accompanied the deacon to his dwelling, to beguile from him the sense of loneliness he would experience in crossing his threshold for the first time without a glad welcome from his waiting child. She had gone out to return no more. Her merry laugh and light step were wanting as they sat down in the quiet parlor, and conversed in the low tones that accompany the tale of sorrow. Yet the old man murmured not. He returned to his daily vocation, passing in and out before us like one who dreamed.

Sabbath after Sabbath he bent his way to the house of God, and it was often remarked that he forgot that Mary was not beside him. He would hold his book for her to look over, as she used to do when she joined her sweet voice with those who sing praises in the sanctuary, and doubtless her sanctified spirit hovered near, whose soft whispers so beguiled the old man, that to him her presence was a reality. So life passed on. Day by day his step became less firm; his voice lost its deep tone; his eye gaining, meanwhile, in its unearthly brightness. The last Sabbath that he joined us in the sanctuary he seemed to be impressed with the feeling that he was there to take his farewell of the place which had witnessed his joys and sorrows—his altar on which he had so long offered acceptable sacrifices. It was the day of the holy sacrament. The minister read in slow tones the last words of our Redeemer, as he declared he would drink no more of the fruit of the vine till he drank it new in the kingdom of heaven. The elements were distributed, each one seeming to feel that perhaps it was the last time he would celebrate this solemn feast, till he sat down with the assembled hosts that pluck the fruit growing on the tree of life, and drink from the crystal fountain that springs fast by the throne of the Most High. At the close of the sacred ordinance, as was customary with us, the members of the congregation were invited to speak of the consolation they had derived from its administration. The deacon rose in his place, slowly surveying the expectant audience, as he exclaimed, "Lord, now let thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." With solemn energy he exhorted us to prepare for our coming exchange of time for eternity, closing with the admonition of the wise man, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, or the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." The effort overcame the old man so entirely that he wept aloud. A sympathetic chord vibrated in every bosom, and young and old wept together in the house of prayer. Repentance for sin dwelt on spirits heretofore unmoved, while the hearts of the believing were comforted. Each went his way to muse on the past, and promise better things for the future.

The next Sabbath the coffin of our venerable friend was borne in, and rested before the altar from which he had poured forth, the week previous, his soul-stirring address. The scene was too thrilling to admit of comment. We wept in silence. Our minister vainly essayed to speak; his heart was too full for utterance, and hiding his face in his handkerchief, he sobbed aloud. Truly the death of the good man is an affliction greater than that of the wicked. We bore him to his place beside the dead, and left him there to sleep in quietness, till the trump of the archangel shall bid his ashes revive, and quicken in the perfection of everlasting life.

The hand of grateful remembrance strewed his grave with flowers, and year by year the rose has shed its fragrance above his resting-place. We miss him still, that good old man, and those of us who shared in his attentions, as we sometimes meet in the homes of our fathers, fail not to speak of the gentle companion of our youthful sports, the dead Mary, and her venerable father, "our deacon."

Troy, 1846.

PASSING AWAY.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

What! All things, you and I, and every creature, passing with the swiftness of an arrow, with the rapidity of a torrent, to the ocean of eternity? What a thought! Ocean of eternity! All else have their bounds—time, its bounds; man, his bounds; pain, ill, care, death, their bounds; but oh, eternity! We start at the idea—and why! Because we are sinful; else with transport, in view of its glories, we should exclaim, blessed eternity! where the mind will be free, the soul emancipated, ranging through boundless infinity, pursuing new objects, and never tiring in the pursuit—where the volume of the hidden mysteries of earth is opened, all things revealed, mysticisms done away, and the darkest providences of earth thrown open to the view by the sunbeams of eternal truth! Passing away to a world of light and blessedness, where the tear of sorrow no more will dim the eye, nor the sigh of regret heave the bosom—happy, happy thought!—where no contention, no bitterness, no envy, ill-will, selfishness, nor any of the hidden evils of the heart can ever come—where the soul will be holy, happy, rejoicing for ever in a permanent and fixed state of bliss! Passing from earth and all its trials, all its perplexities, where the sensitive heart will no more recoil at the cold breath of unkindness, nor wither beneath a chilling look—where it will no more sink under a hard world, nor struggle for victory over the sins of the inner man! Passing away from scenes of enjoyment, where our seat will be vacant, our voice no longer heard—where our children, occupying our places, will handle the things which were once ours, and in language forcible, say of us, "They have passed away!" Yes, passed away from the light of the sun, moon, and stars. We shall be laid in the dark chamber of the grave, curtained around with the drapery of forgetfulness; laid in the silent tomb, where the night winds will sigh over our sleeping dust, breathing clear strains of that mysterious melody which flows from the wild wood when swayed by the murmuring breeze—passing away from the smiles and caresses of beloved ones, who will listen in vain for our steps and well-remembered voice—passing away to a world of indescribable beauty, in reserve for all who love God! Earth, in her garniture of green, adorned with flowers of varied colors, emblems of heaven, gifts of the Almighty, relieving the curse inflicted upon our fallen world—the heavens blushing in roseate hues, tints so soft they make the spirit weak—the bow of promise arching the skies, inimitable in its blended shades—the trees and shrubs sparkling with rain-drops, "like jewels which the wings of seraphs scatter"—the sun bursting in light from a fleeting cloud, throwing his rays over creation—can never, never compare with those regions of celestial beauty, of unfading loveliness, where the "plumes of the highest angels quiver" with fullness of joy, and the redeemed soul drinks in rich draughts of immortality, and steeps itself in the perfections of God.

Sag Harbor, L. I., 1846.

TO A VIOLET IN DECEMBER.

BY L. S. HALL.

PRETTY creature, child of May,
Cheering a December day,
Cradled, with thy thousand charms,
In thy foster mother's arms,
Smiling with a childish grace
In her bland, maternal face,
Lifting up thy clear blue eye
Meekly to the wintry sky!
How I love thee, child of May!
Welcome, welcome, here to-day!

O! thou mind'st me of the time,
When, in less congenial clime,
Far from haunts of busy men,
I have traversed field and glen,
Searching many a luckless place
Flora's gentle steps to trace,
Bounding forth in childish glee
When I found a flower like thee
Gracing river, nook, or rill,
Plain or woodland, mound or hill.

Sister, thou of those that bloom
Round my dear New England home,
Thou dost send my fancy forth
For her treasures east and north,
And thou breathest in mine ear
Names I dearly love to hear,
Whispering of a chosen band
In that far off pleasant land,
Who have wandered oft with me,
Violet, in search of thee!

Daughter of the sunny south,
Friend of age, and friend of youth,
Couldst thou lift thine azure eye
To New England's rugged sky,
Drest in all thy verdant bloom,
Bearing all thy sweet perfume
On a bleak December day,
'Neath the sun's obliquest ray,
O! how many eyes as fair
Would delight to greet thee there!

But her hills are clad in snow,
And her winds long time ago
Chanted loud, with solemn strain,
Requiems wild to Flora's train;
They are slumbering till the dawn
Of the spring's restoring morn,
Then her dewy wings she'll shake,
And her balmy breath shall wake
Tenants of a winter's tomb
To a new and beauteous bloom.

Meanwhile WARMEST HEARTS shall glow
When the earth is wrapped in snow,
LIGHTEST FOOT shall glide along,
Keeping time to cheerful song,
GIANT THOUGHTS shall blossom where
Lakes are frozen, trees are bare,
HIGH RESOLVE and NOBLE PLAN,
Worthy of that creature, MAN,
Looking forth to future time—
These shall grace that rugged clime.

Yet my thoughts to thee will tend,
For thou art a sinless friend,
And my Father's hand I trace
In thy beauty, glowing face;
Power and wisdom, all divine,
On thy every leaflet shine,
And my Saviour's lessons there
Beam in characters so fair,
Whoso runneth needs must read,
Or his heart is hard indeed.

In thy plain and simple vest,
Thou art more superbly drest
Than the far-famed Solomon
With his kingly glory on,
Though no anxious care or thought,
Toil or wealth, thy mantle bought.
If thy God so clothed thee,
Will he not *my* guardian be?
Let me lift, like thee, mine eye
Meekly, trustfully on high.

Let me, in my humble sphere,
Smile on all, as thou dost here,
Blessing haply friend or foe,
Heeding not if high or low,
Joying in the beams of heaven,
Grateful for the dews of even,
In that all-sustaining Hand
Which thy lot and mine hath plan'd,
I, like thee, would joy to lie,
Doing, trusting, till I die.

THE "OLD WHITE MEETING-HOUSE" AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Chris. Par. Mag.:

Having recently met with some of the numbers of your periodical, I was much amused with some pleasant "Reminiscences of a Country Congregation, or the Old White Meeting-House." They brought up to my mind many pleasant scenes and recollections of my boyhood, and gave me some of the pleasure which my old schoolmate must have enjoyed when recalling the scenes and places to which those reminiscences refer. Those old deacons, the fisherman, and old Mrs. Doublebe, all rose up to my mind as I used to see them when the old white meeting-house was standing. When years had passed away, and "good Mr. Rogers" had gone to a distance, and the "Old White Meeting-House" had fallen to decay, I made my first profession of the faith of Christ, and the first love of a forgiven sinner will cause me to look with reverence upon it, although to my better instructed eye it now presents a mass of bad taste. Many years have passed away since last I saw the more modern edifice which occupies its place; death hath swept away almost all those who saw it, and changes have altered the whole face of things; but still, when I think of the place, I see the old white meeting-house, the big tavern opposite, the graveyard, and in short every house as it stood when we used to hear good Mr. Rogers preach.

The object of this introduction is to open the way for a sketch taken from the history of the same congregation relating to my ancestors, which, from its being absolutely true in all its parts, makes it of interest to all who knew the parties. It was published in the year 1802, at the earnest solicitation of many Christian friends, but is possessed by none of the persons of that congregation. A single copy remains in MS. in another branch of the family, beside that in my own possession. It was always esteemed a matter of great interest in the church of which the subject was a member.

It is introduced by the minister of the church at that time, with a short sketch of his life, which is as follows: "He is a man about forty years of age, and has hitherto moved in a respectable sphere of life, his fellow citizens having given public testimony, in some instances, of their confidence and esteem. But however respectable he has been as a citizen, yet he informs me that in early life his mind was contaminated with deistical sentiments, received from a library rather of that cast. Through the space of about sixteen years he lived a deist, though his moral habits were less impaired than might have been expected from such corrupt principles. About five years ago he moved into this congregation, and became a constituent member. Not only public, but private means were employed to impress his mind with a sense of the truth and importance of the Christian religion; and though I trust these were not without effect, yet nothing seemed to strike deep conviction, till that God, who chooses his own ways and means to accomplish his purposes, added his blessing to this vision of the night. For a long time he endeavored to conceal the anguish of his mind, but in vain. God's truth was like a fire and a hammer within him till he made known his situation. Some time after, he joined in the communion of the church, and has ever since appeared to have an increasing attachment to that cause which he once despised. These things, sir, cheered the hearts of God's people here, roused the thoughtless, and cast a gloom over the face of infidelity." Let me add that he lived after the date of this letter of his pastor ten years, was made an officer of the church, was loved and honored as an eminent Christian, and died of what was known at that day as "the epidemic," in the full consolation of the gospel he professed.

What follows is in his own words, and beside the external evidence of its truth, which can be brought from many now living who know the facts, you will find such internal evidence as will convince you that it is "no figment of the imagination." That it was the means of his conversion, is an evidence that "the finger of God" was in it; but further than this is of little consequence. Few who believe the gospel doubt God's power to make special revelations if he chooses, and whether this is worthy of that name is a question of no importance. It accomplished the errand for which it was sent, and this is all we need to know:

A Remarkable Dream, or Vision of the

NIGHT.—"On the evening of the 27th of October, 1799, it being the Lord's day, I, J***** F********, after spending the day with a worshipping assembly, returned home, and at my usual hour retired to rest. From some particular circumstances I lodged alone, and in a vision of the night my mind was impressed in an extraordinary manner with the things I shall now briefly narrate.

I thought I was away west of the Mississippi river, in Louisiana, coming eastward to the Ohio country. It appeared to me that I was quite in a wilderness, and had only a blind footpath to direct my way, until at length it closed in with a similar one, out of which came an old grey-headed gentleman, who walked on in company with me. I asked him if that was the road to the Ohio country. He replied, 'No; this is the road to eternity.' 'Well, but I am going to the Ohio country.' 'No,' replied he, "you are going to eternity." I noticed that on each side of the way small footpaths entered, and that out of each one came a single traveller, and that they all went on the same way with us. At length we came into a very broad and level road. This was crowded with all descriptions of people, young and old, of every nation and of every color. I asked my aged companion whether that was the broad road we read of in the Scriptures, that leads to destruction. He replied, 'It is.' I remarked to him that we also read of a straight and narrow path that leads to life, and asked where that was. He said, "We shall come to that presently." We had not travelled far before the broad road came up to the Mississippi. Here I thought it turned and ran a due north course, on the bank by the side of that river. We travelled this course but a short distance before my venerable companion, pointing forward, asked me if I did not see yonder a narrow foot-bridge leading over the river. I told him I did. That, he said, was the narrow path that leads to life, and asked me if I had a pass or certificate to go over. I told him I did not know; but I recollected distinctly of putting my left hand into my jacket pocket, on that side, taking out a parcel of papers and examining them, until, as I thought, I found one. I then told him I had a pass, and asked him if he had one. He said he had. When we came up to the bridge our passage was obstructed by a narrow and high gate, just within which stood a keeper, clothed with a long white robe. His countenance was majestic and forbidding, and impressed my mind with the idea that he was more than mortal. My aged companion handed him his certificate through the gate; he read and returned it, opened the gate and let him pass on. I then handed him my pass: he read and returned it, saying it would not carry me over; that I could pass there, but with that could not get more than half way across. In the spirit of confidence I told him that I could get across as well as that old gentleman who had just gone over. He again told me I could not get more than half way over with that pass. I replied that I would risk it if he would let me pass there. He then opened the gate and let me go on. When I had come to the middle of the bridge, both ends thereof gave way, fell, and parted from under me, and I was left standing on one single beam, supported by two posts, in the middle of the river. That I need not fall, I reached my hand down to the beam, and sat down upon it. Casting my eye forward upon the eastern shore, I beheld a city far surpassing in magnificence and beauty anything that I had ever before seen, or that the highest flights of my fancy had reached. The description I can now give of it will be but faint. It was laid out very regularly, the streets crossing each other at right angles, and of a good width. The houses were all built three stories high, with a handsome portico built out between the first and second stories, enclosed with elegant banisters, adorned with the green wood-blind in front. This, from the uniformity and neatness of the houses, afforded two delightful walks, the one above and the other below, from one end of the streets to the other. The houses were all painted white, and the banisters of the walks a bright green. Just in front of these porticoes there was, on each side of the street, a delightful walk of a green grass-plot. Between this and the pavement there was a row of elegant trees, clothed in verdure. The middle of the streets were paved in an extraordinary manner with white and clouded marble, laid in the form of diamonds, interspersed with something which was transparent, and had the appearance of gold as to its color and lustre. I saw the inhabitants walking the streets very pleasantly, and they appeared to be infinitely happy. They were all clothed with robes as white as the driven snow, and on their heads they had crowns adorned with glittering diamonds. I saw their golden harps, and heard them unite their vocal and instrumental music in singing an anthem which I myself once learned, and which was set to the following words:

'Lo! he cometh, countless trumpets blow before
the bloody sign;
Midst ten thousand saints and angels, see the
crucified shine,' &c.

I heard them distinctly, and the music was harmonious and transporting beyond all description. While I thus gazed with admiration on the above objects, one of the inhabitants, whom I shall call an angel, drew near and stood upon the bank of the river. I thought that the river was quite narrow, though its channel was vastly deep, and that I was very high above the surface of the stream, for its banks appeared to be solid rocks, and to rise perpendicularly from the river to the height of eighty or one hundred feet. As the river was narrow and I half the distance across it, the angel who stood on the bank was not far from me. I asked him if he would help me over. He said he could not, but if I would go to V——T,* the tanner (who is a neighbor of mine, and in the communion of the church), he would give me advice whereby I might come there at a future period. I remarked that this was like St. Paul's conversion, and then asked him if that city was the New Jerusalem which we read of in the Scriptures. He said no—that this was only the first heavens. I inquired if there were in reality a Saviour, informing him that I had formerly disbelieved it. He assured me there was a Saviour, and that I might rely on it as a fact; that Jesus Christ had been into the world, and had suffered for sinners. I inquired whether the Saviour resided in that city. He said no; he resided in the third heavens, of which this is like but the suburbs, but comes down to meet the worshipping assembly twice every day; and asked me if I saw a large building in the midst of the city. I looked and beheld two very broad streets crossing each other at right angles in the centre of the city, and there stood a very superb and magnificent building, adorned with lofty pillars, curiously wrought, and large brazen or golden arches. In short, it just answered to the idea I had before formed of Solomon's Temple. There, the angel said, the Saviour came and worshipped twice a day, and those who conducted well should, after one thousand years, be admitted to dwell in his more immediate presence in the third heavens. I asked him if the trees we saw were those we read of in the Scriptures, the leaves whereof were for the healing of the nations. He said they were. I remarked to to him that I saw nothing answering to the description given us in Scripture of a place of torment for the wicked, and asked him where that was. Pointing with the hand, he says, 'Look to the north, and you will see.' I looked, and beheld a more awful smoke than I had ever before seen. It rose thick and black, as from a volcano, and ascended in large columns, rolling and curling in a tremendous manner, and it extended east and west beyond the reach of sight. But, said I, there is no fire appears. 'Look down,' said the angel, 'and you will discover it.' I did so, and beheld a great burning lake, so extensive that no opposite shore could be discovered. It had the appearance of red-hot melted iron, and was exceedingly troubled. It rose in great surges of liquid flames, and sank in large whirlpools. I observed to the angel that, as it burned so furiously, it appeared to me it must be exhausted in time. 'No,' said he, 'it is supplied with rivers of fire.' 'Rivers of fire!' said I; 'where can they come from?' He replied, 'Look to the south and you will see.' I looked, and saw two very high mountains, out of the tops of which issued flames and smoke. 'What,' said I, 'these are Mount Etna and Mount Vesuvius, are they not!' 'No,' said he; 'there are such mountains on earth, but these are not those mountains.' 'On earth?' said I; 'why, we are on earth.' 'No,' said he, 'this is only a vision.' 'Well, but this is a *reality*,' said I, 'for I am awake as much as ever I was.' 'No,' said he, 'this is nothing but a vision.' 'But where,' said I, 'can these mountains communicate with the lake, seeing that lies to the north and they to the south?' He said, 'Look beneath you, and you will see.' I cast my eyes down, and beheld the river that flowed beneath me was a liquid flame of the same appearance as the lake above described. This alarmed me, and I felt as one standing on a slippery place, and fiery billows rolling below. I thought it would burn the bottoms of the posts off, and let me down; but after viewing a little while, and not experiencing the fate I had expected, my fears began to subside. I then asked the angel what had become of the multitude I saw in the broad road. He told me they had all plunged into the great lake, for those who passed the narrow gate could in no way avoid it. As I was very anxious to get across, not only on account of my unhappy situation, but more on account of the loveliness of the place present before me, I renewed my request that he would help me over. He said he could not, but that if I followed the advice which he gave me before, I should come there at a future period. I told him I would. The beam I sat on then moved gradually back with me, till it gently struck the western shore, and I stepped off and awoke. I immediately rose up in my bed, and so strong were the impressions on my mind, that I still supposed myself to be on the bank of the Mississippi, and actually turned round to look for the beautiful city I had just seen on the opposite shore; but the clock striking two, I recognized the bell, and was thus brought home. I immediately arose and dressed myself, thinking to go directly, though at such an unseasonable hour of the night, to my neighbor for advice as directed, though at the distance of two miles. But considering that the vision was more striking to me than the relation of it would be to others—that to some it might appear unimportant, and by others be made the subject of derision, I revealed it to none but my wife until more than six months had elapsed. The effect it had on my mind was truly wonderful. For some weeks I could scarcely think of anything else, and was hardly capable of arranging my own business. At length I opened my mind to the Rev. Mr. —— (the minister of the parish), and after frequent conversations with him and others, during the space of some weeks, I obtained the consolation which, I trust, the world can neither give nor take away." T. B. F.

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* Vanslate.

Lawrenceburgh, Ind.

GETHSEMANE.

(SEE PLATE.)

GETHSEMANE (the oil press, or valley of oil) is a village at the foot of the Mount of Olives, to which the Saviour of the world sometimes retired, and in a garden belonging to which, often visited by him for purposes of devotion, he endured that remarkable agony, the night of his betrayal by Judas and his arrest by the agents of his enemies. "I would desire grace," says Dr. Hawker, "that by faith I might often visit Gethsemane; and while traversing the hallowed ground, call to mind that it was here Jesus entered upon that spiritual conflict with the powers of darkness, which, when finished, completed the salvation of his people. Sacred Gethsemane! The wide world contains no spot so full of tender and soul-subduing associations." The Christian should often in spirit retire to that memorable retreat. When burdened with sorrow, let him think how light is his burden compared with that of the Man of Sorrows; when buffeted by spiritual enemies, let him remember that here Jesus vanquished them all; when tempted to repine, let him recollect that here Jesus, under a pressure of calamity which forced the big drops of blood from every pore, said, "Not my will, but thine be done!"

OLD MAIDS.

There is scarcely an epithet more revolting than that of "old maids." Few females have moral courage enough to meet the charge unmoved, and various expedients are devised to screen themselves from the dreaded appellation. The most strenuous efforts are made to lengthen out the period of youth, and to hide the inroads made by the withering touch of time. Many a one, too, in apprehension that she was nearing the fearful state, has thrown herself away, or in other words, has bartered her happiness for a husband, thus desecrating this most sacred relation, and deliberately perjuring herself, by promising love and obedience to one whom she did not, and could not love, nor willingly obey.

Why there should be so great a dread of this state, was to me, in my younger days, a great mystery; but as years have passed over my head, and I have become acquainted with the world as it is, I wonder no longer. It is not strange that there should be a shrinking back from a state which, it is believed, will dry up the natural sources of enjoyment, and so metamorphose the character; that it will become a compound of spleen, caprice, and fastidiousness, thus rendering the individual who is suspected of entering this class a fit subject of the "world's dread laugh." Whether this view of the subject be correct or not, something of this sort is the condition of the old maid, and no wonder young persons shrink from it, and fly to what they regard as the only remedy—matrimony. Nor can it be denied that to a superficial observer, this view might seem the correct one; neither would it be strange if those who believe character to be the result of circumstances, should imagine that the necessary consequence of a state of single blessedness was a disposition distinguished for narrowness, stiffness, and peevishness. Mankind seem strongly inclined to attribute to a class the characteristics of a few, and to judge of the many by specimens that have fallen under their own observation. This, as far as rational beings are concerned, is an unsafe way of judging, since character is not the result of circumstances, and "happiness in no condition lies." It is indeed true that certain conditions in life have a greater tendency to promote happiness than others, and that character often takes its cast from circumstances; but neither furnish an excuse for the exercise of wrong feelings, or the practice of wrong actions. In a single life there are undoubtedly strong temptations to the cast of character usually ascribed to old maids, though no one would consider the temptation an excuse for the character; there are also reasons for their being often sad and solitary, but none that furnish an apology for the indulgence of gloom and discontent. Some, even old maids, "carry sunshine with them," though everything around is dark and dreary; while others contrive to overshadow the brightest scenes with gloom and despondency. And here I cannot refrain from giving a tale of truth, sketched from real life, as an illustration of this and a lesson to the young, to show that character and happiness do not result from external condition, but from the state of the heart.

Some years since, I became acquainted with two ladies, sisters, who, in common parlance, were denominated old maids. They were the daughters of a clergyman, who had for half a century ministered to the congregation in which they then resided, and they had therefore grown up with the good people around them, and, according to the good puritan custom of New England, were looked up to with peculiar respect as the minister's children. Their parents had, several years before, been removed by death, but the sisters still occupied the old family mansion, and still held a warm place in the affections of the people. Blessed with a competence, and rich in treasures which money cannot purchase, it would seem that in their loneliness they might have been happy. The various pleasures enumerated by the poet, "health, leisure, means to improve it, friendship, peace," were theirs; still, in my first interview with them, I observed a marked difference in them—the countenance of the one being open, calm, and cheerful, the other expressive of uneasiness and gloom; the one was easy and interesting in conversation, the other taciturn, and often incoherent; and further acquaintance showed, that though both were old maids, the one was lovely and attractive, the other disagreeable and repulsive. And why this difference? I could not then tell; but years passed, and I saw them again. Time had laid on them his withering finger, and one affliction after another had visited them; still the elder, now in her fiftieth year, was bright and cheerful as a morning in spring, while the countenance of the younger was overshadowed with gloom and sullen discontent. A fond brother had been removed by death, their property was gone, and the old mansion, endeared to them by a thousand associations, they had been obliged to surrender into the hands of strangers. I found them in a little cottage not far from their former residence, and compelled to labor diligently to obtain a livelihood. Still, the one was as calm and contented as before, while the other was more fully the prey of vexation and disappointment. Again I thought, why this difference?—why is the countenance of the one expressive of peace and joy, while that of the other is marked with lines of care and withering discontent? I watched them closely, and in my continued intercourse their peculiar characteristics were fully developed. In conversation, I found Mary, the elder, always delighting to dwell on topics of interest and importance, while herself and her own trials seemed quite forgotten. Her heart was full of interest in whatever tended to promote the great cause of benevolence, ingenious in devising schemes of usefulness, and active in doing what she could to make the world better and happier. Hers was not the cold charity which says, "depart in peace, be ye warmed and be ye filled." Her means were indeed small, but her heart was large, so that while she had little to give, she found much to do. A violent epidemic raging at that time, gave me a better opportunity of learning her character, and showed that she could act as well as feel, and that she was ever ready to listen to the calls of suffering humanity. In these visits of mercy, however, her sister took no interest. It was as much as she could do, she said, "to take care of number one;" nor did she seem at all interested in anything but her own single self. I seem even now to have her image before me; her eyes intent only on the palm-leaf she was braiding, and her ears apparently closed against all sounds, while a dark lowering expression clouded her brow, and a look of sullen discontent brooded over her face. Yet she could talk, and she sometimes dwelt most pathetically upon the "misery to be endured in this cold, unfriendly world." She could spend hours in exposing the marked neglect with which she had been treated by the merchant's wife, and the very great partiality which the minister showed to her sister; and sometimes she would burst out into a violent passion because Mary seemed so calm and happy, while she was so full of trouble and vexation. Whatever subject was introduced, if she spoke she was sure to bring it round to herself, and, if possible, to find something of evil in it. There was not a person in the whole parish but that had plotted something of mischief towards her, or had, on some occasion, been guilty of some neglect to her, unless, indeed, it was old aunt Betty G., who was her companion in suffering, and who seemed to have a sort of sympathy for her, as much, indeed, as one supremely selfish person can have for another. To sum up her character, it was a compound of ill-nature, disgust, and selfishness; there was not room in her little soul for one expansive and noble emotion, for every thought, desire, and feeling was exhausted upon her own single self, and nothing seemed to give her so much chagrin and misery as to see others happy. She had enjoyed equal advantages of education with her sister, but she had not improved them—and why? Because she had no desire for knowledge, and no motive to study but to please herself. She might have had the friendship of the good people of the parish, but she did not care to take the trouble to make herself agreeable to them, for she considered it their duty to try to please her; but so difficult was the task, that they soon tired in their efforts. She might, with her sister, have enjoyed the sweets of friendship; but this could not be, as she could not love anybody who did not love her supremely, and neglect every duty in a supreme devotion to her pleasure. As selfishness has no sympathy with benevolence, so she could have no sympathy with her kind-hearted and self-denying sister. This, it will be said, is an extreme case, and I hope it is. Mrs. Fry says there are few persons but that have multiplied themselves into some three or four, or more persons; but it is to be feared there are many who love others only as belonging to themselves, or for some benefit they have received or expect to receive from them; and who, if these few should be removed by death, or give their affections to some other, or devote themselves to the good of their fellow creatures; yes, there are those who would feel as wretched as Susan C., and who could think of nothing that would soothe their sorrows but matrimony, or the finding of some person who would bestow upon them supreme affection, and who would live only for them. Mary, in the same state of loneliness and sorrow, was one of the happiest of beings—and why? Because she lived not for herself alone—because her heart was full of love—love to God and love to man, and therefore, though bereft of affectionate parents and a doating brother—though left alone with a sister who would, if she could, have poisoned every cup of joy, still she was happy, for she possessed that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. She sought not merely her own pleasure, her own profit, or convenience, but her great aim and her supreme enjoyment seemed best promoted in promoting the good and the happiness of her fellow creatures. At home and abroad, in sickness and in health, in prosperity or in adversity, she was ever the same, meek and gentle, patient and forbearing, self-denying and disinterested; her tears were shed "for others woes," whilst she smiled upon her own.

May this simple narrative lead the youthful female to a more correct view of what should be the great object before her in life, and induce her, instead of aiming merely at her own selfish gratification, and living only to be flattered and admired, to study to be useful, and to promote the happiness of all around her; may it convince her that the conquest of her own evil passions is an object of infinitely higher importance than the conquest of an admirer, and that woman is truly honorable, truly worthy, and truly happy, whatever her condition, if she consecrate all the powers of body and soul to the service of Jesus, and thus become a ministering spirit on earth, whilst she is ripening for the companionship of angels in heaven.

THE LYRE OF NATURE.

BY ALEXANDER MACDOWELL.

"Oh! how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields—
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields—
All th[illegible]he genial ray of morning gilds,
And [illegible] that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
Oh! how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!"
BEATTIE.

I.

How beautiful and grand the Dædal world
From out the blind abyss of Chaos sprung,
And Light her radiant banner far unfurled
Ere yet the clear sun in the heavens was hung!
Thus, one unbounded sea of dazzling light,
Whose silver billows through the desert air,
Majestic, rolling in effulgence bright,
From east to west dissolve the darkness there,
And scatter hence the grim Cimmerian reign of Night.

II.

In Day the blue hills heavenward rose,
As seeming fond to kiss Jove's sapphire throne,
While gather'd Ocean, loving not repose,
Sent forth his voice to earth's remotest zone;
And then, obedient to *The Spirit's* will,
The Hours commenc'd their march sublime,
And all the crystal spheres rang out the chime,—
While Nature in her dull veins felt the thrill,
And waking into life, from sleep, did start,
And burst the bars that bound her mighty heart.

III.

From cloudless skies, on am'rous wing,
First lit on earth the virgin Spring;
O'er many a plain and mountain green,
Where foot of man had never been,
Merrily flew the Pilgrim Queen;
And o'er her bosom's softened glow,
Where living roses bloom and blow,
A cinctured scarf she loosely threw,
That gleaming, shone with starry dew—
The Emeral with the Iris blooming there
(Bright colors woven i' the air),
And wave-like, on the wandering Zephyr curl'd,
A fairy phantom o'er the solitary world.

IV.

So now a strain, half song, half prayer,
Pervaded Earth, and Sea, and Air:
On Mountain tops the leafy Trees
Now learned to woo the truant Breeze;
Here, down the vales, o'er moss and stone,
The silver Streamlet's soothing tone
To the blue sea—away, away—
Went singing 'neath the blessed ray;
And there, look on yon winding thing
That roams in beauty, chequering
Thro' sun and shade—nor sleep, nor rest,
Was ever known to still its breast!
Oh! noble, onward marching River,
Thy Orphic strains arise for ever!
The world is full of song!

On heath, or moor, or mountain—
By desolate Spring, or shady Fountain,
And all the hidden solitudes among,
Dwells the Goddess of Eternal Song;
Her universal Lyre, it sings
The wide world all around;
The summer winds drop from its strings,
In many a sweet entrancing sound.

V.

When from the glowing vales of Paradise
The crimson-mantled Morn doth rise,
All Nature wakens at the call—
The green leaves and the smiling flowers
In beauty wave beneath the bowers
Where birds sing to the Sun a madrigal.
How fair the scene! Beside the woodland spring
The Wind amid the tresses of the willow tree,
In Æolian strains doth lowly, sadly sing
The soft, seraphic air of Nature's minstrelsy;
And then the Naiads, who, as Poet's dream,
Dwell deep beneath the pebble-paven stream,
And fondly, in their unseen Mosaic cave,
Half-trembling, wooes the chirping wave;
And lo! the love-born lily of the rill
Hangs dreaming o'er her queenly image still!
Oh, paly flower! fond, weeping thing,
With love that seems so much like sorrowing,
Still to the waves thy tears are showering.

VI.

Imagination! on thine airy car
Oh bear me to some realm afar,
Where skies are clear, and full of balm—
Some island on the lone blue sea
That sleeps in beauty still and calm,
Fast by the shores of Araby!—
Some spot where mortals never intervene
To mar fond Nature reigning there,
Who hung her groves in evergreen,
And scented sweet the desert air;
There, in the twilight's stilly hour,
From many a palm-wreathed bower,
Soft sounds and hallowed symphonies
Upon the ear all gently dies;
And when the sun fades down the west,
The high voice of the nightingale
Is heard to lull him to his rest
In many a magic tale;
While every vernal, wandering breeze
That skims the surface of the seas
Sweet odors on its ærial wing
Athwart the laving waters fling—
Those clasping waves that bluely smile
In deathless beauty round the Isle.

VII.

'Tis said, beneath those emerald waves
The genii and the Peri dwell,
And nightly, from their sparry caves,
Their syren strains are heard to swell;
But that is Fancy; o'er the shining sea
Presides the bright-hair'd Queen of Melody.

VIII.

O Love! thou heaven-born thing,
That over all hast spread thy brooding wing—
In every season, and in every clime,
Is heard thy sweet *interminable* chime.
By thee the spirit Breeze is taught to blow
In Summer and in Winter, high or low;
The Brook still gliding on as freshly as of yore
Repeats the same old stories o'er and o'er;
Dim centuries may pass and come again,
But thou, immortal, over all shalt reign.
Thou kindling essence, thy Promethean ray
Is felt and seen by night as well as day!

IX.

How beautiful art thou, oh solemn Night!
When hills and plains are bathed in Cynthia's light,
And thickly 'mid the cloudless ether blue
The Summer Stars—bright things—are meeting through,
And pearly dews fall from the silent spheres,
So holy, that they seem like Angels' tears.

X.

Now turn thine eye upon yon azure sea;
Look how his deep heart throbbeth far and free!
And ever, with his deathless, dark-blue eye,
Looks on his Queenly Bride within the sky;
She smiles—she glows—upon his bosom bare,
In shining radiance, streams her yellow hair;
A mystic charm seems reigning over all;
The world is wrapt in Beauty's silver thrall.
This all-pervading Love—this harmony,
How grand—how beautiful! a homily,
Which God, in Nature's book to Man has given,
To mould and purify his soul for heaven.

New York, *24th August*, 1846.

LIFE A VAPOR.

Human life, like the transient vapor of the morning, or the mist on the mountain side, will soon pass away and be gone. "Generation after generation," says an eloquent writer, "have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active as our own. They passed away like a vapor, while Nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when the Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they now are around our paths. The throbbing heart will be stifled, and we be at rest. Our funeral will wind on its way, and our friends will return, and we shall be left to darkness. And it may be for a short time that we shall be spoken of; but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the place in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our names."

GEMS FROM THE CECIL MINES.

BY S. J. PRIME.

Reading the writings and observations of Richard Cecil is like walking in a valley strewn with jewels; or rather, it is like walking under the evening sky with the *gems of heaven* radiant above.

Yet there is nothing so *brilliant* in Cecil as such a comparison might seem to indicate. It is the mild and lovely beauty of truth, happily and clearly set, that meets the eye on every page; apples of gold in pictures of silver are his words, the words of the wise.

A friend calls on him when he is expecting that Mrs. Cecil, his beloved wife, would shortly die. He was in his study, sitting over his Bible in great sorrow. His tears fell so fast that he could only utter broken sentences. He said, among other things, "My hope is still firm in God. He who sends the stroke will bear me up under it; and I have no doubt but if I saw the whole of his design, I should say, let her be taken! Yet, while there is life, I cannot help saying, spare her another year, that I may be a little prepared for her loss. I know I have higher ground of comfort; but I shall deeply feel the taking away of the dying lamp. Her excellence as a wife and mother I am obliged to keep out of sight, or I should be overwhelmed. All I can do is to go from text to text, as a bird from spray to spray. Our Lord said to [illegible]isciples, '*Where is your faith?*' God has given her to be my comfort these many years, and shall I not trust him for the future?"

The sensibility of soul which these remarks betray is still more clearly apparent in such expressions as these: "My spirits never sink, yet I have a strong dash of melancholy. It is a high and exquisite feeling. When I first awoke in the morning, I could often weep with pleasure. The holy calm, the silence, the freshness thrilled through my soul. The man who has never felt this, cannot be made to understand what I mean."

With a natural tendency to levity, he was yet haunted with melancholy. To guard against both extremes was a study that brings out some of the finest points of his character. He loved to play on the violin. The temptation was strong to indulge in it more than was right, and he restricts himself to fifteen minutes a day; but this was tampering with the temptation, and he cuts the strings! He called to see a sick friend, and a beautiful painting in the chamber fascinated him, and diverted his mind from the patient. From that time he mortified his taste for paintings, lest they should turn his mind from duty.

Cecil was a strong man, and it is delightful to observe how his strength is always clothed in beauty, so that we admire while we feel his power. This is one of the happiest faculties in a writer and speaker. Thus he throws off a fine thought in such words as these: "The grandest operations, both in nature and in grace, are the most silent and imperceptible. The shallow brook babbles in its passage, and is heard by every one; but the coming in of the seasons is silent and unseen. The storm rages and alarms, but its fury is soon exhausted, and its effects are partial and soon remedied; but the dew, though gentle and unheard, is immense in quantity, and the very life of large portions of the earth. And these are pictures of the operations of grace in the church and in the soul."

"Adam well observes, 'A poor country parson fighting against the devil in his parish, has nobler ideas than Alexander had.' Men of the world know nothing of true glory; they know nothing of the grandeur of that sentiment, '*Thou, O God, art the thing I long for!*' You may, perhaps, find this sentiment in the corner of some monastery, where a poor Christian is mumbling over his prayers; or it may even be found to exist with the nonsense and fanaticism of a Swedenborgian; but wherever it is, it is true dignity.

"Look at the bravery of the world! Go into the Park. Who is the object of admiration there? The captain swelling and strutting at the head of his corps! And what is there at the court? 'Make way! make way!' And who is this? A bit of clay with a ribbon tied round it! Now it makes nothing against the comparative emptiness and littleness of these things, that I or any man should be ensnared by them, and play the fool with the rest of the species. Truth is truth and dignity is dignity, in spite of the errors and follies of any man living.

"Bishop Wilkins has said admirably, 'that nothing in man is great, but so far as it is connected with God.' The only wise thing recorded of Xerxes is his reflection on the sight of his army—that not one of that immense multitude would survive a hundred years. It seems to have been a momentary gleam of true light and feeling."

Hear him again on another theme. He is speaking of the difference in the natural constitution of men: "Look at Martin Luther: we may see the man every day: his eyes, and nose, and mouth attest his character. Look at Melancthon; he looks like a snail with a couple of horns: he puts out his horns and feels, and feels, and feels. No education could have rendered these two men alike. Their difference began in the womb. Luther dashes in saying his things: Melancthon must go round about; he must consider what the Greek says, and what the Syriac says. Some men are born minute men, lexicographers, of a German character: they will hunt through libraries to rectify a syllable. Other men are born keen as a razor; they have a sharp, severe, strong acumen; they cut everything to pieces; their minds are like a case of instruments; touch which you will, it wounds; they crucify a modest man. The greater the capacity of such men, the greater their cruelty. They ought to blunt their instruments; they ought to keep them in a case."

Cecil is raised from a bed of sickness, and as he reviews the dealings of God, he says: "O affliction! when sent to instruct, thou becomest a deep and faithful casuist! Of many past transactions and present habits, I said, 'It is nothing,' or 'it is settled.' *Thou* bringest the book again before me. What errors in the account! what blindness in the adjustment! Poor bankrupt! I said 'I was rich and increased in goods,' and behold I am miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.'"

"Pain makes me peevish; so trifles and peevishness add to the pain. Thus sin haunts and darkens the gloom of a sick-chamber. On the other hand, I have repeated conviction that, as I recover a spirit of faith and prayer, I become patient, and light and comfort, even under pain, return."

"For a short space I had a most lively view of the beauty and glory of Christ and his salvation. The Sun of Righteousness arose on my soul with healing in his wings. I felt not only a sense of pardon and peace that exceeded all earthly joys, but was deeply convinced that all the pain I had suffered, through the late dispensation, was in order to humble, and purify, and prepare me for himself and his kingdom. I shed tears of joy, till a roving imagination brought a certain ignorant and conceited professor [of religion] before me, with whom I entered into a dispute for a few minutes, which left my heart cold and dead. I perceived my loss, and made efforts to recover my former frame, but in vain."

"'Return unto thy rest, O my soul.' I feel this is the grand secret for obtaining peace in a world of sin and sorrow. When the heart turns away from the confusions and disturbances to which it is continually exposed, and taking wings flies to the bosom of God—when the voice of Christ walking on the troubled waters is heard, 'It is I, be not afraid'—this is peace!"

"While life is wasting and souls are perishing, I may yet earnestly plead with the psalmist, 'Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name.' I may sing with the poet:

My stock lies dead, and no increase
Does my dull husbandry improve;
Oh! let thy graces, without cease,
Drop from above!

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove;
Let grace work, too, and on my soul
Drop from above!

Oh! come, for thou dost know the way;
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
Drop from above!

These lines are from the good old Herbert, whose spirit must love the company of Cecil's, now that they are brothers in glory. How sweet Heaven must be, "when saints of all ages in harmony meet," mingling their pure desires and finding joy together at the feet of Christ. I often think that one of the highest delights of that blissful abode will be the privilege of forming the acquaintance of good men, whose writings have made their memory revered and loved. Cecil will be there, and his mind that was *here* so bright and pure, will there be overflowing for ever with beauties to which these gems are dull. It will be a paradise where he, and Herbert, and Cowper, and David, and John, with the precious Saviour, meet! What would one Sabbath be with such men! But that will be eternity! ETERNITY!!

THE BLUE LOBELIA.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

SYSTEMATIC name—*Lobelia syphilitica;* Class V., *Pentandria;* Order I., *Monogynia;* Natural Order, *Lobeliaceæ.*

Generic Character.—Calyx five-cleft: corol monopetalous, irregular, often irregularly slitted, inserted into the calyx, five-lobed, or deeply five-cleft: anthers curved, cohering: pollen oval: stigma two-lobed; capsule two or three-celled.

Specific Character.—Erect, simple, hirsute, with short hairs; leaves alternate, without stipules, lance-ovate, sub-serrate; calyx hirsute, with reflexed sinuses. It grows about two feet high. The blossoms are blue, and appear in July. Perennial.

Geography.—It is found in the Middle, Western, and New England States.

Properties.—All the plants in this natural order are of suspicious and dangerous character, in consequence of the excessive acridity of their milky juice. The *Lobelia tupa* of Chili yields a very dangerous poison. "The *Lobelia Longiflora,* a native of some of the West India Islands, is one of the most venomous of plants. The Spanish Americans call it Rebenta Cavellos, because it proves fatal to horses that eat it, swelling them until they burst. Taken internally, it acts as a violent cathartic, the effects of which no remedy can assuage, and which end in death. The leaves are an active vesicatory."* It is said that the Indians once used the *Lobelia syphilitica* with great and certain success, but its virtues are now generally discredited.

Remarks.—This plant is named in honor of M. De Lobel, a distinguished botanist of Germany. Several species of the Lobelia are very ornamental, especially the *L. syphilitica* and the *L. cardinalis,* and these being perennial and hardy, may easily be cultivated in gardens and ornamental grounds. The *L. crinis* is a pretty trailing plant, and yields its beautiful blue flowers in abundance through the summer.

Sentiment.—The delusive smile.

Although this species of the Lobelia has very delicate, smiling blossoms, yet if it be tasted, an exceedingly acrid and disgusting sensation, like that produced by tobacco, remains in the mouth for a long time; therefore it is considered a fit emblem of the smile of hypocrisy, and is made to personify itself by using the following enticing language:

O come to the bank where my blue blossoms smile;
How can ye suspect a fair creature of guile?
Recline on my bed, and enjoy the cool breeze;
Think not I can fail my admirers to please.

They say that I act the vile hypocrite's part—
That I smile while I cherish a bane in my heart;
But why should ye list to the slanderer's tongue,
And ever be smarting before ye are stung?

Come, come to the bank where my blue blossoms smile;
No longer suspect a fair creature of guile;
Recline on my bed and enjoy the cool breeze,
For sure I'll not fail my admirers to please.

NEMUS.

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* Lindley.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

"**Bring Flowers.**"—It is wonderful how a flower, it may be the meanest one by the roadside, will sometimes preach to one's heart, and fill it with thoughts and emotions that seem to come up from the dim, dreamy, "long time ago" of childhood's innocent hours. Did you never, gentle reader, feel constrained to stoop and pluck the dandelion, and brushing off the dust that had gathered upon it, look on its unfragrant and homely face as upon that of an old friend whom you knew and sported with, when you rolled upon the grass near your childhood's home? We are foolish enough to do just so, at times, and we have heard worse sermons than those of the flower. Did you never, at an upper window of some poor dwelling in a lane or narrow court of the city, observe a broken tea-pot, with a sprig of geranium, or a rose, or a verbena, sustained by a rude rail? You may be sure, says a pious writer, that some poor old soul dwells there who has been transplanted by hard necessity into the cheerless privations of that home from some fresh cottage, where the spring bubbled up in crystal beauty in the well, where the grass, sown with daisies and buttercups, approached even to the door step, and the free breeze of heaven blew all around her. We never see a flower nursed under such circumstances by the poor denizen of the city, without a feeling of pleasure, and a sort of confidence that the flower is a wise, beautiful, and tender inmate, repaying the hand that tends it with silent ministries of love, reviving sweet yet mournful memories; ever as it blossoms recalling some past gladness, and as it fades becoming a *memento mori* to its too thoughtless mortal companion.

Gems from Coleridge.—Of pure poetry, strictly so called, that is to say, consisting of nothing but its essential self, without conventional and perishing helps, Coleridge was, says Leigh Hunt, the greatest master of his time. We agree cordially with this appreciating admirer of C., that no man has written whole poems of equal length so perfect in all respects, and that leave on the ear and heart so unbroken and single an effect. We have thought sometimes of seating ourselves to the task of culling some of the gems in his writings for those of our readers who may not be familiar with him, but our narrow space in this Miscellany forbids it. Take, however, one or two:

O Henry! always striv'st thou to be great
By thine own act—yet art thou never great
But by the inspiration of great passion.
The whirl-blast comes, the desert sands rise up
And shape themselves; from earth to heaven they stand,
As though they were the pillars of a temple,
Built by Omnipotence in its own honor!
But the blast pauses, and their shaping spirit
Is fled; the mighty columns were but sand,
And lasy snails trail o'er the level ruins!

And this from the "Picture:"

How fair the sunshine spots that mossy rock,
Isle of the river, whose disparted waves
Dart off asunder with an angry sound,
How soon to re-unite! And see! they meet,
Each in the other lost and found; and see,
Placeless as spirits, one soft water-sun
Throbbing within them, heart at once and eye,
With its soft neighborhood of filmy clouds,
The stains and shadings of forgotten tears,
Dimness o'erswum with lustre! Such the hour
Of deep enjoyment following love's brief feuds.

How sweetly musical this:

It ceas'd; yet still the sails made on
  A pleasant noise till noon—
A noise like of a hidden brook
  In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
  Singeth a quiet tune.

The image in the following, from Christabel, is impressive:

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother;
They parted, ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between, &c.

A neat pocket volume, containing the cream of Coleridge's poetry, would be inestimable. Who will produce it?

Jean Paul.—The true doctrine of happiness is well stated in Jean Paul's preface to his Quintus Fixlien, in which he discloses the purpose for which he writes: "That I may show to the whole earth that we ought to value little joys more than great ones; the night-gown more than the dress coat; that Plutus' heaps are worth less than his handfuls; and that not great but little good-haps can make us happy. Can I accomplish this, I shall, through my book, bring up a race of men finding refreshment in all things. You perceive my drift is, that man may become a little tailor-bird, which, not amid the crashing boughs of the storm-tost, roaring, immeasurable tree of life, but upon one of its leaves, sews itself a nest together, and there lies snug." Quaintly expressed, but sound, common sense philosophy, this.

THE FATHER IS COMING.

The following is in Mary Howitt's best vein:

The clock is on the stroke of six,
  The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
  And put the kettle on!

The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
He's stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart it is so warm;
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew!

He makes all toil, all hardship light;
Would all men were the same,
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame!
Folks need not be unkind, austere,
For love hath readier will than fear!

Stay, do not close the shutters, child,
For far along the lane,
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain;
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful fire-light through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes,
His wishes are so few!
Would they were more, that every hour
Some wish of his I knew!
I'm sure it makes a happy day
When I can please him any way!

I know he's coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares—
Heaven bless the merry child!
His father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him!

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now—
He's through the garden-gate;
Run little Bess and ope the door,
And do not let him wait!
Shout, baby, shout, and clap thy hands,
For father at the threshold stands.

Home Affections.—Speaking of the private correspondence between Sir John Eliot and John Hampden, who had charge of Eliot's sons while the latter lay in prison, Forster, in his British Statesmen, has this remark: "The secret of their public exertions is here expressed. It is by the strength and right direction of the private affections that we are taught the duty of serving mankind. The more intense the faculty of enjoyment and comfort in the narrow circle of family regards, the more readily is its indulgence sacrificed in behalf of the greater family of man. The lofty patriotism of Eliot in the House of Commons is explained by the tender sweetness of these letters from the Tower." Paradoxical as this may seem, all experience corroborates the sentiment. It would be difficult to find either in English history or our own an eminent patriot whose home affections had not in early life been remarkably developed and disciplined. The salvation and glory of the state have ever rested upon a wise home influence, and without this, constitutional forms and Magna Chartas are mere waste paper.

Poems by Amelia.—We are pleased to see that a second edition of these delightful poems has been called for, and that Appleton & Co. have responded, producing the work in an enlarged and beautiful form. It is understood that Amelia is the assumed name of Mrs. Welby, of Louisville, Ky., whose productions first made their appearance in one of the daily journals of that city, and were immediately reprinted all over the country, and read with great delight. An appreciating critic says of the volume: "There is no preface to tell us who Amelia is, yet there are traces in it which bespeak the young wife. It is dedicated to a beloved father; perhaps her mother has joined the 'departed;' and then there are odes to sleeping infants, which a mother could only write, and stanzas to sisters which reveal the deep sources of feeling in the heart of the sweet singer. It is impossible to read the volume without imagining at times that the harp of Hemans is once more touched. There is not one piece in the whole collection which has not some bud, some blossom, some leaf, some thought, which a poetic mind alone could embody in language. There is life, and beauty, and feeling in every page."

These lines have been quoted as very beautiful. We think we met them in the Knickerbocker several years ago:

"I sometimes have *thoughts* in my loneliest hours
That *lie* on my *heart* like the *dew* on the *flowers*,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon
When my *heart* was as *light* as a *blossom* in June.
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The *breeze* fluttered down and *blew open* the *flowers*,
While a single white cloud, to its *haven of rest*,
On the *white wing* of *peace*, floated off in the west."

The thoughts, lying on her heart like the dew on flowers—her heart light as a blossom in June—the breeze blowing the flowers open—the white cloud sailing to its haven of rest, on the white wing of peace, are each and all, observes the critic referred to, beautiful conceptions, and justly entitled to a place among elegant poetical fancies.

This, from "Musings," is perfect music:

"One fleecy cloud upon the air
Was all that met my eyes;
It floated like an angel there
Between me and the skies;
I clapped my hands and warbled wild
As here and there I flew,
For I was but a careless child,
And did as children do."

Again,

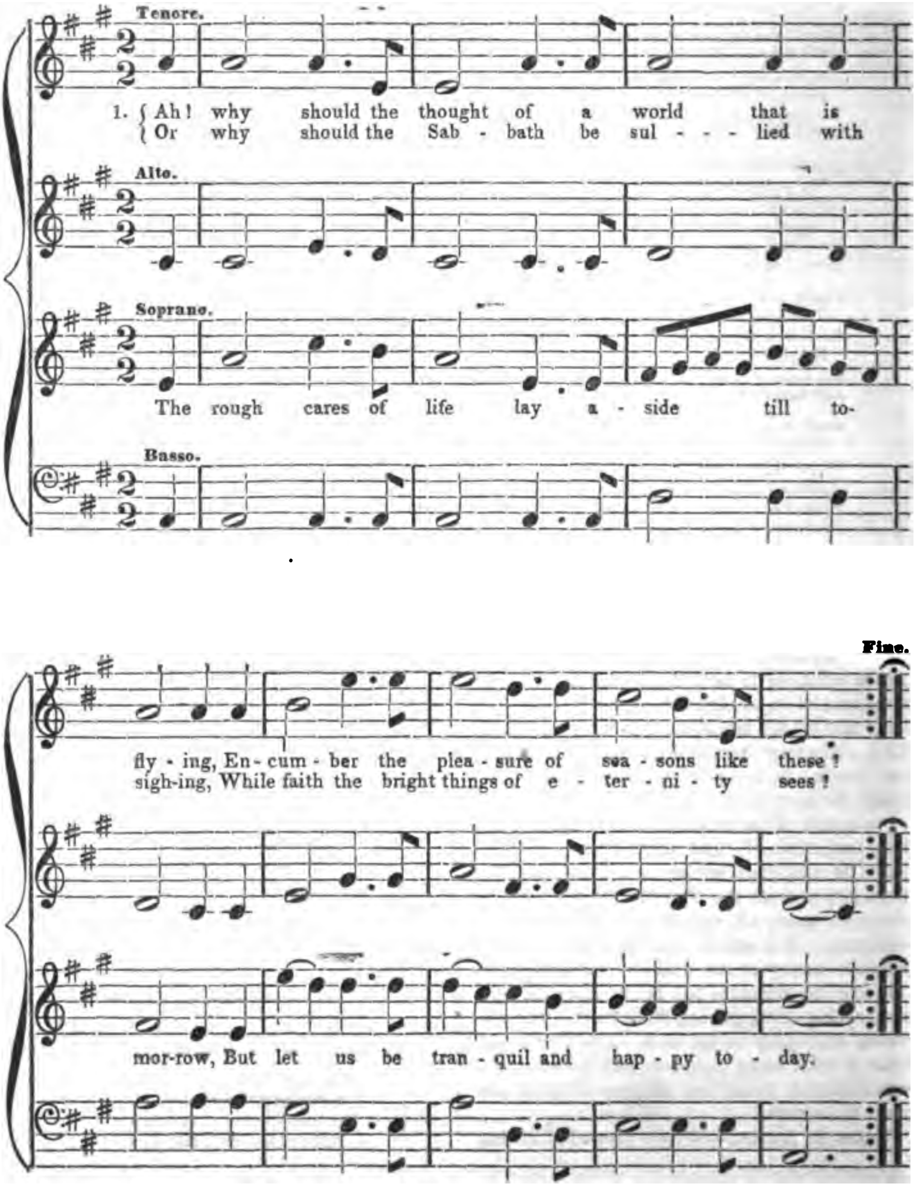
"The twilight hours, like birds, flew by
As lightly and as free."

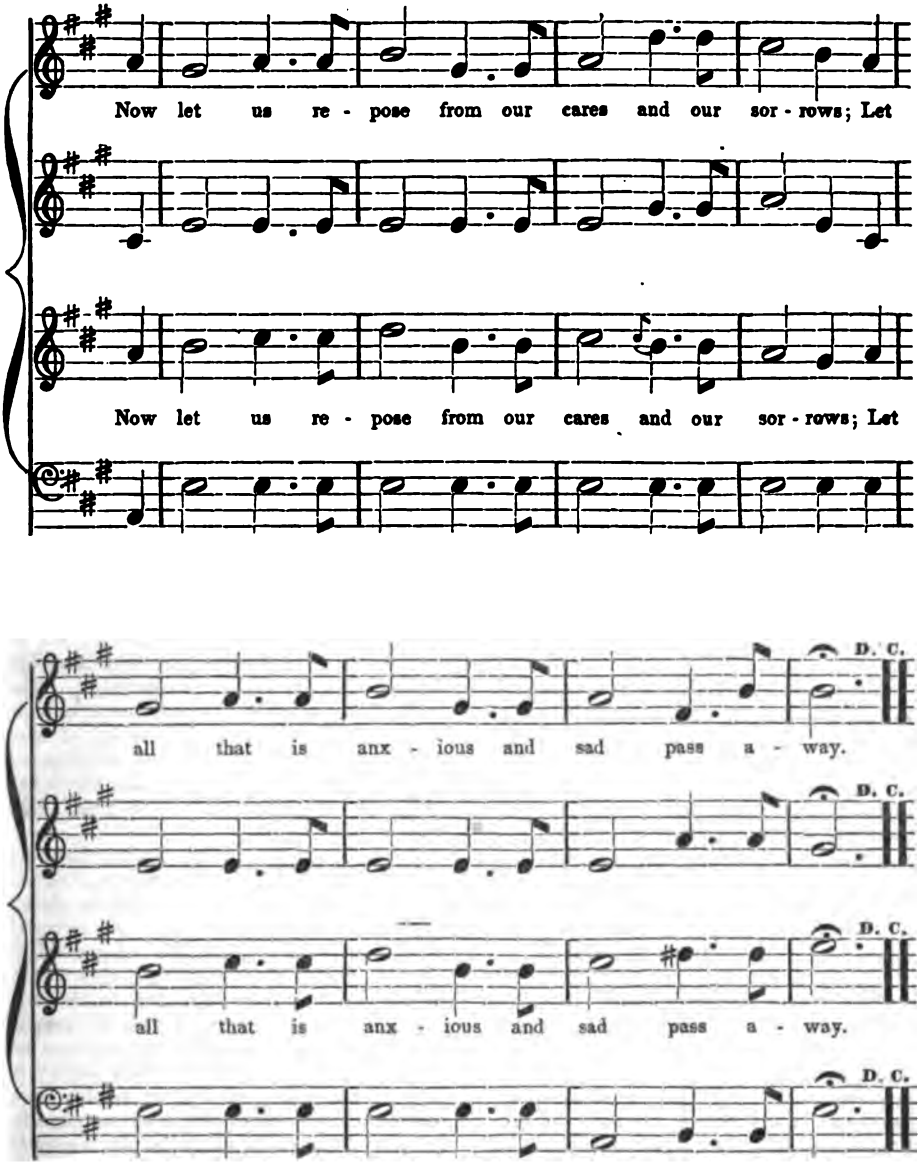
One more quotation from this sparkling piece:

"I heard the *laughing* wind behind
A-playing with my hair;
The *breezy fingers* of the wind—
How cool and *moist* they were."

THE COTTAGER'S SABBATH.

MUSIC BY ASAHEL ABBOT.


Tenore.
1. { Ah! why should the thought of a world that is
{ Or why should the Sab - bath be sul - - - lied with
Alto.
Soprano.
The rough cares of life lay a - side till to-
Basso.
fly - ing, En - cum - ber the plea - sure of sea - sons like these?
sigh-ing, While faith the bright things of e - - ter - ni - ty sees?
Fine.
mor-row, But let us be tran - quil and hap - py to - day.


Now let us re - pose from our cares and our sor - rows; Let
Now let us re - pose from our cares and our sor - rows; Let
all that is anx - ious and sad pass a - way.
D. C.
all that is anx - ious and sad pass a - way.
D. C.
D. C.
D. C.

2. Let us say to the world, should it tempt us to wander,
As Abraham said to his men on the plain,
" There's the mountain of prayer, I am going up yonder,
And tarry you here till I seek you again."
To-day on that mountain would we seek for thy blessing,
O spirit of holiness meet with us there ;
Our hearts will then feel, while thine influence possessing,
The sweetness of praise and the fervor of prayer.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

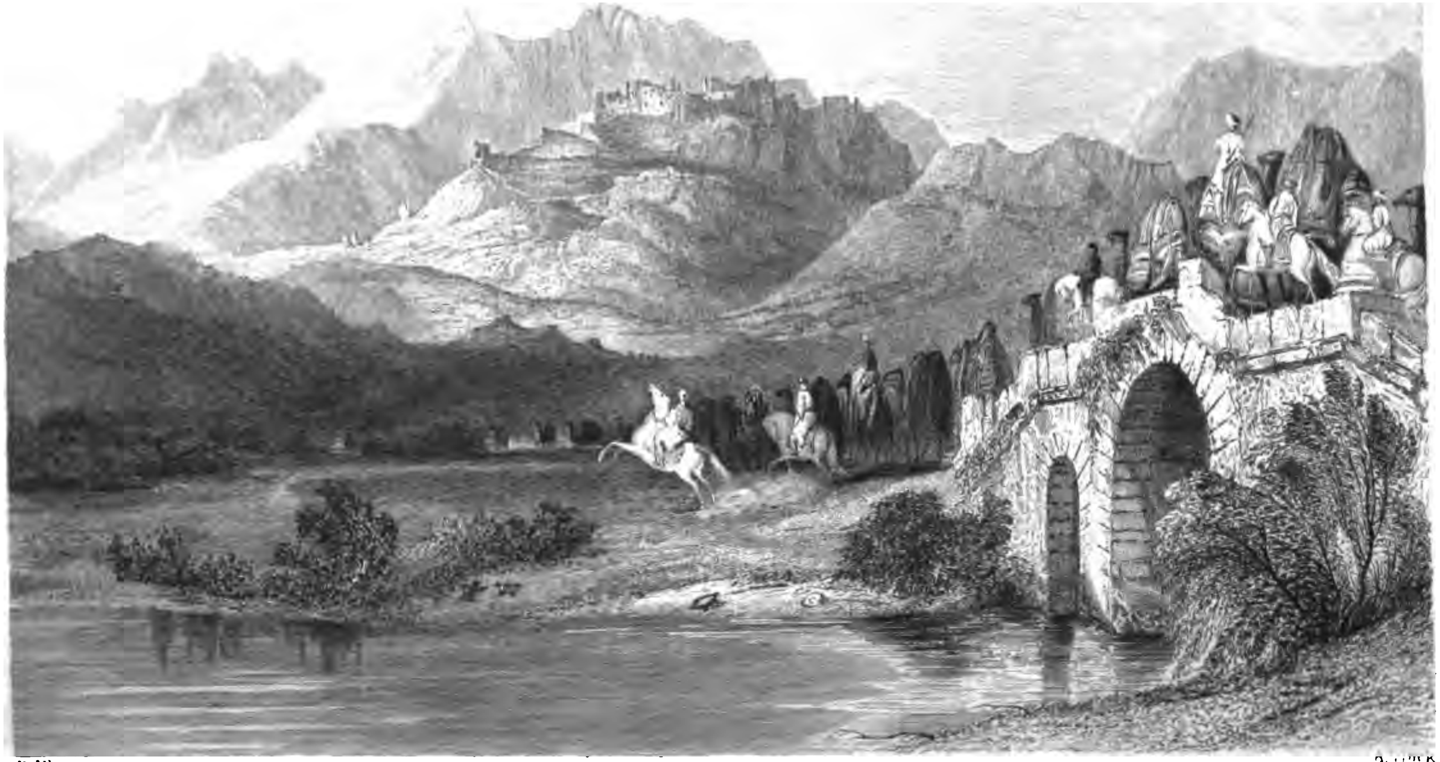
The Sacred Mountains, by J T. Headley, author of Napoleon and his Marshals, &c.—Mr. Headley's characteristics as a writer are so well known and favorably appreciated, that we need not bespeak public attention to anything from his pen. There is about the present volume, however, an unusual charm, a peculiar attractiveness, especially to the serious, meditative reader, which will secure for it ample audience and lasting popularity. The moral tone is elevated and sustained throughout, the coloring vivid and lifelike, and the entire impression upon the reader's heart, not unlike what would be produced by an actual pilgrimage among the scenes it describes. The artistical accessories are in the most finished style of modern excellence. The engravings, eleven in number, are by Burt. The taste and liberality of the publishers, Messrs. Baker & Scribner, deserve high praise and a generous return from the public. Persons wishing to make a truly beautiful present to a friend during the approaching holidays, should not fail to purchase Headley's Sacred Mountains. Baker & Scribner, 36 Park Row and 145 Nassau street, New York.

The Eclectic Commentary.—We regard the Eclectic Commentary now in course of publication by Mr. Shannon, of this city, as especially deserving the patronage of Protestant Christians. Its cheapness, beautiful finish of mechanical workmanship, and its comprehensiveness, embracing as it does the cream of all the ablest commentaries, all entitle it to very high consideration. For family use, it has no superior. The utility and interest of family worship would be greatly enhanced by reading, in connection with the Sacred text, the comments of this work.

Present Book.—The Youth's Cabinet, edited by F. C. Woodworth, has been put up in various elegant bindings by the publisher, and forms a beautiful and instructive presentation volume, exactly suited to the season of gifts. It is abundantly embellished with fine cuts and engravings, illustrative of the various topics in the book. Whoever would desire a really valuable book for Christmas or New Year presentation, should examine this volume. D. A. Woodworth, 135 Nassau street, publisher.

American Sunday School Union's Publications.—We have a number of excellent works from the press of this society, among which "Robert Dawson;" "The Gospel among the Bechuanas, and other tribes of Southern Africa;" "The City Cousins;" "Sketches of the Waldenses;" "Amos Armfield, or the leather-covered Bible;" all of which indicate the sound judgment and taste which preside over the publishing department of the Union. We take this occasion to observe that there seems to be a wrong impression abroad in regard to the publications of this society, and we suppose that this is mainly produced by the plain and humble garb in which the books are brought out, and not unfrequently, too, by the way in which they are sometimes editorially noticed: to wit., they are frequently called "neat little books," "books for children," and it is said that "Sunday Schools should be supplied at once." "They should be in the hands of all our children." Now all this is good, and true besides, but only goes to belittle the highly valuable and exceedingly important labors of a great and comparatively venerable national institution. The majority of their books may be small, but our attention has been lately called not only to the vast number of them, but also to the size; and while such books as "Holy War," by the immortal Bunyan; "The Way of Life," by Dr. Hodge; "Good, Better, Best," by Dr. Alexander; "The Great Change," by Redford; and a host of others which we might mention, are on the society's list, a different impression than that alluded to above should be entertained. The whole library of bound volumes comprises now nearly six hundred. Some fifty to sixty of these have been added within a year past, and some of them of the very best character. Mr. Meeks has charge of the Depository in New York, Brick Church Chapel.

Poems, by Amelia, second edition, enlarged; D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.—Of this volume of delicious fancies and exquisite music, we have spoken at some length in the Editorial Miscellany of the present number of our Magazine. We need not add anything to our remarks in that place to induce any reader of taste and feeling to obtain the book. Unless the present edition be a very large one, it will very soon be disposed of. No American poetess enjoys so high and deserved a popularity as Amelia. Appleton & Co. have taken care to put her gems in a casket of fitting richness and beauty, worthy of the contents and of their own reputation for good and liberal taste. To this notice we may add, that a glance at the shelves and the catalogue of this very respectable publishing house, shows that, during the year now closing, they have issued a very large number of books, of great value and beauty, in every department of literature and science, which, with their ample importations of all that is choice in the markets of Europe, make up a stock as rich and perfect as can be found on this continent.



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The Acropolis of Pergamus

THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1847.

LOSING AND GAINING.

BY C. L. B.

LAURA GRAHAM was beautiful—perfectly beautiful; everybody thought so, everybody said so; and the mirror which reflected her image many times in the day, whispered in her ear the same pleasant story. A profusion of glossy ringlets shaded a cheek where the rose and lily were harmoniously blended; and a pair of large dark hazel eyes beamed from beneath the long silken lashes, which softened without diminishing their lustre. In person, too, Laura was tall and well formed, and her figure displayed to the greatest advantage, by the aid of every outward adornment, for her doating father loved to deck his darling in the array which most became her, and Laura, with his purse at her command, indulged in the most extravagant fancies. The rarest fabrics of the looms of France or India were purchased with reckless expenditure, and worn with childish delight, while she bowed down, a willing votary, at the shrine of that hydra-headed monster, Fashion, to which so many rational and accountable beings yield their undivided homage.

But Laura Graham, despite these apparent advantages of wealth and beauty, was, in reality, an object of the utmost pity. Her mind abstracted from better things, her thoughts fixed on the veriest trifles that could employ them, and her heart engrossed with the pleasures of the passing moment, who that looked on life in its true aspect, could fail to mourn over her? Vain and giddy as the butterfly, her existence seemed like that of the brilliant insect itself, but a summer day's enjoyment, with its winter unlooked for, unthought of—a fluttering thing, that would sport for awhile in the sunbeams, and then die and be forgotten. Yet, had her lot been cast in a rougher mould, or had God appointed her a lowlier station, Laura might have been a different character, and adorned a humbler home with those graces which now were slumbering in her breast. Her intellect was good, and capable of improvement; but its powers, untaxed, lay dormant, or were crushed beneath the weight of worldly prosperity, and in her was exhibited that saddest of all sad spectacles, a human soul unmindful of its own high destiny—a prisoner closely fettered, yet hugging its chains, and submitting to be a slave—a creature formed for the noblest pursuits, but wasting the best hours of her existence in chasing the shadows which eluded her grasp. To walk, to dress, to frequent those places of public amusement where the gay and fashionable were to be met—these were the objects for which Laura Graham lived; while to appear in the most becoming costume, that she might rival or outshine her neighbors, and for which neither trouble or expense were spared, her constant aim. Yet happiness came not at her bidding. Satiety and fatigue were the result of all her efforts, and not unfrequently disappointment and regret the inevitable consequence of her brightest anticipations. The world cannot give us peace, and Laura found it so. The immortal spirit is not, *will not*, rest contented with an earthly portion. It is ever craving something more—something that is beyond, above it; and when man has vainly tried to slake his thirst at the "broken cisterns" here, he is taught at last, by bitter experience, that they are unavailing, and then he turns to the pure waters of the river of life.

Laura Graham had tasted of all the fountains of earthly enjoyment—had drank deeply, indeed, of each; yet, although she found them unsatisfying, she sought no other, and it was destined by Him who cannot err, that the sharp ministry of affliction should be employed to lead her to those never-failing streams, which have their source in heaven, and can alone supply the need of earth's weary and care-worn children. It was in the midst of her enjoyments, when, like King Belshazzar, her heart was merry, that the handwriting on the wall foretold the threatened evil. Laura had appeared at a brilliant party, where she shone the fairest and the gayest; but coming from the heated rooms into the cold air of a winter's night, she contracted a violent inflammation of the eyes, which confined her for many weeks to a darkened chamber, and when she came forth again it was as a helpless child, leaning upon her father's arm, and doomed, it would seem, thenceforward to be numbered among the blind.

It was spring-time, beautiful spring-time; but alas! for her the earth wore no beauty, the heavens gave no light. An impenetrable veil of thick and abiding darkness was spread over all things, and the flowers yielded their perfume, but their tints were unseen. When first it became probable that her sight would fail entirely, Laura had given way to the most passionate grief; but as the certainty of her misfortune became more evident, this feeling subsided into the calmness of despair. She would sit for hours, with her hands clasped passively in her lap, and if spoken to, only reply in monosyllables, uttering from time to time the most piteous sighs. Earth could give no support in this hour of trial, and she knew not of that which is unfailing; she felt the rod, but could not discern the hand which had appointed it, and her soul was sinking in the deep waters. Her father, overwhelmed by such a calamity, watched over her with the utmost solicitude. He rode with her, read for her, and left no means untried to while her into a partial forgetfulness of her sorrows, but it was all in vain; the books failed to interest her, and the flowers he brought were unvalued, or thrown aside with the pathetic exclamation, "Ah! take them away, father; I cannot see them now, and they make me long so to tear off these bandages, as if then I might look once more upon them!" and the withered roses, as they lay crushed beside her, seemed indeed the emblems of her own sad destiny. Mr. Graham mourned in agony over his fair but stricken child, and joyfully would have bestowed his entire wealth, could he have met once more the expression of those sightless orbs, or that she might have gazed again, if but for *one* hour, upon the broad blue heavens or the glorious world, now hidden from her view.

In the sunny days of her past existence, Laura had thought herself surrounded by friends; but now she realized the want of that true and abiding friendship which her former gay companions could not afford her. They came, but their conversation had lost its charm; they could speak only of those scenes and pleasures from which she was now excluded, and the afflicted girl turned, weary and heart-sick, away. Laura's quiet chamber, too, was so different from what it had once been; so dull, and so mournful, that her young acquaintances soon reduced their visits to an occasional call, and she was left to feel how little worth was the world's friendship, and to sigh, though hopelessly, for something more tangible, and more enduring.

Three tedious months of darkness and sorrow passed away, and Laura was beginning to grow, if not more resigned, at least a little more patient under her misfortune, when Mr. Graham received a letter, the contents of which he hastened to communicate to his daughter.

"I have some news for you, my dear," he said, approaching the sofa where, as usual, poor Laura sat, melancholy and unemployed—"news which I am sure will give you pleasure. I have a letter here from your aunt Lee, who tells me that Anna is coming here to make us a visit. I am exceedingly rejoiced at it myself, for I know she will prove a great comfort to you."

Laura sighed, while she replied somewhat peevishly, "I shall not be very glad to see her, father—to receive her, I should say, for I had much rather be alone, with no one to annoy me, and she will find it very dull with no companion but a poor blind girl."

"I hope not," said her father, assuming as cheerful a tone as he could command. "Anna, I am told, has a lively disposition, which can make even grave people gay, and my sister speaks of her as one who has determined to devote herself to you for some months, in which case, gratitude alone, I think, will induce you to give her a kind reception."

"She is very good," said Laura, mournfully. Everybody is kind to me, and I try to be grateful; but I have lost my interest in all the world now, and nothing, I believe, will ever make me happy again."

In the course of a week, Anna Lee arrived, a blooming girl of nineteen, full of health and spirits, with a face of such innocence and purity, that it did one good to look upon it, and a calm, happy, loving heart, that embraced all mankind as brothers, and was ever overflowing with sympathy and tenderness to all who asked either a smile or a tear. Anna was the centre of attraction in her native village, admired and beloved by everybody, the friend of the poor, the nurse of the sick, the champion of the slandered, and the warm advocate of every good cause. Her father, the faithful pastor of a small congregation, found her a ready assistant in his labors of benevolence, and with the name of Anna Lee there always came a thought, to my own mind at least, of some pure and holy spirit, whose mission to earth was one of love and pity.

Anna's religion was more of the heart than the head. She made no boast of extraordinary piety—in fact, said little or nothing upon the subject; but her love to God was exhibited in good will to man; and although actively engaged at home in a variety of duties, which were pleasures in themselves, the news of Laura's situation no sooner reached B. than she resolved to abandon them all, and as soon as possible go to New York, that she might devote herself entirely to her blind cousin. "I think I may be a comfort to her, poor motherless girl!" she said, "and if so, I certainly *ought* to go." But many weeks elapsed before it was practicable to make the journey, and her parents, although approving her design, were so unwilling, and in truth so unable, to part with her, that they could not regret the delay.

Laura welcomed her guest with some degree of pleasure, and her pale face was brightened, for the first time in many months, with a smile, which her father hailed as a harbinger of future good. In fact, there was a cordial even in the gentle tones of Anna's voice, and Laura forgot to relapse into her former silence and indifference while her cousin spoke, and did not care to relinquish the soft hand which held her own so kindly. Anna's conversation, simple yet refined, embraced a variety of topics, which, to Laura, were quite new. The country, hitherto considered as dull and tiresome to the city belle, was now pictured by this devoted lover of nature, in the most glowing colors. She talked of the green lanes all about the village, till Laura fancied she could inhale the breath of the wild flowers which grew in all the shady nooks—of the bright and babbling stream, till its sylvan voice seemed to break upon her ear; and even the quiet churchyard lost its dreariness, as she depicted the glowing sunshine which lay so warmly upon the green graves, and the soft southern breeze that swept so tenderly over them.

Laura wondered why it was that all these beauties had escaped her observation during her occasional visits at B., and although she sighed deeply and bitterly, that her eyes were now sealed from all this loveliness, yet she found a melancholy pleasure in viewing them again through the medium of her cousin's description; and Mr. Graham, while he watched her expressive features, indulged the hope that his daughter might be again restored to her wonted cheerfulness, and blessed the hour which had brought Anna Lee beneath his roof.

It was with an earnest zeal and a missionary spirit that the pastor's daughter now set about the task she had imposed upon herself, that of leading her afflicted cousin into those paths of peace which her own feet had found so pleasant, looking in humble trust for God's blessing upon her efforts. Without it, she well knew all her labors would be fruitless, and heartily did she pray for that grace and strength, without which every exertion on her part was utterly vain.

Laura's former habits of life were not unknown to Anna, and to break through these at once, would, she knew, be altogether impossible. She soon found that books of a decidedly religious cast were distasteful to Laura, whose mind, weakened and diseased by the light reading of the day, was unable to bear more nutritious food at once. She therefore varied their hours of conversation with the perusal of a well chosen poem, historical anecdote, or tale of strictly elevated tone, making the Bible a part of their regular morning employment, and always closing the day with a chapter at her cousin's bedside. Her greatest difficulty was in drawing Laura's thoughts sufficiently from her misfortune to engage in any employment, and also to instruct her in those arts which were suitable for her at present; but by degrees this was happily accomplished. Laura was taught to knit and even to sew without sight, and Anna daily endeavored to win her from the memory of her terrible loss by pointing out the great and numberless blessings which yet remained.

Laura's piano had never been unlocked since her illness; but Anna, seizing upon anything which might arouse or interest her, now turned to this as another source of comfort.

"You have not played for me since I have been with you," she said one morning, when Laura had seemed particularly listless, "and I do love music so much, that I think you might indulge me with some."

"I shall never play again," said Laura, "never. I wish you could play, Anna, and then I would give you my piano."

"Would you indeed?" said Anna gaily. "Come, then, it is mine, for I do play a little. But why should you give up your music, dear? I am sure you will find it a great source of pleasure if you will try it."

"Nothing can give me pleasure now," said Laura mournfully, "and I should hate the gay songs and lively airs I played last summer, they would accord so little with my present gloomy feelings."

"Then we might try something plaintive," said Anna, "which would be more agreeable, perhaps," opening the instrument as she spoke, and running her fingers over the keys. "What a sweet tone. If you will allow me, I shall play every morning."

"I shall be glad to hear you, said Laura, sighing.

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to instruct me a little yourself," said Anna, "as your musical education is so much farther advanced than mine. I have only an old fashioned piano at home, that is not in very good order, and but little time to practice, so that a lesson, now and then, with the use of so fine an instrument, will be a vast improvement to me."

"I would gladly teach you if I *could*," said Laura, "but I am unfit for everything useful, now."

"Listen to me while I play over this piece of Beethoven's, which is, I know, quite familiar to you, and correct me if I am wrong." And as Anna proceeded, she had the satisfaction to perceive that Laura listened attentively, her quick ear readily detecting the faults of an imperfect performer.

"Do you sing?" asked Laura, when the piece was finished.

"Yes, I sing in church, and if my friends ask me, I sing at home to oblige them," replied Anna, smiling.

"Then oblige me now."

"But my country ditties will not please your refined ears, perhaps."

"Yes, I shall like them all the better," said Laura.

"Some months ago," continued Anna, "my father preached from the words, 'In thy light we shall see light.' His sermon impressed me strongly, and on my return home I wrote some lines, which he adapted to a pleasing tune, and I used to sing them for him.

"Did you?" said Laura eagerly; "what were they?" And Anna, with an apology for her verses, which she said had been written hastily, sang to a simple accompaniment the following:

Toiling in darkness, lost in night,
  How blindly, Lord, we seek for thee;
Shed o'er our souls thy glorious light,
  And bid us thy perfections see.

Pierce thou the gloom—in pity shine
  Upon our hearts with kindly ray;
Cheer earth's dim path with light divine,
  And change its night to perfect day.

Be thou our light when sorrow's gloom
  Hath shaded all that once seemed fair,
The cloud with brightness still illume,
  And bid us read thy *mercy* there.

Throw thou the rainbow's arch of light
Athwart the heavens with softest ray,
And with its colors pure and bright
The storm may haply pass away.

"I did not think you had a taste for poetry," said Laura, sighing, as the plaintive tones of her cousin's voice died away; "and your lines seem almost applicable to me, except that they crave for spiritual light, while I ask for bodily vision."

"And spiritual vision, too, I hope, dear Laura," said Anna earnestly. "We are all but poor groping creatures, without light from on high, and perhaps God has mercifully veiled your bodily sight that you may be able in spirit to see him more perfectly."

Laura leaned her head on the arm of the sofa, and the tears streamed down her face. That spiritual light! Ah! for the first time in her life, perhaps, she felt the great need of it—felt that with her, in mind as well as body, all was night; and Anna, kneeling down beside her, with the tenderest love and pity, soothed her griefs, and pointed her to Him whose coming had brought light to those who were sitting in darkness, and who was yet the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his beams.

From that day Laura seemed more willing to converse on subjects of a serious nature than she had ever been before, and not unfrequently led the way herself. Anna's little song she expressed a desire to learn, and her cousin was delighted to observe the feeling manner in which she sang it, evidently appropriating the sentiment to her own case. The piano, now that it had once been opened, was a source of the purest enjoyment, and charmed by the harmony of sweet sounds, Laura never appeared so tranquil and happy as during the hours they passed beside it, while Anna taxed her powers to strengthen the interest thus excited, trusting that some good impression had been made on Laura's heart, which, by God's grace, might yet increase and deepen.

In this way the summer months wore on, and autumn came with its chilling frosts and falling leaves, reminding Anna Lee of home, and bringing a thousand thoughts of winter pleasures and fireside enjoyments; but when she spoke of returning, Laura's smiles were gone. What could she do without her cousin? Who would read and sing for her, and nurse her so tenderly? Surely Anna would not be so cruel as to leave them now, or her aunt and uncle so unkind as to wish it; and moved by her entreaties, Anna consented to remain a few months longer, provided Laura would promise to spend the next year with her relations at B.

With the spring-time, therefore, the two friends prepared for their journey, and when May brought its blue skies and pleasant verdure, Laura Graham was happily settled at the parsonage, and Anna had returned once more to all the dear delights of her beloved home.

And how many new sources of pleasure were now opened for the blind girl! The voices of birds in the fresh and dewy morning, when they came chirping and frolicking past the open window where she sat, the sweet smell of the upturned earth, and the soft, fragrant wind that swept over her cheek as, leaning on Anna's arm, or supported by uncle Lee himself, she walked over the closely shaven grass, which seemed like velvet to her feet, or through the gravel walks of the garden, where she plucked the early flowers with her own hand, and was taught to raise her heart to Him who formed them. Within doors, too, she was the constant care and kindness of good aunt Lee, whose ingenuity daily devised some household occupation in which her neice could take part—the younger children, all emulous to do something for "poor cousin Laura"—the soft purring of little Amy's favorite kitten as it passed her chair—and even the old watch dog, who laid his broad head upon her lap, and licked the hand that patted him—gave comfort to her heart and smiles to her fair pale face.

As the summer advanced, the charms of country life appeared still more delightful. True, the world of beauty that lay around her was unseen; but Laura felt the genial influence of the season, and her ear caught a thousand pleasant sounds which escaped the observation of her companions—the busy hum of insects, the lowing of cattle in the distant pastures, the swing of the sythe in the tall thick grass, and the merry voices of the laborers in the fields beyond. Then, as autumn came on, robing the forests in "a coat of many colors," and breathing over the earth with his frosty breath, it was pleasant to sit by the early fire, listening to the conversation of uncle Lee, or the volume selected for general reading, the scene varied occasionally by the dropping in of a poor neighbor, or the more ceremonious visit of a rich one. During the winter, which proved both long and severe, Laura remained within doors; but Mr. Lee proposed that, in order to shorten it, they should make a wide survey of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, producing several excellent works on the subject, and instituting Anna as general reader; and when the spring came again, Laura gladly acknowledged that she had gained more of valuable information since the loss of sight than she had acquired during the years which preceeded it.

But God had graciously in store for her the restoration of that precious gift. A celebrated oculist arrived at this time from Europe, to whom Mr. Graham immediately submitted his daughter's case. Laura returned home, was placed under his care, and by a successful operation once more permitted to behold the light of day.

It was a glorious waking from that night of sorrow and darkness, and Laura's whole soul was poured forth in gratitude to the Giver of every good. But her season of trial had not passed away unimproved. She had heard the voice of the Creator in his works—had found a loveliness in Nature of which she had not dreamed before, and a melody in winds and waters to which she had not listened until now; her eyes had been shut to the visible world, but opened to a region of beauty, which, in her days of vision, she had not beheld. Above all, she had looked into her own heart, and back upon her past life—had perceived how fearfully she had misemployed the hours given her for better purposes; and now, in the faithful discharge of duties as a wife and mother, as a daughter and friend, Laura Graham recognizes those months of blindness as the most blessed period of her life, and Anna Lee as the honored instrument of leading her from the paths of folly into the ways of happiness and peace.

THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

It was in far Judea,
By dark Jehosaphat,
That, weary with his wandering,
A dusty pilgrim sat;
And as the clouds came o'er him,
And night with starless gloom,
He laid him down to sleep, beside
A prince's sculptured tomb.

Lulled by the mournful murmuring
Of Kedron's holy stream,
He slept, and in his slumbering
Came fitfully a dream—
Visions of days departed,
Of ancient men and hoary,
Of patriarchs and holy ones,
Gathered long since to glory.

Again the valley echoed
The slow and measured tread
Of mourners, to their kingly rest
Bearing the mighty dead.
Again the wail of Judah,
For his princes and his pride,
Woke the wild bird that slept unscared
On the mountain's rugged side.

Again the sad procession
Wound through the city gate,
Where, in his mighty grief bowed down,
A royal mourner sat.
Again the Jewish maiden
By her father's last abode,
Wept for the fallen altars
And the temple of her God.

Again the shout of armies
Went rolling through the glen;
The crash of arms, the shriek, the wail,
The death-cry of the slain;
The eagle of the Roman
Was on Judah's fallen throne;
The lion-standard struggled once,
Then went for ever down.

Morn flushed the minarets,
And mournfully afar,
From watching o'er Jerusalem,
Shrank back the morning star.
The pilgrim woke, and ere his staff
By Kedron's bank was set,
The first faint sunbeam fell and slept
On holy Olivet.

New York. ESTEL.

THE FATHER IN THE SNOW.

FROM THE GERMAN OF W. ALEXIS.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

"God preserve you, worthy pastor!" said the shepherd. "You have a weary road before you."

"With these words he tied the lantern about the horse's neck, and took off his cap respectfully. The pastor thanked him in silence, by a warm pressure of the hand.

"The greater the need, the nearer is God." He now turned his wearied horse from the door, and guided him into the road, which was deeply covered with snow.

"Keep to the right of the guide-post, worthy pastor," said the shepherd, calling after him. "Pull down your ear-lappets; the wind blows more keenly than ever. To the left of the guide-post is"— The rest was lost in the wind, and shaking his head anxiously, the shepherd entered his door again. "As if we had not care and sorrow enough already," he said to himself, "but new trouble must come into the house, like the snow from heaven, one knows not whence it comes, nor whither it goes."

The road from the solitary hut to the parsonage had never appeared so long to the pastor before, and still it was but three miles. The clear cold weather which prevailed when he rode out had long since passed away. While engaged in the trying duties which had occupied him in the cottage, the clouds from the south-west had spread over the whole horizon, and had discharged their contents so rapidly, that now nothing met his eye but a vast sea of snow.

The wind howled and whistled, and tossed up the snow, and piled it heap upon heap. The horse panted, the lantern clattered about his neck, and the stirrups, although wrapped with straw, were icy cold.

And still all this was but a trifling anxiety for the pastor when he thought of the misery which would meet him on his return. Had not the spring floods of this year deluged the rich lowlands far and near—had not the prosperity of the peasants vanished—had not the waves swallowed up his pittance, as well as the treasures of the rich—had he not stood upon the same dam with the proud, rich nobleman, whose broad estates bordered upon his parsonage, and who was wont to greet him only with haughty condescension—had he not stood there and looked on in despair, as the floods swept away the herds of the wealthy lord and the last cow of his own barn-yard?

There he stood wringing his hands, and raising them towards heaven, fast locked in the embrace of his shrieking wife. The waves swept by, bearing his infant's cradle, and he could not save it. And the rich, proud lord tore his hair, for *his* child likewise floated in its little bed upon the stormy waters. He shouted—he cursed—he prayed! In vain!—not a bark was to be seen far and wide. In the excess of his grief, the rich man would have plunged into the flood, not knowing himself whether in the vain hope of rescuing his child, or in that despair which seeks destruction.

The pastor had torn himself from the embraces of his wife, and in this last decisive moment seized the mourner with a strong hand.

"There is a God above thee!" he exclaimed.

He held him back; he held him with a firm grasp—firm even when his eyes beheld a sight that pierced him to the heart. The two cradles of the poor and of the rich man struck together. In a moment all was over, and the succeeding rush of waters swallowed up their prey. The two fathers stood there, the one poor and the other rich; but the poor man was now the richer, for the rich man was now no longer a father.

Though his own heart bled—though stunned by the screams of his wife, wet through by the dashing spray, and exposed to the piercing wind, which blew from the North sea over the angry waves, yet still the pastor must console and support, both bodily as well as mentally, the poor, fainting, sinking sufferer; and the earth shook beneath him, the dam gave way, and through breach after breach the flood burst in, separating from one another the few who had been rescued, and thus the dreary night came on.

It was of this night—not the first fearful one of his life—that the pastor now thought of, on his return home, and the blood stirred again in his veins. He thought how the stern, proud man clasped him about the neck, and would not loose his hold, even when the long wished for boat brought them succor. He would fain listen again to words of divine consolation, and from the lips of one who, in such need of solace himself, could still deal it out so richly to his neighbors. The pastor could still bear the reproaches of his wife, as she upbraided him for his heartlessness in forgetting her and their child, then at the mercy of the waves, in his care for the rich man. He had not forgotten them, but he hoped for a richer harvest. The wife was soothed, indeed, when she heard that the rich man would abundantly provide for them in their poverty. But the pastor had reaped his reward already, when he beheld the change wrought in the proud man—when, from this fearful hour onward, both were friends—when the wealthy lord promised to be a new man, a father to his poor neighbors, a rescuing angel to the whole country round

He thought also of another moment. The flood subsided; poverty and despair crept about the ruined villages, and about the devastated farms. How trifling were the gifts which appeared so vast in the newspapers of London and Hanover—how trifling when the commissaries portioned them out among the sufferers! When the spade found soil again, they dug two short and narrow graves, side by side, and the bodies of two children, which had been found hanging in the bushes, were there interred. The rich man helped to cover them with the green turf; it was the last act at which he assisted. The same day he laid himself upon his bed, stricken down by the terrors of that night, and never rose again!

Too quickly had death visited his pillow. The pastor's name was found written on a paper that lay near him; large sums stood opposite to it, and then followed the names of all who had suffered by the inundation; but a single stroke of the pen was wanting—a single name—that of the cold, pale man who lay there. The pastor's poor wife could not believe it. She shook his stiffened hand, but he would not wake, not even long enough to write his name.

"Merciful Father, what will become of us! whither shall we turn?" she exclaimed, wringing her hands in despair, as frantic as when the waves swept away her child.

"As heirs of the departed, we must execute his will," said her husband with a calm smile, and read over the list of those whom the deceased would have rescued from their misery with his wealth.

This, however, was beyond the pastor's power. He had no money to distribute among them, for those from whom he should receive his dues were the needy ones themselves. But he went about among them, day and night, imparting counsel and consolation, and administering, as far as he was able, to their needs.

Then, when he returned home, his young wife would weep. She had seen better days. He had gained her hand after many a hard struggle. In the first glow of love she had followed him to poverty, and now she wept hot and bitter tears, and turned from him, and would not speak to him.

"He has no love for his wife; he has no heart for his child!" she murmured in her dreams, and peace fled from his desolate dwelling.

The May sun had shone again upon the moorlands of East Friesland; the peasant had dug the mere-stones from the mud; the plough passed once more over the dried fields, and the few remaining cattle were urged along in pairs. The June sun shone warm; the July sun shone hot upon the thickly standing ears. The pastor had reckoned up the petty gains which he expected from the produce of his harvest, and ventured to speak comfort to his wife, who had lately been brought to bed of a son. "The necessities of the household could again be purchased," he said. She sighed and smiled; but even while she turned her head and closed her eyes again, the black clouds gathered around the church steeple, and before she awoke, the hail had destroyed her own, her husband's, and the hopes of three impoverished parishes.

"He has no heart; he can still smile!" she cried, and fell upon the bed of her slumbering infant.

Troubles never come singly, says the proverb.

The sun's rays sucked the noxious vapors from the pools which had remained upon the lowlands. Fevers were prevalent in the country round about, and the parsonage was not spared. The elder son died. The father had just recovered when his wife was taken sick. Though both escaped death, yet they were debilitated to the last degree. His congregation brought him no dues, and his wants became more pressing.

With eyes bedimmed with weeping, the wife arose not long after, in the morning, and gazed upon the empty porringer in which she was accustomed to prepare the pastor's breakfast.

"Our cow is now sick," she said, and it seemed as if a smile hovered about her pale lips.

"Our child is still well," he replied, bending over the cradle, "and the water in the brook is clear and sweet again."

The tears long withheld, at last streamed from her eyes, and she cast herself with violence upon the bed.

"How, has the brook the fever? is it poisoned?" cried her husband.

"I could bear it no longer," she answered, sobbing. "I have written to my father."

"To your father!"

The word father sounded from his lips as if the man of whom he spoke had been no father to her, and he walked hastily up and down the chamber.

"Should we starve, then?" she continued, her voice interrupted by sobs. "If he knew our misery—if he beheld it once, but once, with his own eyes!—even my step-mother would have compassion. Look, Gotthelf, when he thrust us over his threshold, perhaps he did not mean it so cruelly. He gives a bounty to a seaman who broke his leg in his service."

She spoke slowly, and paused at intervals, expecting that the pastor would interrupt her. He did not utter a word, however, until he was on the point of leaving the house.

"I desire that bounty which comes from God, and from no one else!" he cried in momentary anger.

Misery, sickness, want, had been for a long while inmates of the house. Discord now entered it. They sat morning and evening at their meagre fare without uttering a word, without exchanging a glance. The wintry storm which howled down the chimney, and the crying of their child, these were the only sounds in the desolate dwelling.

The pastor's wife stepped every evening upon the threshold when the carrier from the city passed by, but no letter came for her. She stole back in silence to her chamber, and avoided her husband's glances. They burned no light.

On the following morning the child coughed, and its eyes were red and inflamed. Its frail body trembled when it was touched, and its brow and cheeks were burning hot. The parents watched by turns at its cradle; it grew evidently worse.

"Is your heart touched at last?" she cried, as if in cold mockery, which but ill concealed her inward despair.

It was touched—keenly touched. He wrapped his cloak about him, and rode through storm and wind to fetch a doctor from the distant city.

The animal turned the corner as he was accustomed, and stopped before the shop where the pastor usually purchased such supplies as he needed. It was long since he had called here. Somewhat confused, he was about to urge the beast onward, when the shop-keeper knocked with his brown apron against the window, and then raised the sash.

"Well met, my good pastor. Your account is drawn up, and the balance due for five quarters. If you bring us the money, you come just at the right time; otherwise I have given my lawyer directions about the execution."

"Is not your good wife at home?"

"Dead, dead, good sir, just at the right time! Her indulgence would have burdened the whole neighborhood upon my shoulders. Dead, just at the right time. I can give you no more credit, no longer respite. If all the world will be inundated, and struck with hail, and have the fever, why, I can close my shop and live honestly upon my earnings."

"Your worthy wife was a good"—

"I know what she was. I paid seven hard dollars for her funeral sermon, and I do not care to hear anything more about it. But I must have my money to the last penny; and that you may prepare yourself, I tell you that everything is in train, and the bailiff will knock at your door day after to-morrow. If you are ready to pay to-day, my shop will be open till half past ten, and I will then recall the execution.

The sash was lowered, and the pastor rode on to the doctor's. The latter had just uncorked a bottle of wine as the pastor sent in word that he desired to speak with him.

"That is nothing of consequence," said the doctor, as he stood in the hall with a napkin in his hand, "nothing but a catarrh. Give the child some liquorice, and the cough will mend."

"My good sir, I have not ridden three German miles for mere liquorice."

The doctor picked his teeth, and looked with a shudder upon the storm without, while the father, with anxious minuteness, described the illness of his child.

"A mere infant's ailment."

"Infants, doctor, are God's creatures as well as men."

"Certainly, certainly; but they get along with sickness much more easily. I will prescribe something for you."

"Doctor, you have not seen the little sufferer. I am not one of the profession, but a layman. I may have described the symptoms erroneously. What you prescribe may be poison."

"Pastor, the child is in God's hand, and man's eye and man's arm cannot see and grasp everything."

"But two stout, active horses neigh in your stable yonder, and you yourself are a hale and hearty man."

"I should not be so long were I to ride in such a night across the heath."

"I have ridden hither in this thin cloak."

"True, that would not prevent me. But you, who preach the Word of God, which must also be the word of reason, can you expect me, for the sake of a child a few months old, to neglect a score or two of my old patients? Each one of these knows what his ailment is, and can answer distinctly to my questions. I am acquainted with their diseases, and God has placed their health, I may say their lives, in my hand. I must answer for them. Your child is scarcely yet numbered in the list of the living. Our art has as yet nothing to do with it; it is all chance, and a child is as specially in God's hand as one yet unborn. Are you willing, then, to take the responsibility, if I am called this night to three or four patients whom my skill might perhaps save—are you willing to answer for it, if for the sake of a child, I should absent myself for thirty hours from the sphere to which I am in duty bound? If you will—if you can ask this with a clear conscience, I will go with you."

The pastor made no reply. After a few moments, he received a prescription from the doctor, who promised to stop at his house the following Monday, when making his visits through the country.

The apothecary, with pestle and mortar, pulverised the prescribed powder. Every stroke of the pestle fell heavily upon the heart of the impatient father. He could not read the newspaper which the former had placed before him; the letters swam before his eyes. And still one article fixed his attention. A father, rich in the goods of fortune and in the world's esteem, whose rank was as lofty and whose name was as proud as his own were low and humble, had, by malicious hands, been robbed of his only child. The rich man begged for aid in the journals of all countries; he offered a large reward, and appealed to all kind-hearted men to help him to regain his child. And it was, perhaps, too late!

"Heaven grant that he may find aid!" said the apothecary, as he reached the packet to the pastor.

He now wished to return home in haste, and in his anxiety forgot that the street from the apothecary's to the city gate led him by the door of a house which he always avoided. It was a handsome, stately building, with colored pillars and marble steps. Wood and stone evinced that cleanliness which is only to be found in Holland. The large clear window panes and bronzed knocker upon the door seemed to dread the approach of soiled fingers. He rode by with a beating heart, when again he heard a tap upon the window.

A well-powdered head and round face looked out and cried, "Wait a moment!"

He waited. The window was thrown up, the powdered head appeared again, shining in the beams of the setting sun, and wearing an expression of complete repose, while a large hand threw towards him a sealed letter. "I receive no letters from beggars; tell that at home."

The pastor picked up the letter, and the window was pulled violently down. The face disappeared. It seemed as if the cold evening air had poured out all its chilliness over the large stone building.

Yesternight had been clear, starlight, as the poor pastor rode home, pondering upon the threat of the shop-keeper, with the powder of the conscientious doctor, and the sealed letter of the hard-hearted father in his pocket.

His weary beast stopped at the well known inn; he was obliged to urge it forcibly onward; the apothecary had received his last shilling. He beguiled away his hunger and fatigue by singing a devout hymn, which he repeated at intervals, until the steeple of his church arose before him in the grey dawn.

The door of his house was not locked; no man, no maid welcomed him. He found his poor wife above stairs, exhausted by a night's watching, lying upon the floor near the cradle. Her head alone rested upon the footstool. Approaching death stood written upon the child's forehead. She did not speak; she scarcely pressed the hand which he offered to her. She would not listen to consolation. "It is impossible to be more wretched!" she said.

"And still, Christine," he replied, "we might have expected our misfortunes We might have been prepared for them for some weeks; they do not descend upon us like lightning from a cloudless sky. When in the city, I read of a father who was still more unfortunate than we are. He was a rich lord, whom wicked men had robbed of his only son. The child had disappeared with his nurse, leaving not a trace by which he might be found, and with him vanished the joy and peace of a noble family. Our child, if he dies, will be taken from us by one whose will is not to be gainsayed. He will not be exposed to the corrupting influence of vice He will part from us pure as we received him. This poor boy, whose tender infancy was rocked upon a bed of down, whose soft cheeks no rough breeze might visit, is dragged away by people who before this scarcely ventured to raise their eyes to him. They beat him when he cries. If he is thirsty, they will give him brandy; they will wrap his tender limbs in filthy rags; they will besmear his face with grease and soot, and make his bed upon foul straw in a damp cellar. Christine, the father will find his child dead, perhaps, from misery and want; perhaps some ruthless hand—nay, a still worse fate may await him. When Providence has suffered years to roll away, he may be doubly lost; instead of his innocent boy, the father may find a wretch, an outcast of humanity."

The poor woman had to-day no feeling for another's woe. With a motion of her hand, she waved the comforter away.

The pastor now prepared the powder for his child. He had brought home nothing for his wife, nothing.

"Nothing!" she said, and her glazed eye fell upon the breast-pocket of his now unbuttoned overcoat.

"There is something!" she cried, as she held the letter, her letter, her unsealed letter to her hard-hearted father, in her hands. In silence she read the superscription again and again, as if she could not trust her eyes. She then wept, and screamed, and laughed, and crushed it in her hands.

"Thou art not only a daughter merely; thou art a mother also," said her husband, pointing with an earnest glance towards the cradle.

"I am no longer a daughter!" answered the unhappy woman; "I am no longer a mother!"

He now, for the first time, beheld the words upon the envelope: "I have a daughter no longer. If she will leave her beggarly parson, she may find a place as maid in my kitchen!"

"Why did I follow thee!" she cried, unconscious of herself. The pastor trembled, and since that moment he has not exchanged a word with his lost wife.

(*To be continued.*)

HOPE.

Child of fair promise, gloriously bright,
  Girt with the dazzling hues of light and love,
  That, like a smiling angel from above,
Dost scatter radiance o'er the paths of night,
Winning us, by the magic of thy might,
  To tread those realms where gleamest thou afar,
  The beacon of man's course, his guiding star!
If he should find, when he hath gain'd the height,
  'Twas but a meteor lured him, and that grief
And weariness reward his straining toil,
That barrenness eats up the corrupt soil,—
  Still blissful was the dream, tho' sadly brief;
He finds his joy, when fruitless is the race,
Was in the panting glory of the chase.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR

THROUGH PART OF SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

(*Concluded.*)

Dublin.—Here we are, safe in the metropolis of Ireland, amused and delighted with the beauty of the country, the fertility of the soil, the exuberance of the crops, and the unequivocal demonstrations of prosperity manifest on every side.

Dublin is situated upon a plain, and intersected by the river Liffy. It is a magnificent city, far more splendid than any in Great Britain, excepting London. We had heard much of the grandeur of its public buildings and the general beauty of the city, but both exceeded our expectations. It seemed a curious thing, that so large and splendid a city should be maintained by so small an extent of manufactures and so limited a commerce, and still more curious that the dissolution of her Parliament, the departure of her sceptre, and the voluntary exilement of her nobles, should have left the means of upholding the capital in so much magnificence. Spacious streets and squares, lofty private mansions, a throng of inhabitants, shops filled with goods, and customers, too; the environs presenting fine buildings, with gardens, green-houses, pleasure-grounds, and lawns, in the finest order and beauty, all indicating *opulence*, not *poverty*. No poor man builds a hot-house, or plants a shrubbery. Party spirit may clamor, and religious zeal burn hot, yet no man can travel 150 miles in Ireland, and reach the capital, without being perfectly satisfied that she has no just claim to poverty, especially the northern part, either abstractly or relatively. That there are many poor people is true enough, and so there are in all countries.

Dublin Castle, called generally, by way of distinction, *the Castle*, was the first point to which we directed our attention. Crossing one of the bridges thrown over the Liffy at this point, with a map of Dublin in our hand, for we do like a little independence, especially in a country where there is none, and passing up Westmoreland street to College Green, we came to Dame street, at the head of which, upon a hillock, stands the Castle, the town residence of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. There is nothing but the name about this edifice to indicate a castle. It is a quadrangular building, with an open courtyard in the centre, built of brick, two stories high, and without one point of architectural beauty. The whole is plain as a stable, and if one did not know it was the seat of government and the residence of the Court, would be taken for soldiers' barracks. Returning towards the river, we had a fine view of the University, an extensive building. Nearly opposite, fronting College Green, stands the National Bank, the once proud seat of the Irish Parliament. Through the kindness of a friend we were permitted to examine the interior of this noble building. The part which was occupied by the House of Lords is still preserved as it was previous to the Act of Union. The other apartments are fitted and appropriated to accommodate the banking establishment. The edifice is upon the grandest scale of magnificence.

We continued our walk upon the southern bank of the Liffy until we reached the bridge of George the Fourth; crossing which, we found ourselves near the entrance of Phenix Park, to the front of which we were directing our steps. We inquired the distance through the Park, and were informed it was seven miles, and that there was to be a review of the troops that afternoon.

Fatigued with a long walk, and desirous of seeing everything worth seeing, we chartered a jaunting-car. Let no man who thinks of ever visiting Ireland despise a jaunting-car, for he will surely find it a substitute for an omnibus, hackney coach, cab, and every other mode of conveyance that he ever heard of, or ever will hear of. The day was remarkably fine, the air fresh and balmy, and the sun tempered his heat to enhance our enjoyment. As we jaunted along the beautiful park, we passed upon our right the Vice Regal Lodge, the summer residence of the Lord Lieutenant, with a southern aspect and a fine view, the mountains of Wicklow rising gently in the distance—a place where one would think his lordship might make himself very comfortable, if the weight of the Irish government press not too heavily upon his shoulders. We were soon jaunted into the centre of the park, surrounded by large bodies of troops, manœuvering in all directions. There were few spectators. In London, tens of thousands would have been collected upon a similar occasion. Perhaps not, if the sceptre of England were in the hands of Ireland, and a Vice Regent from Dublin swayed the destinies of England. We fancied we could see the harp of Erin hanging upon the willows.

So soon as the Irish army, consisting of artillery, cavalry, and foot (Scotch, English, and Irish), was formed, and commenced marching, we took our stand directly opposite the Lord Lieutenant and his staff. The troops were all in the highest possible order, perfectly equipped, disciplined, and appointed, presenting a spectacle of military splendor as gratifying as it was unexpected.

A curious circumstance arrested our notice. There were herds of deer feeding in different parts of the park, but we remarked one in particular, a fine dun-colored buck, playing familiarly in the midst of the Highland regiment, some time before the troops were formed for review. We spoke to the driver: "How tame that buck is. It is most extraordinary that he should remain one moment in the midst of the troops." "Truly, your honor, he always follows the Highland regiment." We thought the driver was planting a little Irish upon our credulity. The regiment marched off, and the buck with it, and took its position previous to the review. Soon after the review commenced, the Highland regiment came up in its turn, and there was the buck, sure enough, with his head up, and his wide-spread antlers nodding to the melody of the music which surrounded him. As the band of music attached to each regiment wheeled off as it came abreast of the Vice Regent, until the regiment had passed, and then fell into the rear, the buck wheeled too, which brought him alongside of our car, so that we could put our hand upon him, and there he stood licking one of the instruments upon which the musicians were playing. When the regiment had passed, the buck fell into the rear with the band of music, and marched off the field in the most gallant and majestic style.

The following day we visited the Linen Hall, the great mart for the staple manufacture of Ireland. It is of vast extent, occupying a space of nearly three acres, and containing 557 rooms.

The Law Courts, generally called the Four Courts, is a splendid building, and viewed from the quay on the south side of the river, has a most imposing effect. We do not know of any building in Europe, for the accommodation of the law department of government, that bears any comparison with this noble edifice. It was constructed at an expense of a million of dollars, and therefore ought to make some show for the money. The design, the architecture, and the situation all combine to give effect, and the object is not lost. The Court of Chancery, Kings Bench, Common Pleas, Exchequer, Rolls, Hanaper, Remembrance, &c., &c., all have ample accommodation, and the concentration of the various departments of the law gives great facilities to business. It is a law emporium, a national magazine of right and wrong.

The Royal Exchange, Post Office, and Custom-house are all of the first order, and by no means in keeping with the limited extent of the commerce of the city. The trade of Dublin is a coasting trade. These superb buildings would betray the mind into a belief that Dublin embraces half the commerce of the globe.

We proceeded next to Kildare street, in which is situated the Royal Dublin Society. The building occupied by the society, formerly the palace of the Duke of Leicester, is a beautiful edifice, with a spacious court-yard. Although not a regular day for the admission of the public, yet, being strangers, we were permitted to view the library, chemical theatre and laboratory, museum of natural curiosities, &c., &c., with the whole of which, and the arrangement, order, cleanliness, and civility, we were highly gratified.

The whole of this day was spent in the south-east quarter of Dublin, and nothing that we saw gave us so high an idea of the opulence of this magnificent city as the objects presented to our view during this day's wanderings. But we must take leave of Ireland, not without indulging the hope of seizing an opportunity, at some future period, of visiting the south and west of this most interesting, abused country. J. S.

THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY C. W. B.

It is a strange and solemn thing to stand
Where Past and Future meet, and gaze upon
The clouds which cover that mysterious land
Whose light and darkness are alike unknown;
And then to look upon the moments flown
Beyond our reach, whose hopes and joys are sped,
Whose hours of gladness are for ever gone,
While o'er the path through which our steps were led
We view the hallowed spot where we have laid our dead

Yet it is well to pause awhile, and count
The mingled joys and sorrows of the Past;
And stand like Moses, who from Pisgah's mount
Upon the Promised Land a glance could cast,
Knowing that storm and tempest cannot last
Beyond the will of Him whose steady hand
Guides us thro' life to glories unsurpass'd,
To bliss that mortals cannot understand,
And to that day which dawns upon the Better Land.

What joys unsought, what sufferings unimproved,
What blessings undeserved, what gifts abused!
What showers of mercy on my heart unmoved!
What hours of grace unprofited, misused!
How oft my wandering spirit has refused
To hear the whispers of that still small voice
That offered gifts more plenteously diffused,
And hopes more bright, the guerdons of that choice
Which seeks in higher worlds for more enduring joys!

What have I done, my God, that on my path
Blessings so numberless should still be spent,
Till it doth seem that all thy mercy hath
In store for others is unto me lent;
Though I, a sinful worm, so oft have blent
E'en with devotion, sin and misery,
While hours of grace, unheeded, came and went,
And oft in wonder have I cried to thee:
"What have I done, my God, that thou dost such to me!"

THE TWO NEIGHBORS.

BY A. O. S.

There were no pleasanter abodes in the little New England village of Woodhill, than two which lay, as they should, morally speaking, opposite each other, in the centre of this quiet little town. 'Tis true, both had not the same attractions, and yet the stranger, as he loitered by, involuntarily paused a moment to imbibe the sweet images of rural beauty and comfort they both awakened in his mind; and it would not be strange, as he passed the neat, but somewhat time-worn, dwelling of farmer Howell, if he should covet still another glance at the sunny-browed and rosy-cheeked damsel who sat at the open window of a bright summer's afternoon, busily plying her needle, or perhaps braiding a straw hat for the little brother, who, meanwhile, read aloud, as was the custom in this time-saving community, subject to his sister's correction, some useful and instructive book. There was a quiet aspect of contentment and peace in the little maiden's eye, as she thoughtfully raised it, while the passer's foot trod lightly the green sward before the gate, and then let it fall again tranquilly on her work, which gave a fresher charm to the pleasant domicil of which she was the pride and blessing, and which suited well its general air of snug repose. The house stood at a short distance from the street, and was partially concealed by the sweeping foliage of two venerable elms; the smooth, grassy lawn which partly surrounded it was dotted with shrubbery and fruit trees, which gave full promise of good things to come; while in the rear lay a well-arranged garden, which it was Susan's especial province to superintend. The air of perfect neatness in the front was in keeping with the premises in the rear; barns and outbuildings always in repair; everything betokening that honest farmer Howell was well to do in the world, and meant to keep so. And so he had been, till unfortunately at the period this little sketch of my old neighbors commences. His happy household were thrown somewhat out of their calm routine of life, by the tidings of the elder son's bankruptcy in New York, and the consequent loss of their comfortable homestead, which the rather ambitious father had given as security to his son's partner for large amounts advanced to him. After the first bursts of grief had subsided, that the home which had descended to him from his fathers must now go into stranger's hands, the good man submissively bowed to his allotment, and looking about for the future, thanked Heaven that no greater trouble had befallen him.

Within doors you could perceive no diminution of activity or cheerful bustle. The old grandmother brought her chair a trifle nearer to the window, to aid the sight, which a few natural tears had dimmed, in deciphering more readily the blessed pages which had been her guide, and was "*his*" before her, to the other land; while good, bustling Mrs. Howell, having just dispensed with her "help," was up to her elbows in the numerous duties now devolving upon her—but not unaided, for, with the same placid brow, which bespoke, as ever, the cheerful, loving heart, her only daughter now more than ever busied herself, as occasion prompted, in every little menial office which could lighten her mother's heavy cares, esteeming every duty a delight in such a service. How thankful now was this worthy matron that she had trained her child to every species of domestic effort, and that each day she had demanded of her the performance of those active efforts, which would inure her to any destiny, however arduous, that might await her. Susan Howell had never known what it was to while away the listless hours in idleness; every day had its duties, and every hour was met by its fulfilmeut. No small part of the household linen was the product of her loom. She spun the stocking yarn, and helped her grandmother to knit it, braided her own and the straw hats for the family, raised the chickens, cultivated the finest flowers with all the zeal of an amateur, assisted in raising vegetables to send to the nearest market town, surpassed her mother in the mysteries of the pastry and pudding line; and when to these, and other accomplishments too numerous to mention, we add that she found time at home or at school for the study of ancient and modern history, mathematics, and all the branches of a good English education, with no mean acquaintance with French and Latin, we may well say that Susan H. had no idle, and consequently no dull hours Her wise father had assured her that in cultivating her mind she was laying up resources not only for her future happiness, but fitting herself for a higher position than a mere mistress of the useful and homely acts, to take her place one day among the matrons of the land, to cast her weight into the balance for the best good of the community where she might dwell. Does my reader ask, and how did she accomplish so much, and still preserve the rose of health and the sunny smile of a light heart? We answer, by paying due deference to the wise adage, "take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves," and by acquiring *habits* which made employment natural to her, often saving half her time by an early and systematic arrangement of the whole.

So lightly and so gaily had time bore her on to her nineteenth summer, that Susân had scarcely time to dream her childhood had passed away, till awakened to the more serious cares ot life by her father's misfortunes. As these cares now fell more heavily upon her, she bestirred herself to greater diligence, and resolutely denied herself her prolonged enjoyment of her books and flowers, and time gleaned from them she found fully adequate to other emergencies. It was well, perhaps, she had no time for personal regrets, or she might have missed the visits she had began to anticipate of the newly arrived young physician, who, somehow, had discovered the vine-clad portico at farmer Howell's at once the brightest and shadiest resort of an evening which the village of Woodhill afforded. We read not men's motives, gentle reader, but, for some reason, when the autumn frosts had begun to rob the little porch of its drapery, the visits, which had been gradually less frequent, ceased altogether, and in the abundance of occupation Susan soon forgot she had one pleasure the less.

Not long after farmer Howell had resolved his anxious cogitations into the decision, when the crops were in to set off with Susan to provide a home in the far off land of prairies and fair promises, preparatory to the removal of his family there, little Willie ran in from school one day with the exclamation, "Did you know, Sue, that 'tis all settled, and Peggy Carson is going to marry Dr. Brooks? Mrs. Carson told Mrs. Armstrong, as I just heard Mrs. Armstrong tell Miss Jewett on the cross-walk, and they say they're all mightily tickled about it. Eh! there'll be more show than substance, he'll find, I guess, when he gets her; and this is the reason, I suppose, they've both quit here." Mrs. Howell involuntarily turned her keen eye on her daughter, but was abundantly reassured, as, displaying two snowy rows of pearls, Susan laughingly reproved her brother, and told him 'twas the fashion, she had heard, for lovers to be exclusive. "Ah, Sue," rejoined the urchin, "you needn't pretend you don't *know* as much about that as Peg Carson. You've had more beaux already than you could shake a stick at—one to every ten of hern." "Hern!" gravely repeated Susan. "Well, if it ain't grammar, it's all truth, and not all the truth either, for there isn't a man deserves you anywhere; besides, I want you myself;" and with a rough squeeze, which would have sadly discomposed a fashionable lady, the rude but loving boy covered her rosy face with kisses. But it is time we look in at neighbor Carson's.

Holding up its head a little higher than any of its fellows, with not quite the cool, shaded, homelike appearance of the farmer's opposite, stood the more pretending new white house of James Carson, and by its side, half hid by trees, was "the store," next to the "meeting-house and tavern" the most important edifice in the place. The house had a comfortable and inviting appearance, or the hand of taste could soon have made it so; and to make it the biggest and showiest in Woodhill had James Carson toiled and drudged for more than twenty years, and great indeed was the satisfaction of both mother and daughter when, two years before its completion, they emerged from the "old hole," as Mrs. C. elegantly termed her late residence, to take possession.

Of course, "the store" was the *omnium gatherum* of all the humbler wants of life; but to Miss Peggy's view, its greatest advantage was that here she could have her first selection of chintzes and ribbons, for the adornment of her pretty person and the outrivalling of all her female acquaintance. Like Susan Howell, she was an only daughter, and when she should have been at school, sowing the seeds for a future harvest of sense and virtue, or learning lessons of domestic economy from her hard-working but misjudging mother, she might be seen by all the village gossips, who daily congregated on the bench before the door, rummaging the boxes and drawers for something new and pretty to wear, and not seldom placing herself before the little mirror at the back of the shop, to see how they became her; or cramming herself with dried fruits and sugar plums, to which she had always free access. In due time, when her father's gains had increased, he sent her for a year to a boarding school; at the expiration of which time, her education completed, he procured her a second-hand piano, on which she practised the little music she had learned at school. Thus prepared for the duties of life, the weak mother already saw in perspective the "right sort of match" for her daughter. A "professional young man he must be," she whispered when the more common sense father was not by; "none of your farmers or shopkeepers, but a gentleman!" to which, nothing loath, the young lady consented, but partially concealing, however, to what extent she had acted on these suggestions, in a growing contempt for her father not only, but for the mother who had taught her to despise him. The months wore away, and Peggy Carson congratulated herself she had not sent to N. S. in vain for the French hat and mode dress on the arrival of Dr. Brooks, although for some weeks mighty events wavered in the scale, as every effort to entice him from across the street proved ineffectual. The day, however, which frowned adversely on farmer Howell spoke hope to the Carsons, and the summer wore away with promise of the envied tidings they hoped to announce by early autumn, which announcement has already come before our readers. In prospect of the merry wedding-day, we leave the happy, because envied, Carsons, while we pass over the few succeeding years and look in again upon our friends, the Howells, once more in prosperous circumstances, with losses fully retrieved, and prospects none the less joyous for their past hopeful endurance of calamities and privations. Five years of toil and hardship, during part of which time Susan had undertaken the onerous charge of a large school in a neighboring town, had given an air of deeper meaning to her fine countenance, but had robbed it of no youthful grace, or traced one wrinkle on her snowy brow. She was in the full prime of her loveliness, the idol of a large circle of friends, and the next day to become the wife of a man whose distinguished talents and estimable character have since ranked him among the most influential of our western men.

A touching scene was that which the soft burning lamp presented to us the evening of our return to the Howells. Time had neither diminished or greatly changed the worthy group; all were assembled around the cheerful ingle, father, mother, the old grandmother, and brother, all enjoying together for the last time, in the spacious parlor of their new frame-house, the satisfaction of feeling it was their united exertions which had afforded to their parents so pleasant and comfortable a home, but all saddened by the thought that the first separation was now to take place. It was almost too trying for poor Susan when her father drew her, as in childhood, to him; and while the big tears chased each other down his cheek, he said in a low tone, and struggling to compose himself, "'Tis very, very hard to give up my Susan, my only one." Then, seeing how ill she could bear it, he turned to to Mr. F., and blessing them both, thanked God that their mutual prospects were so promising, while the answering tear which glistened in the fine eye of his son-in-law seemed both manly and appropriate. And most fully, in all after life did the latter make good the promise of his life's devotion to the best good of the treasured gift; and, we may add, never, among the great or the gay, where their lot was cast, did the proud and happy husband have occasion to blush for the modest farmer's daughter, whose well improved, but moderate intellectual advantages, had well fitted her for the highest circles of our country, where mind competes with mind, and whose lovely and gentle feminine graces have enlisted all hearts in her favor.

On the morning following, as a carriage waited at the door to convey them a part of the way on their journey to W., our old friend Willie, now a noble, manly fellow, announced a letter from Woodhill, which, among other news, mentioned the confirmed intemperate habits of Dr. Brooks, the not uncommon result of habits of extravagance, which had already made great inroads on the property of his father-in-law, who found too late, in the idle and worthless character of his daughter, that most surely as "the twig is bent the tree's inclined," and that, to make home happy or prosperous, a woman must be educated for that purpose in habits of usefulness and industry, and to untiring efforts of moral and

CHARACTER OF JEZABEL, QUEEN OF ISRAEL.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

THE name of Jezabel has descended as the most opprobrious epithet which can be applied to a woman. Little did the proud and haughty queen who bore it imagine what an offence and reproach it would become to future ages, to unknown lands, and to unborn nations. Well had it been for her memory had her life been recorded by a less impartial pen than that of the inspired historian. Modern writers have more successfully treated the characters of those who, like Jezabel, have distinguished themselves by resisting the truth and by persecuting those who embrace it. Such would have told us of her beauty, her talents, her high descent, her womanly grace, her queenly dignity, her fond remembrance of her native land, her deep devotion to the poetic and captivating worship of her childhood. We should have heard of the high spirit with which she stimulated her husband, the courage and energy with which she sustained him, the wise and judicious policy by which she guided him.

A little coloring from the imagination, a bold denial of uncomfortable though well accredited facts, sufficient extenuation and palliation of the darker features of her character, a delicious blending of the sunlight of admiration with the rose-colored hues of sentiment and romance, had transformed Jezabel, the cruel, unholy, vile idolatress, into a model of feminine loveliness, the patroness of taste, liberality and refinement, opposed and persecuted by narrow-minded bigots, intolerant and superstitious fanatics.

The worship of Syria, the most corrupt and the most fascinating of all the varied systems of ancient heathenism, with its groves and altars, its music and sculpture, the encouragement it gave to the fine arts, the charms it offered to the imagination, and the softening, refining influences ever claimed for such systems, would have been glowingly contrasted with the rigid ceremonial, the strict requirements, the contracted spirit, and the mystical worship of the temple; and the name at the memory of the Queen of Israel, have been so treated that, although we feel that there was something to pity, we could hardly blame when there was so much to admire.

The altars Jezabel erected have long since crumbled into dust. The priests who flattered and obeyed her have perished, and left no memorial. Not one stone of her palace is to be found in that vast and beautiful plain, which was enriched with her blood. The record of Holy Writ alone perpetuates her remembrance. By a few strokes of the pen, a few touches of the pencil, she has been faithfully and fully delineated, and she now stands in bold relief before us. We seem still to see her flashing eye, her regal gait, her haughty demeanor, and all the workings of pride and craft, of voluptuousness and ambition on her dark Asiatic brow, and on her faded but still beautiful features.

Talented and ambitious, artful, cruel, and licentious, guilty of crimes which excite our abhorrence, possessing qualities which compel our admiration, such was Jezabel, as the historian of Israel has described her. And how sublime is the strict verity of the Word of God, and its duration, as contrasted with the days or the works of man. Israel has long since vanished from the nations of the earth, and the people of Ahab, still sought, are not to be found Judah is a people scattered and peeled; but Jezebel and Elijah, Ahab and Naboth, are still with us, living, breathing, speaking. We bow before the stern prophet; we despise the weak and vicious king, and turn from the impious and hardened queen to Naboth, as he confronted his false accusers, and invoked the justice of heaven, when he met his doom, and stained with his blood the spot which was hereafter to drink that of his destroyers. The religious creed of the Israelites ("Hear, oh! Israel, the Lord thy God is but one God,") was the great bond of their national union. There was but one altar for the appointed worship of the nation. As one people, the tribes were to assemble together at the place where the Lord had put his name, and there unite in sacrifice and adoration. With great wisdom every regulation had been made at once to separate the people of Israel from the surrounding heathen, and to unite them as brethren. Acknowledging a common origin, frequently meeting to commemorate the great events of their national history, worshipping one God, and sacrificing at one altar, had they not departed from Jehovah, hardly would it have been possible to have perpetuated any national disunion; and that adherence to the God of their fathers, to which so many blessings were promised, afforded the most effectual security for their national prosperity. When the tribes were rent asunder, idolatry was established, more from policy than superstition, by Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, "who taught the children of Israel to sin." It became the settled national policy of the kings of Israel to foster and encourage an idolatrous system of worship, thus preventing the resort of the tribes to the temple, and the more effectually alienating them from their brethren of Judah.

Judah often departed from Jehovah, and many of her monarchs forgot him, "and went and served other gods;" but of all the kings of Israel, without exception, it is written, "And he did *evil* in the sight of the Lord." They were all idolators. But of Ahab, the son of Omri, the king of Israel, it is written that "he did more to provoke the God of Israel than all that were before him." He pursued the same course of policy which had been marked out by his predecessors, when he married a heathen wife, the daughter of a heathen king, and he sought and found in her an efficient coadjutress. She was a Sidonian, a native of one of the most ancient, wealthy, and refined cities of the world; early initiated into the rites, and deeply imbued with the spirit of the most corrupt of all the systems of iniquity ever devised to gratify the passions and to soothe the consciences of the depraved and unholy—a religion of imagination, sensuality, and cruelty—an alliance more constant than the advocates of a religion of the senses willingly allow. Hardened as was Ahab, there seems still to have clung to him some remains of reverence for the religion of his fathers, the institutions of his country. He could not forget all recollection of the past; he could not resist all the present evidence; but Jezabel was as free from all scruple as she was devoid of all principle.

She brought to the throne of Israel all the predilections of early life; and superstition, inclination, policy, and ambition, all urged her to establish the worship of Baal, and to exterminate the religion of Jehovah. Thus she was admirably formed to promote the designs and policy of her husband, while she possessed all the constancy, energy, and power which belong to minds of a high order, which lead to greatness, and which fit for crime. She never faltered or hesitated as she pursued her object. She witnessed, unmoved and unawed, miracles of judgment and of mercy. She saw, unpitying, a land consumed by drought, a people perishing from famine; and when the parched earth drank the shower form heaven, although she rejoiced, she did not give thanks. When the prophet visited Ahab, the king quailed at his rebuke, and trembled at the denunciations of divine wrath. Jezabel answered his reproof by threats, and her menances drove Elijah from the altar where he had triumphed. She is indeed the Lady Macbeth of Sacred Writ; bold, daring, resolute, and goading onward in his career of crime her weaker and more timid husband. She was as politic as unscrupulous. She adhered to all the forms of law when she wrought out the ruin and death of Naboth, and took possession of his lands. While she unhesitatingly murdered the prophets of Jehovah, she forgot not man's need of some religion, and she used every art to allure the children of Israel to join in the worship she had introduced. She erected altars on every hill, and her groves resounded with voluptuous music, while the song and the dance attracted the sons and daughters of Israel, until they were fully initiated into all the orgies of Baal and Ashtaroth (the Venus of Syria): and glad to forget or regard as a fable that part of their national history which recorded the punishment of their excesses in former years, they apostatized from Jehovah, and sank into the corruption and debasement of the surrounding heathen The commands of God are never arbitrary. His laws are always intended to promote the happiness of his creatures. It is only the violation which brings sorrow. The worship which he required, and the laws he gave, were adapted to secure the happiness and promote the well-being of his people; while the idolatry fostered by Jezabel produced a corruption of manners and morals which inevitably led to national ruin. The religion of Baal was most polluting—its rites most corrupt and unholy; and it was the more heaven-daring and heaven-defying, because the children of Israel had been so signally punished when they were allured into the same sins by the daughters of Moab. No human language is sufficient; even the energetic denunciations of the prophet seem to fail in expressing the loathing with which the God of purity viewed these licentious rites, and the deep abhorrence of her who thus polluted herself, corrupted her people, and destroyed her nation. Yet many messengers did he send to reprove and admonish the guilty queen, and many miracles of judgment and mercy were wrought to convince and reclaim her and her people; and after he left Jezabel and Ahab to consummate their iniquity, often did he appear to vindicate his name, to cheer the hearts, and to answer the prayers of the few who still trusted and obeyed him. The history of Israel is replete with sad interest. While it shows the certain ruin which follows the corruption of nations, it likewise displays much of the forbearance and mercy of Jehovah. As we retrace his dealings with the house of Ahab and the people of Israel, we are reminded of Him who, ages after, wept over Jerusalem, and exclaimed, "Oh! if thou hadst known in this thy day the things which belong to thy peace! but now are they for ever hid from thy eyes.

An impure and faithless wife, publicly branded by the prophet, yet Jezabel well understood and sedulously practised the arts and blandishments which secure the influence of corrupt and unholy women over weak and unprincipled men, and the story of Naboth fully illustrates her character. "Why is thy spirit so sad?" she said, with the watchful care of a tender wife. "Dost thou govern Israel? Arise and be merry, for I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth, the Israelite." And from the days of Jezabel to these, how many of the acts of the most atrocious wickedness which disgrace the annals of mankind are to be traced to the influence of unholy women! While Jezabel is a true type of the class she represents—of women artful, able, ambitious, and unprincipled—she may with little disadvantage be compared to many of the most celebrated women of ancient and modern days. There are queens, not of barbarous Asia, but of refined and Christian Europe, in whose memories rest even darker stains than those which darken the name of the Queen of Israel. Larger possessions than that of the vineyard of Naboth have been coveted and obtained by perjury and blood, and few modern courts would condemn the principles or the policy by which the monarchs of Israel attempted to consolidate and perpetuate their kingdom. In the estimation of the profane historian, greatness sanctifies crime, and those who fill the high places of this world are regarded as exempt from the requirements and restrictions of the laws of God. In the Word of God his authority is ever paramount; one standard of unerring rectitude is recognized. Jezabel has been weighed in the balance of the sanctuary. She is displayed in the pure light of truth, without any of the bright-reflected tints and softened shadows which would have fallen on her, had she been placed in a modern gallery. Judged by the same rules, she will well compare with others of her rank, and the whole circle of "*illustrious female sovereigns*," with very few exceptions, may rise to meet and welcome her coming, and say unto her, "Thou art indeed one of us." High is the difference between them. She has been already judged according to the word and laws of God. They are awaiting their verdict. A time is rapidly approaching in which the false estimate of this world will be set aside, and the same rules shall be applied to all. The pen of the inspired historian shows us the connection between the crimes of Jezabel and the destruction of her family, and traces the corruption, and dispersion, and national extinction of Israel to the wicked and crafty policy of her rulers. Modern history has not yet been so written; but even the most unobservant eye is often forced to notice God's retributive justice in his dealings with nations.

Nor do we see the Queen of Israel as she appeared to her contemporaries. The justice of heaven was long delayed, and after the doom of the house of Ahab was sealed, many years were allowed to intervene before the sentence was executed. God had given them up to destruction, and each day drew them nearer their fate; but outward prosperity attended them. The King of Judah acknowledged the independence and sought the alliance of Israel, and the pious Jehoshaphat visited the guilty Ahab, enjoyed the hospitalities of the court of Israel, and probably fascinated by art and beauty, gave his son in marriage to a daughter of that idolatrous house, who seems to have inherited all the wickedness and the talent of her mother, and the captive king of Syria must have done homage to the splendor and grace of her who sat on the throne of Israel. We think of her as bronzed with guilt and stained with shame, a monster of cruelty. Her own age saw her presiding over a splendid court, encouraging the arts, and by her example and influence introducing a taste for the luxuries and elegancies of Tyre and Sidon among the rustic husbandmen of Israel. We think of her as an old, withered beldam. We forget that she came a youthful princess to share the throne of Israel; that she knew the joys and sorrows of maternity; that children hung upon her breasts, and the fingers of infancy were twined around the hands we view as only blood-stained. She is now held up to contempt and execration. There was doubtless an hour in which poets sang of her, and courtiers flattered her, and warriors did her homage, and statesmen sought her counsel. It is well—well to remember how fleeting is the homage of this world, and how frequently one age reverses the sentence of the preceding.

There is not a more striking passage in the Word of God than that which records the visit of Elijah to the guilty monarch as he returned from his first visit to his ill-got possession. And Ahab conscience-smitten and overawed trembled and confessed, but neither repented nor restored. While Jezabel seems to have been left as entirely reprobate, and she may have rejoiced in an exemption which proved that for her there remained no more mercy. How often has the tragedy of Naboth been repeated even within a few centuries. How many have been accused of blaspheming God and the King, of heresy and crime, falsely tried and condemned and executed to gratify those who have coveted their wealth and honors. While we see that human nature is still the same, let us remember that the God of Israel changeth not, and that at all periods, and in all nations, such crimes are viewed by him with abhorrence, and that a certain retribution awaits their authors.

Jezabel long survived her husband, and prosperity and such honors as attend the prosperous were hers. She was the daughter, the wife, the mother of kings. Her son ruled Israel; her daughter sat on the throne of more royal Judah. She dwelt in royal state at Jezreel, and enjoyed possessions obtained by the deepest crimes. Jehoshaphat was gathered to his fathers, and the King of Syria perished by the hand of his servant, and Elijah was translated to Heaven, but Jezabel still lived, and although occasional miracles attested the presence of Jehovah, she continued to harden herself in idolatry. Ahariah bowed before the gods of his "father and his mother," but Jehoram returned to the worship of Jeroboam, and the court of Israel was so utterly given to idolatry as apparently to be unconscious of the existence of the wonder-working prophet Elisha in their land. Although the age of Jezabel was prosperous it could not have been happy. Memory must have recalled past sins and conscience whispered of coming retribution, and the avenging justice of heaven which hung like a dark cloud over her house must have cast its shadow over her spirit.

We may fancy her in her old age, still ambitious, proud, and intriguing—past the season of pleasure, stript of power, without honor and the reverence due to virtuous age, deserted by the tribe of court flatterers, and surrounded by abject and trembling slaves, and remember that a life of crime is never closed by a serene and peaceful age. Her doom was long delayed, the hour of threatened vengeance at length arrived. In one day was the King of Israel dethroned, murdered, and the race of Ahab swept off from the face of the earth. And the last act in the life of Jezabel was worthy of herself, of Jezabel in the days of her power, when she defied the prophet of Israel and the power of Jehovah. She heard of the insurrection of Jehu, the death of Jehoram. The fears of a woman, the feelings of a mother found no place in her heart. In the hour of terror and death, the pride and daring of her nature still prevailed. She forgot neither the proprieties due to her rank, and the embellishment necessary for her person. With the pride of one who had seen kings at her feet, she "painted her face, and tied her head," and then haughtily presenting herself before the murderer of her son and the usurper of his throne, she uttered the threat which she knew would madden him—and by the hands of her own servants was she dashed to the ground, and the chariot of the destroyer of her race passed over her, while the troop of the horses trampled her into the dust.

The crimes of Jezabel are peculiar to her rank, and the age in which she lived—her sins are common to our nature. She sinned so greatly because she so determinately resisted the truth, attended as it was with every demonstration of evidence and power, and her offence was increased, and her own heart hardened in proportion to the light she rejected, the power she resisted. She defied the commands of Jehovah because they interfered with her inclination and her interests. She refused to believe because she had resolved not to obey—and as nothing so sears the conscience, hardens the heart, perverts the mind as a resistance of the truth and a reckless defiance, a presumptive disregard of the commands and providences of God, so, while at no period of their national history was the power of Jehovah more fully displayed than during the reign of Ahab and his sons, and never did her rulers attain a height of more heaven-daring wickedness, or her people sink into such deep iniquity while with accelerated speed they rushed to destruction.

Few in private life are tempted to commit the crimes of Jezabel, while many who pass on with a fair exterior, may not be guided by higher principles or actuated by purer motives. The age of miracles has passed away. We no longer hearken to "Hear ye the word of the Lord," from the mouth of the stern prophet, but God still speaks to us in his Word, and in his providences, and often do his messengers exclaim, "We then, as ambassadors of the Lord Jesus Christ, beseech, be ye reconciled to God."

And she who refuses to obey the voice of God, to know and to do his will, who liveth in pleasure, and is actuated only by selfishness, pride, and vanity, though she be to "outward seeming," lovely, and attractive in appearance, still in the great features of her character too much resembles the Queen of Israel. "For as face answereth to face in the glass, so doth the heart of man to man."

TO A MOONBEAM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY PHILOS.

Mild lustre of a globe of fire,
What wilt thou have of me, bright ray?
Wilt thou this gloomy breast inspire
With the calm light of heaven's day?

Hast thou come down to me to bear
The secrets of the starry plain,
The mysteries of that country where
Day will soon call thee back again?

Does not some pure and kind design
Impel thee from that heavenly gem?
Comest thou on the sad to shine,
Like a soft beam of hope for them?

Dost thou not point to a clear morn
The weary souls that 'neath thee bend?
O! ray divine, art thou the dawn
Of that bright day which will not end?

My heart is quickened at the sight,
By rapture never felt before;
I think of those who are no more;
Art thou their spirit, gentle light?

THE SNOW-DROP.

BY E. G. WHEELER, M. D.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

"Thou beautiful new comer,
  With white and maiden brow,
Thou fairy gift from summer!
  Why art thou blooming now?
No sweet companion pledges
  Thy health as dew-drops pass;
No rose is on the hedges,
  No violet in the grass;
Thou'rt watching, and thou only,
  Above the earth's snow-tomb;
Thus lovely and thus lonely,
  I bless thee for thy bloom."

SYSTEMATIC name—*Galanthus nivalis;* Class VI., *Hexandria;* Order I., *Monogynia;* Natural Order, *Amaryllideæ.*

Generic Character—Calyx and corol confounded; calyx or outer petals three, superior, concave, regular: nectaries, or inner petals, three, small, emarginate: stigma simple.

Specific Character.—Leaves linear, keeled, acute, radical, with parallel veins: scape one-flowered: flowers with a spathaceous bract: blossoms white, and appear in March and April.

Geography.—Found in the north of Europe, and countries of the same parallel.

Properties—Of the plants found in this natural order, some are stimulant, some emetic, some purgative, some diaphoretic and diuretic, some astringent, and others decidedly poisonous; the poison principally apparent in the viscid juice of the bulbs. Some plants of this order are said to be used by the Hottentots for poisoning their arrow heads.

Remarks.—The generic name is compounded of *γαλα*, milk, and *ανθοσ*, a flower, alluding to the milky whiteness of the blossoms: *nivalis*, snowy, alludes also to its purely white flowers, or perhaps to the time of their approaching.

The Snow-drop is always a welcome visiter, being, among flowers, the first harbinger of spring. Old Boreas yet bellows over the chimney-tops and whistles through the casement—the hoar-frost weaves her fantastic figures on the lawn—white plumes occasionally descend from the frowning cloud—the blue-bird's song is yet feeble and melancholy—the icicle still decorates the eaves—the sun's rays, struggling through the frozen vapors of the atmosphere, shed a faint and gloomy light over the fields, and man sympathises with saddened nature around him—when suddenly his heart is cheered by the appearance of this delicate flower, smiling amidst the frost and general gloom. The circumstance of its early appearance has given it the name of *Perce-neige* with the French, and Snow-drop with us.

Lone flower, hemmed in with snows, and white as they,
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day, by day,
Storms, sallying from the mountain tops, waylay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend,
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend,
Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils, their odors lavishing
On the soft west wind, and his frolic peers;
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste Snow-drop, venturous harbinger of spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years!
WORDSWORTH.

Sentiment.—Consolation.

When life's stormy winds blow high,
  Then how sweet it is to know
Some congenial heart is nigh,
  That can feel for others' woe—
That can all our griefs beguile—
  The desponding spirit cheer;
Light the peaceful, happy smile;
  Gently wipe the falling tear.

"THERE ARE STORMS ON LIFE'S DARK WATERS."

FANCY generally sketches her pictures in light; or, at least, so disposes the sunshine and shadow, as to form one harmonious blending, which we love to contemplate. The pencilings of truth are more deeply and darkly drawn, too frequently, alas! without any cheering ray, save that which the lone star of hope throws out, as a beacon, amid the surrounding gloom. Thus, again and again, when imagination has been revelling in some scene of repose, on the wide sea of human life, the finishing stroke of stern reality, would reveal in the distance a cloud like to a man's hand, or a billow bounding onward, bearing the wreck of joys, which just before seemed destined for cloudless skies and placid waters. Such were the musings suggested by that poetically beautiful, but mournfully true sentiment, "there are storms on life's dark waters."

I see childhood, innocent childhood, beside a font which bears on its bosom a toy ship, gently guided in its movements by the influence of a magnet. As he gazes on that, which he would fain believe to be the effects of his own skill, he dreams not of the wintry day that will congeal those tiny waves, nor of the cloud that, sooner or later, will mantle in darkness the sunny sky reflected there; but truth says, even to laughing childhood, "there are storms on life's dark waters."

On a lake, where

> "The silver light with quivering glance
> Played o'er the waters still expanse,"

a light skiff is gliding. Thoughtless Youth is there, lulled into forgetfulness by the soft ripplings of the tide, that is bearing his fragile bark onward. Yonder vista is the opening to a deeper channel and more dangerous waves; but he, all absorbed with the present, thinks not of an adverse wind or reflux tide. Shuddering, I turned away, for it needeth not a prophetic eye to discern, that ere long, he will prove that "there are storms on life's dark waters."

Manhood, as thou standest by that gallant prow, why is thy countenance stern, and thy brow knit with the indications of rebellious thought? Is there no music in the pensive wailings of the wind through the set sails and tightened cordage? Why dost thou tremble at the lightning's flash, and why art thou silent when the thunders roar? Of what are they the harbingers, that thou should'st long for a hiding-place? Oh! he knows that it is the dark spirits of the tempest that are marshalling the elements against him, and soon he is to experience, that "there are storms on life's dark waters."

Yonder vessel has cast anchor; Age is reclining there, regardless of the helm that has safely guided his once stately, but now weather-beaten, bark, so near its final resting-place; its "silver cords" are loosening, the sails flap idly to the winds, and but one more mandate will echo through them, THAT will consign all to oblivion. What do the rent sails and splintered masts tell of? What voice have those creaking beams, and sundering planks? What do the dirge-like sounds of the waves closing over them proclaim? All, all, give back one answer, "there are storms on life's dark waters."

Childhood, Youth, Manhood, Age, venture not on the ocean of life without a heavenly pilot, a sacred compass, an anchor cast within the veil, and a passport to the haven of rest beyond, for, "there are storms on life's dark waters."

E. M. K.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

Prejudices against Poetry.—There are persons, whose opinions on many subjects are entitled to respect, who seem to entertain very unworthy and erroneous notions of the nature and objects of poetry. They place it in the same category with the most idle fictions. They suppose that, from its very nature, it gives wrong views and raises false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. The late Dr. Channing, in that eloquent paper on Milton, which gave its author a world-wide reputation, thus meets this prejudice, in a passage which our readers cannot but thank us for transcribing: "That there is a wisdom against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thraldom of this earth-born prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry, as abounding in illusion and deception, is, in the main, groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry the letter is falsehood, but the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in the delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labours and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not only prosaic, precise, tame, and finite; to the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joys of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire; these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys."

The Old Year and the New Year.—We have accompanied our readers to the close of another of the years of our pilgrimage, and the commencement of a new. We cannot but avail ourselves of the occasion to recollect for our common benefit, that it is wise to talk with our past hours, and prudent to enter thoughtfully upon the uncertainties of a future, which, as it unveils itself and discloses its aspects and allotments, may deeply affect the readers of these pages, as well as the hand that prepares them. We have read of a lofty mountain in Switzerland, from the top of which the shadow of the traveller is thrown by the setting sun far into the distance on the one side, and by the rising sun far into the distance on the other, so that, looking from this craggy and cloud-crowned pinnacle, he may see his own outline, his shadowy form floating on mist and vapor midway between earth and heaven. On such a pinnacle we seem to stand, when an Old Year merges in the Past, and a New opens the portals of the Future. Far, far away, hovering over the mists and dim distances of the past, our own image rises, and is held suspended, fixed, while all beneath and around is floating; palpable and distinctly defined, while all things else are melting into one another, and dissolving into chaos. And if we look to the Future, and strain the eye to catch glimpses of its forthcoming realities, or strive with the ear to detect some distinct utterance amid the confusion of its sounds, which like the mysterious, sad moanings of the sea-shell, awaken curiosity—the only distinct thing that stands forth is the shadow of ourselves, the only clear utterance that strikes the listening ear is the echo of our own. In few words, it is our own character which gives character and interest to to the past and future. If our own souls be dark, polluted, and vile, our past is veiled in darkness, and our future is without sunshine or beauty—a region of clouds and storms. There is a power and a principle which can cover the hideous blackness of the past, and throw serene calms, and beams of soft and holy light into all futurity. Need we tell the readers of the Christian Parlor Magazine what we must do and be, in order to secure oblivion for years departed and blessedness for years to come?

Loss of the Steamer Atlantic.—No afflictive dispensation of Providence, for a long time, has spread such a gloom over this community as the recent loss of the Atlantic, with a large number of valuable lives. So overwhelming a blow could only be regarded at first by reflecting minds with a sentiment like that of the Psalmist, "I was dumb; I opened not my mouth, because

Thou didst it." How impressively does this event teach us the utter insecurity of our lives, when most carefully guarded by human caution and prudence. Here was one of the best vessels for its purpose ever put afloat, with a skilful, able commander, with every provision against disaster which human foresight could suggest; with long and wearisome hours to make the best preparations for the catastrophe which stared them in the face; yet all was powerless to protect or save. How important to be ready at any moment for the summons of the Judge. There was one among that doomed group (we trust there were many) who had not waited till the hour of dreadful peril to make his peace with God and his preparation for eternity. When it became evident that many were just about to perish, this servant of God, conscious of inward peace and a hope that no peril could endanger, calmly addressed himself to his fellow sufferers, and endeavored to prepare them for the awful event that awaited them. Having discharged his duty for the last time as a dying man to dying men, he composedly said, "I trust, through the divine goodness, we may be brought with our lives to land; but if it be otherwise ordered, I am not afraid to die." In such a spirit was death encountered, by that good man and faithful minister, Wm. J. Armstrong. Death can have no terrors for such a man. And while the hearts of wife, children, and a wide circle of affectionate friends, deeply feel the loss they have experieneed, great should be their gratitude for the grace that sustained him in the fearful hour. For all bereaved by this most distressing calamity our hearts cherish the profoundest sympathy. Our earnest prayer is, that they may seek and find consolation from the Merciful High Priest of our profession, whose province and delight it is now, as it was in the days of his flesh, to bind the broken heart.

Mercenary and Premature Authorship.—A principal reason why there is so little earnest, impressive and really useful matter in the magazines of the present day, is found in the fact, that most of the writing is done with a single eye to the pay, and not with any expectation or desire of improving mankind. Twenty years ago, one of the best magazines adverted in strong terms to this evil, which then was a small one compared with its present growth. "No one," says that periodical, "can tell how low the expectation of pay has descended in literature, unless he has been admitted into the confidence of a periodical publication. The mere boys and girls, who can scarcely spell, scribble their first lines under an expectation of being paid, and well paid." The earliest stanzas, which used formerly to be written in honor of a mother's birthday, or a sister's wedding, or a child's funeral, are no sooner indited than sent to a magazine for publication; the article of remuneration being delicately but firmly insisted upon. The first efforts of imagination in a tale, or the first essay, which we should have expected formerly to be either timidly shown to a friend, or in a moment of modest diffidence committed to the flames, are now sent round to every periodical with notes, impudently and importunately begging for an immediate return in the shape of money; and in case no notice is taken of these precious productions, or of their being thrown among a heap of similar papers, or perhaps into the fire, angry letter succeeds angry letter, demanding instant restitution of "the property so shamefully withheld," or "its equivalent in a check." We cannot too earnestly advise all parties interested, that at best, writing for the press is an unprofitable employment; and writing merely for pay a hopeless and discreditable one. A higher motive than this must inspire the mind —the love of truth and an impassioned desire of usefulness can only give birth to "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Contributions to periodical literature springing from such impulses, command their reward.

To Correspondents.—The graceful lines from a fair correspondent at Chittinango, on Christian cheerfulness, which have been for a time mislaid, shall appear soon. The following lines are from the same hand: "On sending flowers to the grave of a young lady who died among strangers, on a visit away from her home."

Go, chosen flowers, adorn her grave,
And bloom where lies her lovely form;
There let your beauties sweetly wave
At dewy eve, at early morn.

Tell ye the passer by, here sleeps
One whom affection could not save;
Reveal to all who pause and weep,
"This is the youthful stranger's grave."

Go, then, and spread your sweetness there,
Emblems of her who sleeps beneath;
There pour your fragrance on the air,
There die—your life, like hers, is brief.

Let each returning year renew
Your being—there to live and bloom,
A lasting pledge that she to view
Shall rise, and live beyond the tomb.

Whittier's Poetry.—We have heard complaints of late that Whittier's poems cannot be found in a single collection. We are glad to have it in our power to say that an edition, embracing all but the anti-slavery pieces of this soul-stirring poet, has lately been issued by a Boston house. An accomplished southern correspondent, whose appreciation of the beautiful in poesy is only equalled by her modest estimate of her own powers, thus writes respecting Whittier:

"I have lately seen a reply in a Boston paper to the query, 'Who is Whittier?' from a southern editor. The champion of the poet, I fear, made an unfortunate selection of verses for the ear of the southern querist, whose prejudices would not be allayed by either the sentiment or the manner of the answers. Much finer extracts might be taken to exhibit the genius of J. G. Whittier, one of the sweetest poets of New England. His Merimac abounds in glowing description; his conversation of Channing and Sturge, on Narraganset Bay, is full of beauty and benevolence of feeling; but of all his efforts that have come to my hand, his Sampson, in my estimation, is the finest. It was written for the Opal of 1846, and is entitled 'The Wife of Manoah to her Husband.' The Story of Sampson has long exercised the genius both of painters and poets. Some, with a perverted taste, and a love for the horrible, which, however well it accords with the severity of truthful history, is inadmissible in painting, have chosen the most excruciating scene of agony in the category of the hero's misfortunes as a subject for revolting detail. Not so with our poet, whose mind loves to contemplate the good and beautiful in nature and in human character. Milton, in his 'Agonistes,' has surrounded his scriptural Hercules with all the dark and solemn drapery needed in a drama where the principal actor is a fallen, blind, imprisoned, and enslaved captive. The insults of his enemies, the jeers of Delilah, chains, and the shadows of his prison house surround him, scarcely relieved by the melancholy and too late visits of his friends. But Whittier has chosen the period of childhood. His Sampson is in his infancy, and accordingly he has thrown around his hero all the cheerful lights which that season of innocence and promise admits. Manoah and his wife are seated in the field after a day of labor; their son is reposing at a little distance, beneath the shade of an olive, through whose boughs he is gazing up to the blue sky. The sun is setting, and has touched with his last rays the head of the child, forming to the mother's eye almost a halo of divinity, to which she calls her husband's attention. She then goes on to mention her forebodings as to his fate, and the tale of sacrifice 'she is ever reading in his calm eyes.' This strain of thought calls up to her remembrance a dream which came to her when resting from labor, which commences thus:

> I slept not, though the wild bees made
> A dream-like murmuring in the shade,
> And on me the warm-fingered hours
> Pressed with the drowsy smell of flowers.

It is this dream, opening with the beautiful personification of the warm-fingered hours, that gives the poet a vehicle for some of the most stirring details in the history of Sampson—details which, leaving out of view all that is horrible and disgusting, retains only the beautiful and sublime.

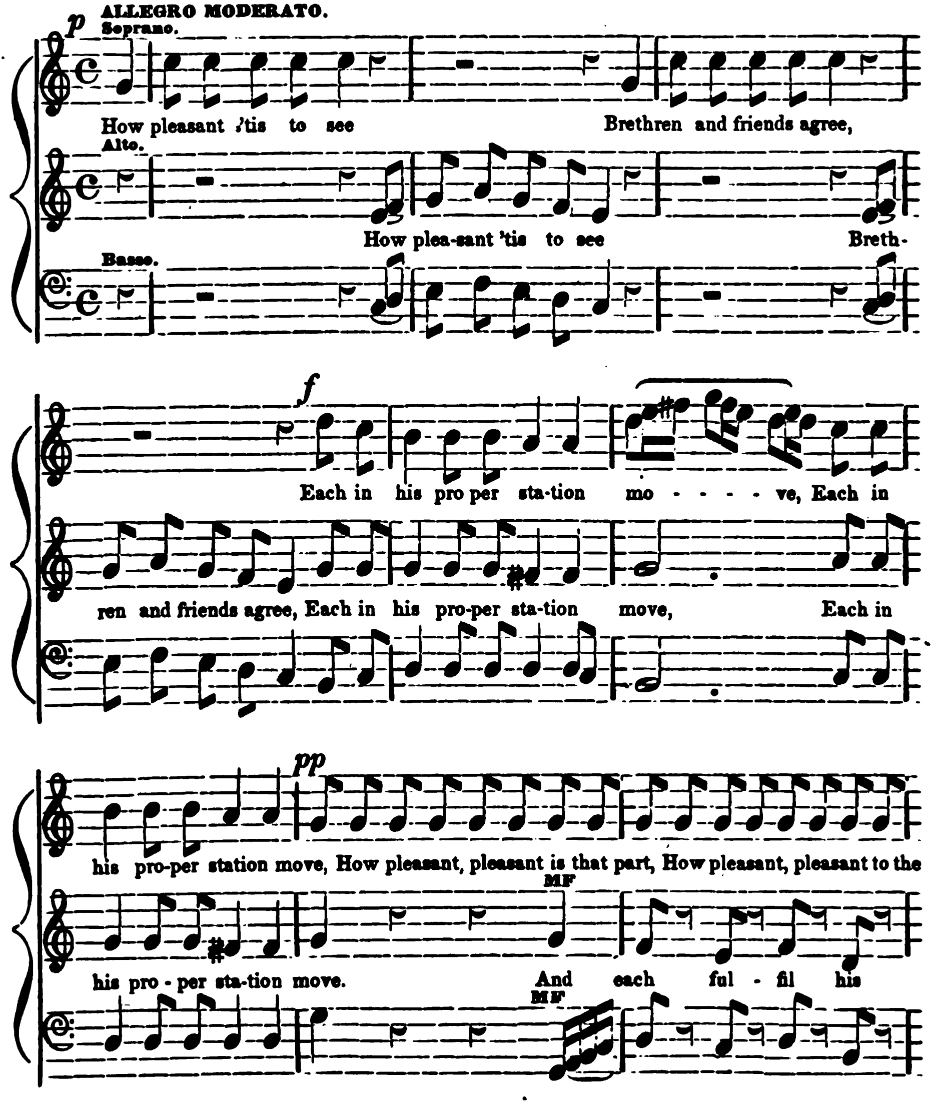
"'Eshtaol's vales of ripened grain,' and the towers and rocky heights of Zorah in the distance, are the accessories of the picture; but nothing can exceed in beauty of conception the mother's tender recollections, and the depth of feeling with which she tells of her earnest watchings over this, their only son.

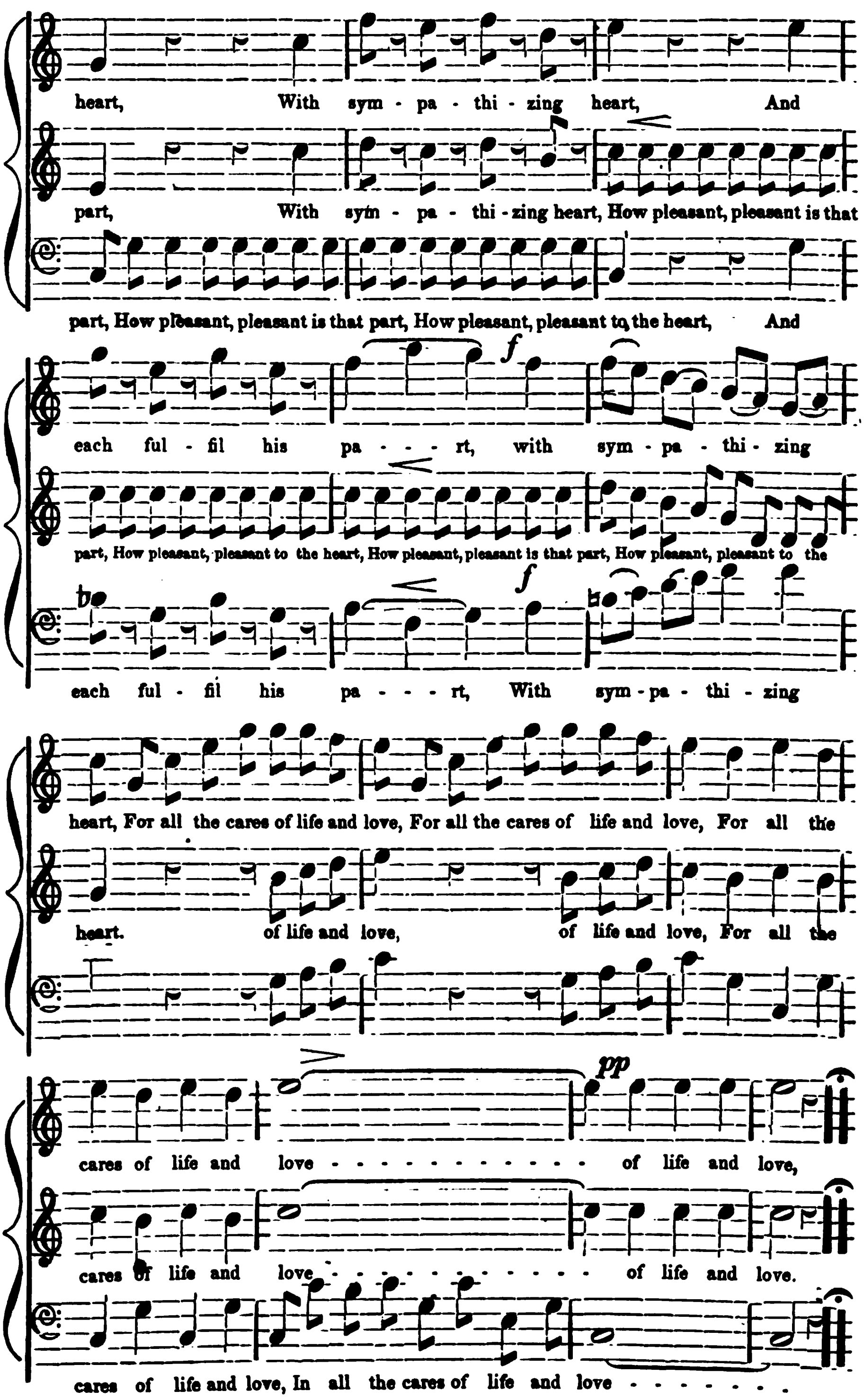
> Oh! while beneath the fervent heat
> Thy sickle swept the bearded wheat,
> I've watched with mingled joy and dread
> Our child upon his grassy bed,
>
> Joy which the mother feels alone,
> Whose morning hope, like mine, had flown,
> When to her bosom, over blessed,
> A dearer life than hers is pressed.

But specimens are insufficient to give an adequate idea of this exquisite poem. Had Mr. Whittier never written anything else, 'The Wife of Manoah to her Husband' is sufficient to establish his fame. The poem consists of only sixty or seventy lines, in which, along with much pastoral beauty, it contains some touches of the true sublime. The last verse but one is a beautiful picture of that strange mingling of the deception of a dream with the realities of life, on awaking from sleep, which every one has realized, and the last verse contains a sentiment to which every Christian parent will say Amen."

HOW PLEASANT 'TIS TO SEE.

MUSIC BY GEORGE HENRY DERWORT.


ALLEGRO MODERATO.
p
Soprano.
How pleasant 'tis to see Brethren and friends agree,
Alto.
How plea-sant 'tis to see Breth-
Basso.
f
Each in his pro per sta-tion mo - - - - ve, Each in
ren and friends agree, Each in his pro-per sta-tion move, Each in
pp
his pro-per station move, How pleasant, pleasant is that part, How pleasant, pleasant to the
MF
his pro - per sta-tion move. And each ful - fil his
MF


heart, With sym - pa - thi - zing heart, And
part, With sym - pa - thi - zing heart, How pleasant, pleasant is that
part, How pleasant, pleasant is that part, How pleasant, pleasant to the heart, And
f
each ful - fil his pa - - - rt, with sym - pa - thi - zing
part, How pleasant, pleasant to the heart, How pleasant, pleasant is that part, How pleasant, pleasant to the
f
each ful - fil his pa - - - rt, With sym - pa - thi - zing
heart, For all the cares of life and love, For all the cares of life and love, For all the
heart. of life and love, of life and love, For all the
pp
cares of life and love - - - - - - - - - - - - of life and love,
cares of life and love - - - - - - - - - - - - of life and love.
cares of life and love, In all the cares of life and love - - - - - - -

PARLOR TABLE.

Sacred and Miscellaneous Poems; by William B. Tappan. Boston: B. B. Mussey. London: Chapman, Brothers. 1847.

This volume is a gem, whether regard be had to the beauty of its typography or its contents. Mr. Tappan's genius as a poet exhibits more of the lyric than the epic. He is the most "at home" in the production of poems of a religious character, and of that fugitive cast which meets the passing events of the day, than of the statelier, loftier strains of more formal poetry. He has much more of the practical utilitarianism of Montgomery than of the sublime method and gorgeous splendor of Milton. He breathes in the sweetness of the zephyr, rather than startles in the collied lightnings, or awes by the sudden explosions of the thunder. *Utile cum dulce* seems to be the motto on which his genius luxuriates and enriches. His poetry is pre-eminently that of the *heart*, and he holds over his pen that jealous watchfulness as to truth and decency, which would prevent his writing a single line,

> "Which, dying, he would wish to blot."

We would be glad to see this volume, as a fit associate for the Christian Parlor Magazine, upon all the centre tables of taste and beauty in the land.

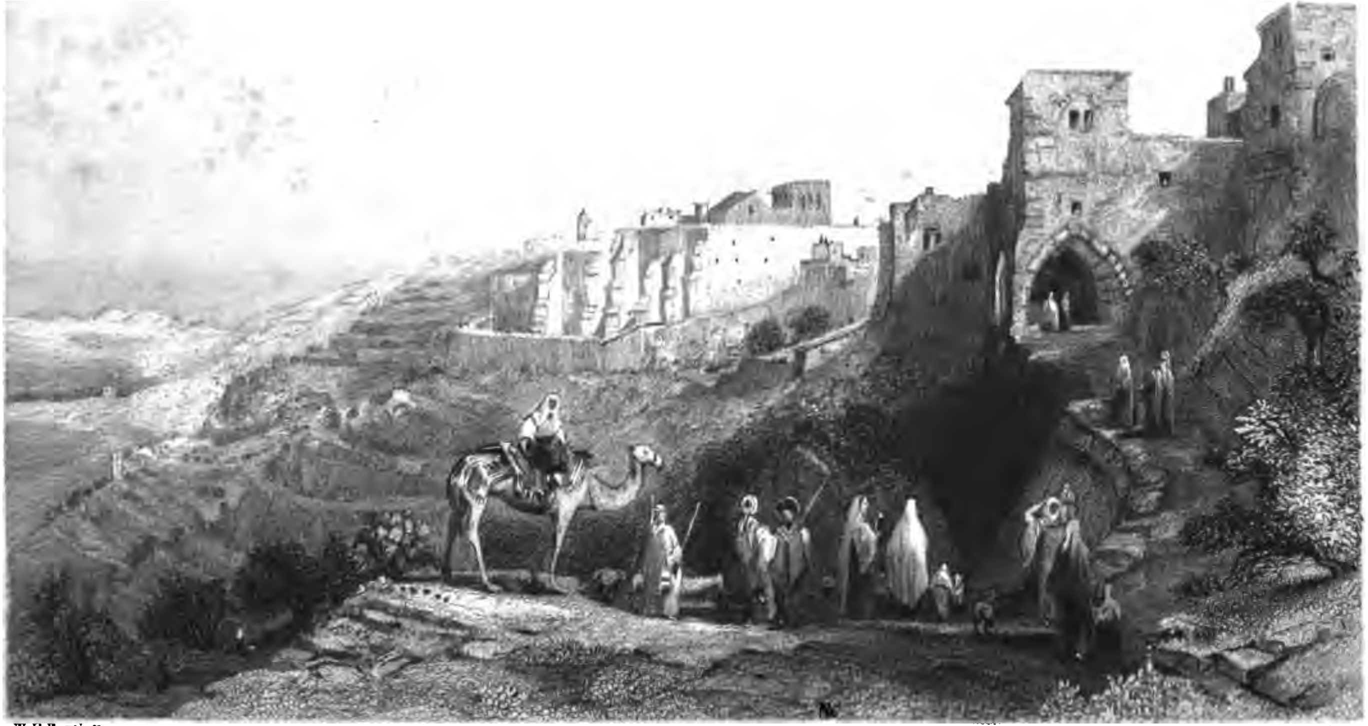
☞ Our book publishers and booksellers have all been on the *qui vive* for weeks preparing for the holidays, and to a person of taste it is really a rich treat merely to look at the tables and shelves of the dealers. The perfection to which all branches of the art of book-making have attained in this city is astonishing and gratifying in the extreme. A visit at this season to the stores of Robert Carter, 58 Canal street; Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway; Shepard, 191 Broadway; Baker & Scribner, Park Row; Woodworth, Clinton Buildings; Dodd, Brick Church Chapel; Sunday School Depository, in the same building; and others, would richly compensate for the time that might be spent. It is quite impossible even to name a tithe of the rich, beautiful, instructive, and really valuable books that are offered at these various places.

Shepard's Pictorial Reader, very prettily got up, is admirably adapted to the wants of the juveniles. We observe that Mr. S. has amply provided for the gift season a tempting assortment of books and stationery, at his store, 191 Broadway.

Messrs. G. W. & S. O. Post have become proprietors and publishers of Robert Merry's Museum, and have opened an office in the Clinton Buildings, No. 5 Beekman street. We do not believe a better work for youth is to be found in this or any other country. The editor, as is well known, is the original and veritable Peter Parley, a fact which renders comment and commendation superfluous. Persons desirous of making presents to young friends, cannot do better than subscribe for them to the Museum.

A Memorial of Egypt, the Red Sea, the Wilderness of Sin and Paran, Mount Sinai, Jerusalem, *and other Principal Localities in the Holy Land, visited in 1842: with Brief Notes of a Route through France, Rome, Naples, Constantinople, and up the Danube.* By the Rev. George Fisk, LL.B., Prebendary of Lichfield, and Minister of Christ's Chapel, St. John's Wood. New York: R. Carter, 58 Canal street.—We can cordially and without reserve commend this volume. Although the field of the author's observations has often been described, there is a freshness, and withal, a spirit of sincere and simple piety pervading the work, which irresistibly wins the reader, and sustains his interest throughout.

Guizot's History of Civilization—Nos. 19 and 20 of Appleton's Literary Miscellany.—This is a work of one of the master minds of the world, that should be owned and studied by every reflecting man.



W H Bartlett

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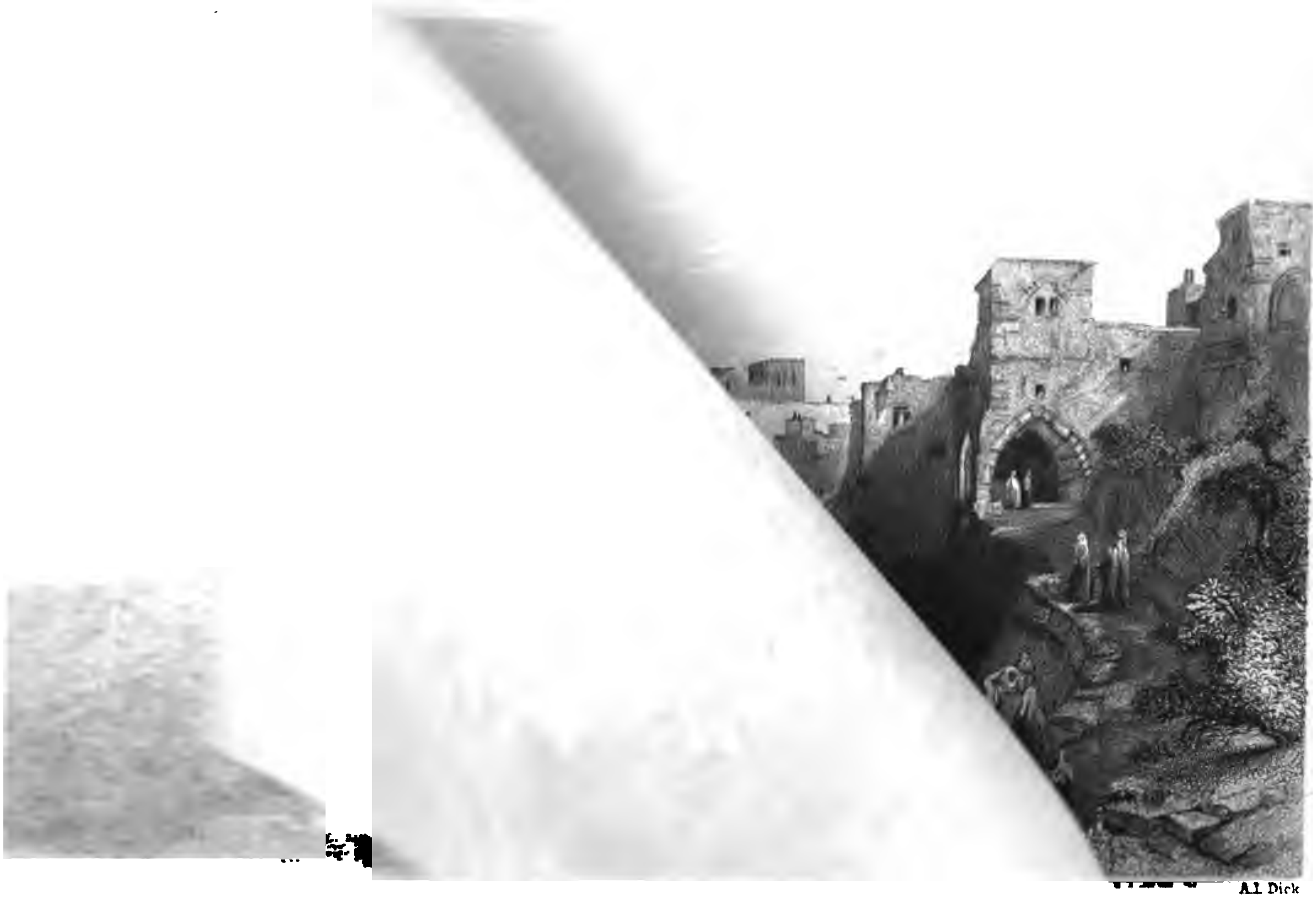
the morning brilliant with hope, alternately [illegible] is ever hostile to



A.l Dick

THE

C IAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1847.

LEMENTS OF SUCCESS IN LIFE.

BY A. D. EDDY, D.D.

ıty is the path of interest. In
commandments there is great

dliness is profitable unto all
nest enterprise, laudable pursuits,
s in life are favorable to true reli-
at is, the elements of true success in
rld are happily auxiliary to the attain-
f eternal life.

is true, men eagerly pressing for the
ainments and honors of this world, are the
ast men to become the subjects of grace; yet it may be true, that whatever most conduces to *honest* enterprise and success is equally favorable to religion and godliness.

Young men are often so engrossed and so grasping, that they have no time and no heart for that reflection and vigorous effort which religion demands. But are such men successful, even in this world? Do they attain the high ends of life? Look at their toils, their wasting cares, their troubled hearts, and what do they secure of permanent good? Ease, intelligence, virtue, religion, anything that adorns life and enriches the soul, and spreads with visions of light and beauty the coming future, is utterly and for ever lost. There is the morning brilliant with hope, alternate sunshine and clouds; gains and losses ensue—sad reverses. Ere noon has come, life is wasted, and a miserable wreck of infirmity and decay sinks, grievously disappointed, to the grave.

The ample fortune, gilded array, costly equipage of the few, decide no great moral principle, and least of all, determine what are the true elements of success.

He only is successful in life who has advanced and risen in lawful pursuits; gained repose amid the agitated elements of a sinning world; has acquired intelligent perceptions of duty and interest; laid foundations for future action, and provided for the intelligence and virtue of such as shall come after him; who has written his name among the wise and the good; laid claims to the gratitude and admiration of his offspring, and has founded securely his title to the inheritance heaven would bequeath.

There is no conflict between the highest aims and ends of life, true wisdom and virtue, holiness and eternal glory. The true elements of success in this world are actually friendly to the attainment and culture of genuine religion. It is not true, that this world, when used aright, is ever hostile to piety. It is its perversion, its abuse, that dissipates, deranges and drowns the soul in perdition. All nature speaks aloud the wisdom and the love of God. In exuberant bounties and exhaustless beauty it would elevate and enchain the soul to the Author of life and salvation, and, as in a pathway of glory, lead to the skies. And Providence, rightly studied, is but one flowing stream of wisdom and love, towards whose pure fountain-waters every soul, as by white-robed seraphs, is called away. And what of human pursuits that promise good at all, but would aid intelligence, virtue, and holiness? What is there, then, in nature, in Providence, or in man's duties and relations here, that should cloud the soul or eclipse the promise of the future? And since there is so much that so often and so fatally does, how perverted, and abused, and turned to evil must this world become! To guard against this sad issue, rightly to estimate our duties and relations, and reach the ends of life, is a noble aim for all.

What, then, can more demand our interest and our study than the

ELEMENTS OF TRUE SUCCESS IN THE WORLD?

Who is not pained and alarmed at the failures in fortune and character, of confidence, credit, health, and life, that crowd the world? Who is not sick of their countless details, and tired of wandering amid these wrecks of enterprise and character, tracing the causes of sad and fatal issues! It would seem that wisdom had departed, and honesty and virtue gone for ever.

But still there are some bright chapters in the journal of life. The steps of the successful adventurer are still visible. Elevation and honor still crown, and bless, and radiate along the path of honest aspiration, and beckon onward the resolute and virtuous to the prize, sure and bright before them.

What, then, are the elements of true success in life?

FIRST, FILIAL RESPECT.

God has one leading, magnificent moral design in this world, and the family constitution is eminently adapted to that design.

The Christian church, that emblem of heaven, is but one great, sanctified family; and nations extended and powerful, to live at all, must be pervaded by the principles and spirit of the domestic circle. Yea, it is out of this circle the church has risen and nations sprung. The dependence, respect, and love adorning the domestic scene, are the bands of strength and crowns of honor to the nations of the earth, and the glory of the church of God.

We say, the high design of infinite mercy in the administration of grace, rests upon the domestic economy, and just so far as this is rightly regarded, the best ends of life are secure, and where this is set aside or despised, the chief good of life is lost. Hence that pledge of good to them that uphold the order and the beauty of the family scene. And what feature so lovely and so securing of good as the constancy of *filial respect?*

What is *filial respect?* It embodies, of course, a delicate interest in parental pleasure, a cheerful subordination to parental authority; withal, that kind sympathy, and ample support, and tender care which the decline of life and the helplessness of age would draw around the path and over the sick and dying bed of the wasting father.

These virtues, this subordination, respect, kind support, and care, will, of course, draw out and cultivate the best feelings of our nature, and prepare us to become the useful constituents of more enlarged communities, where we may receive that confidence and support, sympathy, patronage, and care in return, which so secure to us that prosperity of which I speak, *true success in life.*

These filial virtues are not the blessings of domestic life alone, but the checks of sinful passions and pursuits, and the securities of virtue and usefulness in the higher relations of life; the securities, too, of the love and confidence of our fellow men. I say the love and confidence of our fellow men; and this is no trifling end secured. For what can we gain in life when the respect and confidence of others are gone? These enjoyed, and we have more than capital can give. With these we cannot but succeed.

You know how full the Scriptures are with promises of good to the filial, and how full of denunciations upon those who dishonor the name of father and mother. But with solitary exceptions, I do not believe that youth who honor their parents, are respectful, obedient, kind, and virtuous for their sake, ever permanently fail in the honest and laudable pursuits of life.

This grand element in the constitution of human society, the growth and beauty of the social state, the strength and order of nations, God delights to honor, and will ever bless.

The second element of success in this life is a due observance of the Christian Sabbath.

We allude to no arbitrary law of God, laying his judgments upon us as we transgress the enactment of the Sabbath, but we refer rather to its indirect bearings upon the conduct and general character of men.

The Sabbath is, by every man of wisdom, regarded as a season of physical rest. As such, and for the purposes of moral reflection and culture, it is essential to the life and vigor of our frames, and to the security of virtue and religion. There is a law of the outer and of the inner man, each of which equally and for ever demands the observance of the Sabbath. The one is wasted to premature decay; the other runs to wildness and death without it. This is true independently of all divine assurance from the Bible. It stands out in the history of man everywhere.

The observation of men in common life, in agricultural and mechanical pursuits, everywhere testifies that man must rest on the Sabbath, or be ruined. And that numerous class who, from love of gain or supposed necessity, pervert this blessed institution of the Sabbath, if not speedily ruined, live in misery, to weep over more than ruined families and blasted prospects.

The sin of Sabbath violation never stands alone. It is not only in itself destructive, but it engenders almost every other delinquency. It removes the safeguard to virtue in almost every form, relaxing the bonds of moral obligation everywhere.

And it is equally true that *respect* for the Sabbath does not stand alone. It is one of the first and highest social virtues, the security of intelligent morality, and the handmaid of genuine godliness.

Our benevolent Creator well knew its importance and its virtue to the natures of man; how his physical economy needed it, and how his moral constitution would wither and die without it. And the one no more rises above the lassitude and wasting of laborious industry from its refreshing rest, than the other, disenthralled from the perplexing cares and tempting varieties of the world, turns to profitable reflection, and enjoys the reviving and ennobling blessings of moral repose.

The very associations of the Sabbath; its sublime origin; the sanction God gave it; the end for which it was given, to worship its Author and prepare for Heaven; its connection with God's greatest works of creation, providential care, and gracious redemption, prefiguring the glorious rest of Heaven to the righteous, all necessarily benefit, morally and permanently, every one that rightly regards it.

That man who keeps the Sabbath is prepared, body and mind, for the successful pursuit of the honest and laudable ends of life. He comes with fresh energy to his work, and his mind, from its reflections and communings on moral, spiritual, and eternal scenes and truth divine, is guarded from the crowding and corrupting associations of the world, which otherwise might, and so often do, gain the uninterrupted possession of the soul, and drown it in perdition.

Let man go on without the Sabbath, and his mind is distracted and his body wrecked; but give to each its appropriate and designed advantage, and you have all that your nature, the law, and the grace of God require, for the highest and best ends of your being. Time puts on new charms, and eternity is robed in brighter visions. The soul is free, and the heart, responsive to the claims of heaven, beats with fresh and lively sympathy in the service of the pure and blessed above.

The third element of success in the laudable pursuits of life, is an habitual observance of the SOCIAL *duties of religion.*

This, the Sabbath itself requires, and no more did God ordain the Sabbath, than he devised the tabernacles of devotion, and smiled upon the temples of Zion The sweet spirit of Heaven no more comes silently into the soul, resting in retired devotion on this hallowed day, than the kindling Shekinah radiated from the mercy-seat at the offerings of the priests and hosts of Israel.

The high control and vast influence of the social principle, the immense advantage of congregational worship, is not adequately understood. This social principle is recognised and improved throughout all the arrangements of the Bible. God no more took the solitary and set them in families for the culture of the domestic virtues and the care of each other, than he ordained the assemblies of men for the equalising of their moral natures and necessities, and the cultivation of the social and the Christian sympathies.

Men can no more secure the ends of political and national success and defence without the family and conventional arrangements, than they can secure the objects contemplated by the Gospel without the congregation of the saints and the assembling of themselves for the discussion and contemplation of truth, the acknowledgment, communion, and worship of God.

There are indeed a thousand precious benefits to the soul in private meditation, self-review and devotion; but the richest and the highest excellencies of religion are presented to us in the social relations and the public assemblies. The *family*, that early symbol of the church and of heaven—the *family*, the *church*, and the *assembly* of the first-born above, embody the perfection and the glory of religion; and amid the ceaseless rejoicings of the saints in light, we hear nothing of private and secluded devotion.

There is, indeed, a union of sentiment and purpose that first draws us together to the sanctuary of devotion; but it is the simple fact of there fixing our eyes together upon the same divine objects, and communing together before God in heavenly places—the same truths, natures, destinies revealed, reviewed, and enforced upon us, that awaken, and, almost by miracle, draw forth and mature mutual and reciprocal interest, and rapidly cultivate those feelings of heart and habits of intercourse that are most essential to successful engagedness among our fellow men in the active service of life.

It is not alone that these habits of church-going are to some extent a test of moral character; but more than this, and independently of it, there are moral habits formed, and moral associations created, trains of thought originated, mental discipline secured, general enlargement and liberalising of mind, which in no other way can be secured, and which go far to prepare men, and especially young men, for useful and acceptable intercourse in life, for confidence and successful engagements among their fellow men. Mutual respect and interest are thus created, and without mutual respect, interest, and confidence, how can men succeed in life?

The force of this social principle is felt everywhere. The known fact of our respective assemblies for the same great end, one common object, and that of virtue and of Heaven, in mind, this it is that binds us together. Hence the Christian tie of mutual, social love runs through the world, and those we never saw we respect, and in their integrity most cheerfully confide.

This world everywhere illustrates this truth. Mark that community where the Sabbath assembles its worshippers in habitual and punctual attendance; there see its harmony, intelligence, order, and general prosperity. The very earth around, in verdure and richness, proclaims prosperity, and every dwelling has the unerring symbol of domestic elevation and peace. But what is that community where no Sabbath service comes; no house of prayer; no assemblies of devotion? There is scarce one comfort there found. The man alone, each house, the whole community are shorn of dignity and every ornament, and life's best blessings are there unknown. The very fields of native richness grow barren, and ignorance and poverty are the fruitful issues of Sabbath desecration and neglected worship.

Equally is this true of selected families in the same community. No sooner withdrawn from the worship of God, the sanctuary, and the assemblies of devotion, than they begin to die out of the mind, and the acquaintance and all the moral sympathies of the more virtuous, intelligent, and prosperous.

And still more true is this of individuals. No family associations, no social affinities can long secure that man his enviable and desired place in society who is unknown in the house of God. He loses immeasurably, and of that, too, which is more than capital, and which is essential to success in the pursuits of laudable industry.

That young man who is known punctual to his duties and social relations in the sanctuary on the Sabbath, is almost necessarily known as in the formation of habits and the cultivation of principles which ever secure the respect and confidence of all men. These very habits are to him a passport of credit and a capital; while the contrary invariably speaks idleness and indolence, or delinquency of moral character. If they are not in the house of God on such a day, where are they? If they do not reverence the Sabbath and worship God, what will they do, and who will they reverence and respect? and who will or can respect them? What can be found of redeeming traits of character, or safe principles of action, where these habits of devotion and practical regard for religion are unknown?

We have seen these sentiments and principles illustrated again and again; we know them to be true and safe, and we would have you, just starting into the active services of life, form your model for imitation by embodying these essential elements of success. See if they ever fail. See if there is not manliness and virtue here, beauty and a charm, a commanding excellence nowhere else to be found. Every other adornment gone, there is a dignity still left that ensures all you need—a guardian reserve against every reverse of fortune and impending evil.

We do not say that there is here necessarily true religion, such as heaven demands and eternity shall perfect. But we do say, here lies the path of preferment in life, and all along its green and flowery way there are heard the calls, and proffered the aids, and breathed the hallowed spirit that would bind you to the kingdom of God and infinite blessedness; and the heavenly hand of the white-robed seraph would lead you onward to palaces and crowns immortal.

SONGS OF THE PROPHETS.

BY MRS. J. C. W.

O, ISRAEL! in thy favored days,
What strains of poesy rang
From glowing hearts and burning lips,
When thy rapt prophets sang!

Songs went up from the ancient hills
Where the dark shadows fall,
On Mount Libanus—o'er the rills,
From cedars dense and tall.

From palace hall, and dungeon dark;
From tower, and steep, and tree;
The palm-shade, and the juniper,
And willow waving free.

By desert brook, and wilderness;
By Sinai rent and hoar;
By altar, and from cavern dim,
And th' great sea's sounding shore.

From Carmel's top, that looketh out
Where meets the sky and sea;
And Tabor, whose fringed mantle hangs
O'er lovely Galilee.

From Nile, amidst the lotus leaves,
Or where, in shadow hid,
The toiling Hebrew wrought and sighed
By the tall pyramid.

And where long fallen Babylon
Knows not her place or name,
There, by the winding Euphrates,
Burst forth their souls of flame.

And thou, Damascus, peering forth
From gardens sweet, and bowers,
Where Pharpar and Abana flows
Through beds of Syrian flowers.

And Zion! from thy towers and steeps,
Midst crowds and tumults rung,
Went up thy choral symphonies,
With solemn anthems sung.

And when the second temple rose
Midst hope's delicious tears,
The aged Hebrew's wail was lost
In youth's exulting cheers.

There, in those meaner courts, the strain
Of thy last prophet sped,
In sweet sad accents, wailing forth
Her day of glory fled.

Yet, taking up the fainting note
Of beauty past and gone,
One line of deep rich promise wrote,
A bold and stirring tone,

Its weight[*]—"Thy Messenger shall come
With light, and life, and love,
And suddenly His temple fill
With glory from above!"

Then sank the music on the hill
By Siloa's sacred tide;
The pen, the harp, the voice was still—
Vision and prophet died!

[illegible], *Md.*, 1847.

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[*] Malachi, chap. 3, v. 1.

THE FATHER IN THE SNOW.

FROM THE GERMAN OF W. ALEXIS.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

(*Concluded.*)

As he often said, in after times, that had been the most frightful moment of his life. Compared with it, the coming night was light, the keen wind mild that blew about his dwelling. He had thrown himself, exhausted, upon his bed; he lay in a state between sleeping and waking, when a knocking at his chamber door announced some new misfortune. He was summoned to attend a dying person, but not one in his own house. His child still lived.

It was a shepherd from a solitary hut that stood far away on the moors. "A poor woman who had lost her way," he said, "lay in the agonies of death in his little chamber, and cried loudly now for aid, now for death, and now for the consoling presence of a minister of God."

"Aye, aye, good pastor, she will fall straightway to the pit, as she says herself, unless some one comes who can attend to the wants of her soul. It may be that matters are not altogether right with her, for she bleeds badly, as if some one had attacked her, and she had but narrowly escaped; but she will not say a word about the matter. There is but little help for the body now, for the frost has done its work thoroughly. Her cries for a minister of God are enough to frighten the lambs in the stall, and you are the only pastor hereabouts."

It was a severe contest, but the victory was soon gained. His moaning child had no tale of sin to impart to him. He commended it to the care of a higher being, kissed its hot brow, and left it in the charge of its mother, who did not even look up as he closed the door after him.

Never before had he ridden out into the wintry night thus destitute of consolation. The scene which he had just witnessed in the shepherd's hut brought no comfort to his wounded heart as he recalled it to his memory on his way homeward.

The severe cold did not abate with the falling snow, which descended faster and faster. His weary horse sank in already above his knees. No spurring could urge him to a trot. The rider's feet and his knees, where the wind blew aside his cloak, were stiff with cold; the hand that held the bridle was benumbed. Even the breath of his horse, which was borne back upon him from the beast's mouth, was grateful to him. And if he gave the animal the spur, and it could bear him at a quick gallop through snow and wind, what would he find at home? Scarce a fire upon the hearth, all around poverty and desolation! A child, his own, his last, lay perhaps dead in the cradle, and instead of soothing sympathy, he must listen to the complaints or imprecations of a wife whose heart he had lost, and who repented having shared her lot with his.

He then thought of the hut which he had just left. He had witnessed there a severe struggle with death. Some wicked deed lay like a load upon the poor woman's breast, and notwithstanding her wounds and exhaustion, seemed to bar all outlet to her fleeting spirit. Her bosom heaved; she stretched forth her arms as if for help, but her tongue would not obey her bidding. She had been assaulted, perhaps with murderous intent, and still she reproached herself with the guilt of murder. She begged for forgiveness. She declared that for three days and nights she had repented of her crime, but the Lord had not vouchsafed to show her mercy. Again and again she stretched out her arms, as if after some beloved object which had been torn from her. She prayed him to pardon her, for she had always loved him, and she implored him not to appear in accusation against her before the throne of God. Thus much she spoke connectedly, amid the delirium of her fever; but at a question from the pastor, her tongue became motionless; her lips tried in vain to utter the name after which he asked. Having for three hours unsuccessfully essayed to learn more from the poor woman, she sank at last into a quiet slumber, which seemed the precursor of her last long sleep.

Thus the pastor had left her. Was there not greater peace upon the straw pillow of this repentant sinner, who was breathing out her spirit, than in his own house. There lay his gasping child; there was his upbraiding wife; there the officer of the law would to-morrow knock at the door, to wrangle with the sexton for the last he could call his own.

A cheerful thought, a noble hymn, had often strengthened him in moments of distress. It was not the first time that he had ridden out in the wintry night; not the first time that his limbs were benumbed, that his blood stood still in his veins; yet until now there had been some hope amid his sorrows, some light amid the darkness. But where now should he find a cheerful thought wherewith to elevate his soul? If he began a hymn it died away upon his lips.

A frightful idea now forced itself upon his mind. It was in vain that he tried to banish it; by degrees it twined its meshes about his heart; it enchained his senses with sweet and seductive influence. Sleep weighed upon his eye-lids, and in sleep all his cares would vanish for awhile. Thus far, by the continual motion of his limbs he had kept his blood in circulation; now he moved them no longer; the bridle hung slack in his palsied hand; he no longer guided the steps of his horse. His pulse beat slowly; this repose was pleasant to him; his excited fancy no longer summoned up images of torment.

What was death?—What was death to him?—He had no longer a child to lose, nor wife, nor happiness. His arm was weak; he could no longer bring aid to the needy. What was his life here below?—what his prospects for old age?—all dark as the stormy night.

The bridle had slipped from his hand and he did not perceive it. The snow-flakes whirled about him with increasing violence; they fell upon his cold face but he was not sensible of it. He saw nothing, he heard nothing, except the dim, drifting sleet, by the faint light of his lantern. Beyond, the white snow-flakes, as far as the eye could penetrate, were flakes upon flakes; they were above him and around him, and his weary horse sank deeper and deeper into the loose snow. The [illegible] an emblem of eternity, of the long night of death; and he seemed riding thitherward; there, where there is no day, no night, no beginning, no end! No opening in the clouds displayed the starry heavens; the guide-posts that were set up to mark out the path which the drifting snow had covered, as it swept across the trackless moorland, vanished from his sight. This did not disturb him; he scarcely observed it. His eye was fixed with a stare upon the head of his horse. The panting of the beast was the only sound that fell upon his ear; as it came at intervals from his hollow chest, it harmonized with the monotony of the scene. The keen wind had now abated. That mild guest, compassionate sleep, banished by the exertions of two nights and days descended gently upon his senses. All his cares disappeared.

His horse now stopped suddenly. His pace had been so slow as he labored through the snow that the poor man scarcely observed the change.

The beast pricked up its ears. That was a new sight for him, for, for a long while, he knew not how long, he had seen nothing before him but the horse's head and his drooping ears, and the snow which, when it had settled upon them, fell off on either side at each increased exertion of the panting animal. But the panting of the horse was not the only sound that fell upon his ear. He heard an indistinct moaning, but whether near or at a distance he could not distinguish. He was scarcely conscious of his own existence, indeed. The snow lay thick upon his cloak, upon his lap, upon his stiffened arms. He seemed like a statue which had stood for centuries, beaten by the wind and rain, and covered with snow. His long, deep sufferings had been forgotten; they were to be aroused anew.

A cry which now interrupted the moaning called them into life again. That was not his child's voice, the sound was much less complaining, much less soft; it was not the voice of the mother borne down with griefs, nor that of the poor woman whom he had left in the agonies of death. It was a frightful, prolonged cry of despair.

Where was he? whence came that cry? There was nothing near, nothing around him but the monotonous snowy night. Far and wide he beheld not a single object, not a single guide-post. How distant from the road might he not have wandered!

The cry was again heard on his left, but the one who uttered it must be at some distance from him. The pastor endeavored to rise in his stirrups; he shook the snow from him, but his feet were lifeless; his knees refused their service. He was sensible that he had stood upon the brink of death. A few moments and his pulse had ceased to beat.

A dismal scream now arose from the heath, and the blood started suddenly into his veins. He regained the power to draw his foot from the stirrup and dismounted. He called loudly through the darkness, "Who cries there?"

All was still for a moment, then a voice groaned forth, "Here! Here!"—the rest was lost in the roaring of the wind. The sound seemed to come from some spot below him. The pastor could judge of the direction. Leading his horse by the bridle, he waded towards the place from whence the voice proceeded. The lantern cast an uncertain light around him. He was advancing onward but the instinct of the beast saved him. It stopped, reared, and pawed in the snow.

The pastor gazed carefully before him. He strained his eye-balls, and through the falling snow perceived a chasm just at his feet. A single heedless step, and he had plunged down the abyss, into which the unhappy wanderer probably had fallen, whose cries he had just heard.

It was one of those ditches or reservoirs of water which are so numerous in this part of the country. The rider must have deviated far from the road, for no canal crossed it or ran near it. The darkness and the white covering of snow prevented him from judging of the depth and extent of the pit.

"Dost thou lie below there, unhappy one?" he cried, in order to assure himself of the direction whence the sound came.

"Here! here! was heard again, but there was nothing to be seen.

"Hast thou fallen over the precipice?"

Help! help!—I am dying!—Oh heavens!"

The pastor thought that he could now discover the spot whence the cry proceeded; it seemed to come from the right close below him, and the descent was apparently of no great depth. Commending his soul to God, he sat down in the deep snow, and holding firmly by the hard frozen earth, slid down as far as he could go. His success was beyond his expectations; accident had guided him to a gently sloping spot, and after gliding down for about eighteen feet, he reached the bottom.

His horse, either from curiosity or from instinct bent down his neck over the chasm, and the light of the lantern enabled him to look about him. But even when he heard the groaning again, he could not discover the sufferer.

"Raise thy hand aloft, if thou art able."

Something now stirred in the snow; an arm was slowly lifted, only, at once, to fall again. The pastor now labored with hands and feet, and soon uncovered a human body; it was a man whose failing powers did not permit him to second the exertions which were made for his relief.

"Wast thou overtaken here by the cold?"

"I fell."

"Where art thou hurt?"

"All over."

"Give me thy arm. Support thyself by me."

"Too late!"

It was too late.—What his injuries had left undone—lost in the snow-drift he had been precipitated upon the hard ice—was completed by the cold. It was in vain that the pastor tried to raise him, his head sank backward at each attempt. He rubbed his brow with snow, he chafed his breast; it was useless—the death-rattle grew more and more audible. He was able to move his left arm only, and with this he kept pointing beyond him, as if toward the opposite side of the ditch. He tried to speak, his lips moved, yet no sound escaped them except an anxious—"There! yonder?"

"Unhappy man, thou standest upon the verge of eternity. Cast aside all thoughts of earth. Thy life is ended!"

"Mine!" groaned the man.

"Turn thy thoughts toward him who gave it to thee, and who in his inscrutable pleasure now taketh it away again."

"Mine!" he groaned, sounding the words with more emphasis, and striving to raise himself—"Ah—I—lost—but the child"—

"Another human being here beside thyself?"

"Save, save—the child—kind heaven—save—I am dying."

"A child!" said the pastor, kneeling down, and bending over the dying man, "speak, where?"

He received no answer; with a hollow frightful groan, the poor man breathed his last.

The desolate pastor now stood alone near the corpse, in the deep pit which the falling snow threatened soon to fill up completely. A white shroud already covered the indistinct form, which he had but just extricated, and the same shroud concealing another human body that might still perhaps be rescued. Where in the wide abyss did it lie? He listened, he heard, as he thought, a low moaning. No, it was the neighing of his horse. The child had probably fallen down the precipice with the dead man. He imagined he could see a dark point projecting above the snow; he was about to make his way thither, when his horse became restless and drew backward. Scarcely a ray of light was left him. Sudden, fearful anguish darted, like molten lead, through his veins; his failing powers at once revived; for the warmth of no wine, no bed, could so have relaxed his stiffened limbs, so have set his blood in motion, as did the fear of losing the light. He stood, folding his hands, silently praying that the animal might not forsake him. But the horse turned away, and he stood alone in the darkness.

"Innocent being, appear then with my child before the throne of the Eternal!"

It was now impossible to save it; he had nought to think of now but how to gain the height again. Suddenly the thought flashed across his mind that he had felt a pocket-book in the breast-pocket of the dead man. He removed the snow from him again and was employed in detaching the pocket-book from his coat to which it was fastened, when he heard a breathing close at hand. Some living thing was near. He reached towards the other side of the body and found his expectations fulfilled. He labored with eager activity—he cast aside the snow, and discovered a child well wrapped in furs lying beneath it. It breathed quickly as if just awakened from a death-like slumber. The thick warm garments which had protected the child from the violence of the fall, together with the covering of snow had preserved it from the cold.

He caught it up, pressed it to his breast, kissed it upon its warm lips, and its first inarticulate sounds inspired him with new life. He was unable afterwards to remember how he clambered from the pit, but he knew that the hope of rescuing the child, alone gave him strength to do so. His horse, obedient to his voice, turned at the moment, when with his dear prize in his arms, he made his last exertion to swing himself upon the height. It lighted his way, then shook the snow from its back, and suffered him to mount with his new burden.

He was happy, and why? Because a new load lay upon the poor man's shoulder! It seemed to be a child of three or four years of age. At every step upon the road he re-assured himself that it was safe and well, but how distant was his dwelling! Ere he reached it the keen breath of the night air might stiffen its limbs in death, and he might bring in his arms a dead child, to his own dead child!

"Wind is cold," said the boy in the English language, the simple sounds of which differ but little from those of the coast of East-Fries land, and the pastor pressed his beast with the spur.

"Better the horse than a human being," he thought, and counted the passing moments.

They seemed like hours; considering his condition and the state of the road, the horse went briskly. He clasped the child to his heart and kissed it, in order to soothe it, and said, "Dear child, we will soon find a mother."

"Mother is bloody!" said the child.

He now beheld a light glimmering in the distance across the snow. It shone probably from some peasant's cottage near the village. His wearied horse neighed at the sight, and stopped when he reached the hedge. The pastor carefully dismounted with the child, and tapped at the window whence the light was shining. He tapped several times, but received no answer. The panes were covered with ice, he could not see through them. As a last resource, he raised the frail sash, and beheld a desolate chamber and a corpse. A light was burning at its head, and shone upon its pale and rigid face. It was the poor woman to whom he had been summoned that evening, and this was the shepherd's hut which he had left some hours since. His horse, remembering the fostering hand of the shepherd had carried him back to the spot from which he had set out on his weary way. All life had vanished from the hut; the dead body seemed to have scared away the inmates; not a trace of them was to be seen; a large black cat alone sat upon the oven, staring upon the corpse with its glowing eyes. "Ah, mother looks so cross!" exclaimed the child as he stepped with him into the dismal chamber.

"Is that thy mother?" asked the pastor, deeply affected by this new, strange and fearful occurrence, and his dark glance rested now upon the boy, and now upon the body.

The terrified child began to cry, and sobbed out, " Yes, yes, it is mother." The words came anxiously from his lips, as though the answer was extorted by fear.

"Poor boy, thus then thou dost find thy mother! Look at her once more; there, stamp her last image in thy memory."

"No, no, no! cross mother!" cried the child, and struggled, as the pastor would have led him nearer.

A beam of light darted through the old man's bosom. He tore open the pocket-book and a glance at the papers which it contained confirmed his suspicions. He kissed the boy, and exclaimed, " Happy father, there is still hope for thee. Thy child is saved!"

The letters and documents left no doubt that the child which he had rescued was the stolen son of the wealthy Englishman, who had advertised his loss in the daily journals, and appealed to all men for their aid.

But was that aid sure even now? The boy cried for food; he was weary and fretful. He called upon his mother to rise and give him something to drink.

His mother would rise no more, and the good pastor soon satisfied himself that there was neither food nor drink to be found in the house. The sheep had long since been wintered at a distant shepherd's, and the occupants of the hut, timorous as he knew them to be, would not return before the break of day. And had not his own child, his own wife, his recreant wife, a stronger claim upon him? was she not the mother of his dying child. He did not confess to himself one reason which drove him forth. He was unwilling to pass a lonely night with the corpse in the dreary wintry hut.

It had ceased to snow as he mounted his shivering horse again. He turned him toward the guide-posts; he hoped to reach the village before dawn. The child, wrapped closely in its furs, rested upon the saddle before him; he had bound him fast upon it, fearing the worst.

Who will blame the unhappy man, if, amid the weighty sorrows that bowed him down, a more cheerful image played before his vision! He held a treasure in his arms. The rich reward of the father, could not, it was true, breathe life into his own dying child, could not restore to him his wife's love, but how rich was the world, how fair the joys of existence, how enticing the images of hope!

But alas, the keen east wind had begun to blow again, since the snow had ceased falling. " I am cold," said the little fellow, and wound his arm about the neck of the horseman. The pastor was cold likewise; he counted the moments, the beating of his pulse, he felt every step of the groaning beast that bore him.

The horse stopped on a sudden, and the next instant fell. Pastor and child lay buried in the snow. The wearied, exhausted beast lay trembling for a moment, and then gasped out its last breath. The light in the lantern was extinguished.

"And this, too!" was all the pastor could utter, but he held the trembling child toward heaven. The wind had blown aside the clouds, and a single star was visible.

" Courage, courage, my child! A Father above sees thee. He will give me strength."

He kissed the boy, breathed upon its benumbed face, and clasping it in his arms, went on his way encouraged. It was no time to say farewell to the faithful companion of his poverty and distress. The boy hugged him closely about the neck. Thus he walked onward; every step was a toil, but the wind, to which he had been more exposed when on horseback, blew less keenly upon him now that he was on foot.

Motion gave him new strength. He carried his little burden for a considerable distance without stopping to rest.

" Where is my other father?" said the little fellow.

" In heaven above us," he answered.

" No, that father lies in the snow," said the boy, " I do not want to go to the cross father."

"I will bring thee to thy good father; do not fear."

" My good father did not carry me out into the snow."

" He will give thee a handsome dress if thou wilt be quiet."

" The good father is far away."

" The good father is near to all his children."

The boy now fell asleep. His breath warmed the pastor's cold cheek. But soon he was unable to proceed, he paused, completely exhausted. He had taken the right direction, he recognized objects around, but how could his weary feet bear him with the slumbering boy over this sea of snow? The village lay about three gun-shots distant, and his call for help could reach no human habitation.

But a sound fell upon his ear. It was the ringing of the bell. Thus early! what could that mean! It was but at intervals that the single tones reached him through the wind. It might be a burial, perhaps the burial of his own child. No, that could not be; his return must be looked for every hour; they would wait for him at least a day. Yet it could not be a burial, indeed, for he would have had notice of it yesterday. But the tones echoed again and again in his bosom. He beheld the little grave, the silent train, the mother bent to the earth with sorrow, wringing her hands in despair. He felt that *his child was dead.*

"I will still be a father to this child," he exclaimed, and raised it again to his shoulder. "Ye weary limbs, ye would yet hold out if it were my Henry."

The clouds dispersed, the heavens became clear, the stars shone kindly upon him, the eastern border of the retiring clouds were already tinged with red, and by the early dawn he could discern the church steeple. He pointed it out to the child, as if it could inspire him also with courage, as if the boy would grow more cheerful at the happy sight. But his burden felt heavier and heavier; the pastor's knees grew weak, he sank down against the guide-posts, just as the first sunbeam tinged the white roofs.

"Thy will be done!" he said.

"Why do you stop? it is so cold!" moaned the boy.

He was unable to answer. "Perhaps he will outlive me as he did his companion in the abyss," he thought, and clasped him more closely in his arms. "Some one may pass this way, while life is still in his veins, and will snatch him from the arms of the cold, stiffened man, and carry him to his father."

A shrill, piercing whistle, now sounded through the morning air. It was answered on the right and left. Life seemed to swarm upon the wide field of snow. Figures, men on horse and on foot, moved onward, and all were coming toward him. The blood stirred once more in his veins. He raised the boy aloft.

"Save the child!" he cried, and sank to the earth.

But not to die. He awoke toward noon in his own chamber. It was cheerful and warm. Strengthening draughts and refreshing food stood upon the table, such as had not been seen for a long time beneath his roof. A man with a chesnut-colored beard, of a tall form, and dignified, earnest mien, stood near him with a boy in his arms.

It was the one which he had rescued, and it was pointing at him with its little fingers. "The other father in the snow is waking up!" said the child.

The man stepped toward him, pressed his hand, and said in English, "Heaven will reward you for what you have done for me."

"Were you so near?" said the pastor, after a few moments' reflection.

"And scarely near enough for your rescue. I had been on the track of the ruffians for four and twenty hours. I had learned that yon villain had forsaken the faithless nurse, who had been bribed to place the child in his hands, nay, that finding her penitent, he had probably murdered her, and had fled with the boy in the darkness and storm. I myself had given the alarm to all the villages around; the ruffian could not have escaped. But who would have saved my child, who would have rescued my boy from the fury of the tempest, if Providence had not sent you to his aid. I will roof your house with gold, but the father can never pay you, no one can pay me for the life of this child."

"Where is *my* child?" cried the pastor, keenly reminded of his fears, and he extended his arms toward them.

"With another Father in Heaven, and is there praying for its poor guilty mother!" cried his wife, as she leaned over the bed, and concealed her weeping face in the pastor's hands.

"Thou hast outlived the anguish, unhappy mother?"

"His heart beat for the last time at daybreak. But long before, I would fain have hastened after thee, to implore thee to forget what I had said. *I* did not say it; it was the grief, the madness within me. It has been a fearful night. I have been punished, severely punished for it, and my child above will pray for me."

"How brightly the sun shines; all is forgiven, all is well!" said the pastor, as he raised himself in bed, and clasped his repentant wife to his bosom.

"All well!" sighed his wife, "we are childless!"

"You are yet young," said the stranger.

"And I have no parents," she continued.

"They only cast thee forth, they did not aim at the life of thy child," replied the stranger, who had been informed of the particulars of their history. "I have no longer a father, for he it was who planned the robbery of my child, to enrich a younger son."

"*In the snow of the winter night, and in the night of Life, a Father's eye watches over us all!*" said the pastor.

THE COUNTRY GRAVE-YARD.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

FRONTING Broadway, where most thronged by the devotees of business and idleness, are two grave-yards, each dotting the graves with mounds and white stones, around two of our most fashionable churches. These places for sepulchres were opened when New York was but a small village, and the dead were placed in ground consecrated by the temple of God, and where the Sabbath hymn and the solemn prayer might "steal o'er the place of graves." They were then remote from the tumult of business—remote from the din of human care and human folly. They were then hallowed by the spirit of repose. Now, as the giddy and tumultuous throng crowd that great thoroughfare, there is something awful in the mute appeal of these mementoes of the dead—the hushed and time-worn records of a dead city spreading themselves forth to arrest the eyes of the living. One shudders to think the time may come when we also may lie by the wayside, amid noise and confusion, music and revelry, the rude jest and the daring oath, and the fine sense shall no more start at the Babel of discordant sound; and we inwardly pray, "Let me lie where the birds will sing over my grave!"

We recall the church far away, where we knelt in childhood, and the hushed and green "burial-ground," where rest the ashes of those for whom we first wept, and learned the sad burden, "passing away, passing away." Let us recall one so still and beautiful, sloping the hill-side, that, as Shelley said of Keats, "it is enough to make one in love with death, to have so sweet a resting-place;" and the poor, sensitive poet might have here "felt the daisies grow over him." In the spring of the year, when "the south wind quieteth the earth," and the last heaps of snow have melted away from between the hillocks, it is pleasant to behold how every mound is draped in its green robe, and looking forth to the light, as even these, in their mute eloquence, would whisper of the undying hopes of immortality.

There the poor mother, who beheld her babe laid away amid ice and snow, comes to look upon its little grave and see that all is smoothe and verdant. Many a mourner walks forth to weep over those for whom the spring shall no more awake, nor the blossom put forth its beauty.

Thus, year by year, did the pale members of the Hill family go forth to weep, gathering with pale fingers their black robes about them, and looking through their folds of crape with cold blue eyes and marble features, till nine brothers and sisters slept side by side, as if death were in love with his victims. I saw one of the brothers shortly before the grey shadows passed over him, and my memory still recalls his tranquil, even cheerful look. He was in the first flush of manhood, which had promised health and distinction, but the cup had been dashed from his lips, and he meekly turned his face to the wall, as knowing he must die. I was in the first days of girlhood, buoyant, hopeful, exultant in life and health. With the freedom of the dying he took my hand, and looked calmly and earnestly into my face. I was awed by his solemn look, his cold hand, and felt as if my own heart had lost a pulsation, for I did not blush nor turn my eyes away. He laid his other cold hand over mine, and uttered in a low and most musical voice, "We shall meet no more on earth; may we meet in heaven." For weeks the cold touch of his hand above and below mine, with its hue of health and life, was like the pressure of a clod upon it, and I could not away with the impression; but the memory of that simple prayer comes back as if its utterance from dying lips involved the assurance of a place in heaven for me.

Reader, art thou one ready to share the festivity of thy friends, to rejoice with those that do rejoice, and yet shrinkest from companionship with those that mourn? If so, I shall weary thee. Wouldst thou wear the garment of festivity, and recoil from the sackcloth and ashes? If so, cast me aside, for mine is of another spirit. The region of tears is holy ground. None but they who are purified from self are fit to watch and tarry at the entrance, far less are they fit to enter this Gethsemane of the soul. None but they whose locks have been wet all night with dew, and their hair with the drops of the morning, who have trodden the winepress alone, and tasted the gall of the sacrifice, are worthy to enter into the temple of sorrow, and fold their robes in silence, because of the greatness of their grief. But if thou art of another spirit—if those that once were dear to thee are always dear—if thou dost feel that death is life, the grave immortality—draw near, I pray thee, and we will weep together.

Behold this stone! Yes, it is the grave of a sister. Years has she rested there, yet it seemeth but a day to the greenness of memory. Others tell of her youth, her beauty; and she was my friend, my sister! I saw the soul, and the fair temple was only a fit receptacle for one of such truth and nobleness. We were but two, and fatherless. Need I say more?

She died. I was not by her to take her last kiss, and even now I recoil with anguish from the thought; though blameless, it should not have been thus. I could not receive the tokens of death. There was the cheek unchanged, but pale; there was her abundant hair, her fair fingers, her sweet smile! My God! the agony of that moment, when there was no look nor word of response to my affection! I felt as if the sunshine had been suddenly shut from the earth, and a black pall cast over all things. O, how long and many have been the days of sorrow!

Life came with its terrible realities, and I learned that I could lay my hand calmly upon her dead brow, and whisper, "It is well." To die with heart full of love, and trust, and hope, trailing the glory of this into the invisible world, surely it is a blessedness. To die ere every cup hath received, drop by drop, the infusion of life's Marah waters, surely is the blessing of those meet for the kingdom of Heaven. Sainted and most beautiful thou wert blest!

FIRE AND WATER.

A jeu d'esprit, composed in a steamboat.

BY REV. DR. DAVIDSON.

I.

Fire and Water had long antagonists been
Struggling the empire of earth to win;
Boiling over with fierce and inveterate hate,
They foam'd and they vapor'd whenever they met.

II.

At length, one pleasant, sunshiny day,
They happen'd to meet in a friendly way,
And propos'd an alliance; with this the chief point,
They should hold o'er the world dominion joint.

III.

The thing was no sooner said than done;
Away they shot like lead from a gun;
Over the land and over the seas,
And wherever they went they rais'd a breeze.

IV.

They bor'd through the hills, and the valleys they spann'd,
And they tore like mad o'er the level land;
They paus'd not, they slept not, but on they sped,
And their only cry was, "Go ahead!"

V.

They shriek'd, and they scream'd, and they yell'd with delight,
That wild Fire-fiend and that Water-sprite;
Such lots of fun it was rare to see,
Such rollicking, frolicking, madcap glee.

VI.

They saw men toiling sad and slow,
And they wink'd at each other, and said, "O ho!
Let us snatch up their burdens, and whisk off their ships,
And a fig for their old fashion'd spurs and whips!"

VII.

So the ships they scud with never a sail,
And they cross'd the sea in the teeth of the gale;
And the cars they flew with the speed of a bird;
Never before was the like of it heard.

VIII.

But 'tis hard all at once bad habits to break,
And the old pugnacity oft would awake;
They would snarl and sputter, and fume again,
And a grand blow-up was the consequence then.

IX.

'Twere long to tell of the frightful screams,
And the headless trunks, and the mangled limbs,
Of the frantic mother bewailing her child,
And the widow'd bride in distraction wild.

X.

But in spite of it all, they keep travelling on,
And they talk of a trip to Oregon;
And boast that they'll make us, before very long,
Next door neighbors to old Hong-Kong.

THE LOST BROTHER;

A TALE FOR SISTERS.

"Do you really think, Edward, that his sisters' unkindness was a cause of Harry's dissipation?"

"Yes, Mary, I do really believe that Harry Milner's dissipation, desertion of home, and subsequent ruin, is attributable mainly to the cruelty of his sisters. I do not hesitate to say they are responsible for their brother's disgrace and ruin!"

"You speak with *emotion*, Edward, as if you knew the fault was theirs; but is nôt the supposition unkind?"

"It is *not supposition*. I speak with earnestness, because I *know*. Had you known Harry as well as I knew him, you would feel as I do. And I may say, had his sisters known him as I did, they would have been at no loss to account for his conduct. But in that case, his career and its termination would have been very different from what they were."

"Dear Edward, how strangely you talk. If his sisters had known him as well as *you* did! Do you suppose they were less acquainted with their brother, living with him every day of his life, than you, who only saw him occasionally?"

"I certainly do not mean to say that his sisters might not have been far better acquainted with him than myself or any one else, excepting his parents; and that they were not, was their own fault, the more so as they both were older than he."

"And what leads you to think they were not? How could they help knowing him?"

"They never *cultivated* their brother's acquaintance, Mary. They never sympathized with him. And it may be doubted if our knowledge of any person ever exceeds our sympathy with him. But it *cannot* be doubted that our false estimates of character are in a great measure attributable to this lack of sympathy, especially where appearances are unfavorable. Had Harry Milner's affections been cultivated when he was a child, and, as he grew older, had his sisters entered warmly into his feelings, and won his confidence by giving him their own—in short, had they loved and treated him as a brother, he might still have lived to bless the home which their love had rendered dear to him. On the contrary, their whole treatment of him, from childhood to manhood, tended as directly as if that had been their design to alienate him from his home, and repel him from the hearts of his kindred."

"My dear brother, I am surprised to hear you speak in this way, and yet I cannot doubt that you think you have sufficient grounds for these heavy charges. I wàs never much acquainted with Harry's sisters, but have always found them pleasant in their manners, and should have presumed they were amiable young ladies. I cannot imagine how they should have been so very unkind to their brother, as you represent. Do tell me what you know about the matter, for of course you are not conjecturing."

"You will do me the justice, Mary, to admit that I am not in the habit of forming unfavorable conjectures respecting the conduct of others; and I am sure it will be no breach of poor Harry's confidence, and no injustice towards his family, to say to you, my dear sister, what I would on no account say to another on this painful subject, for painful it is indeed to me. I loved Harry Milner with the affection almost of a brother, and I marked his downward progress with unutterable sorrow. You know that in our school days we were more warmly attached to each other than any two of our playfellows.

"Even then Harry had begun to feel very keenly at times the influences which were slowly but surely working his downfall. But the elasticity and buoyant spirits of children enable them to resist unfavorable influences for a long time, though they may eventually be crushed by them. Ah! little know they what they do who rudely treat the heart of childhood.

"At that early period, Harry's sisters were little better towards him than young tyrants. As we were all children together, I had an opportunity of noticing their treatment, then, which, of course, I could not have after we became older. His gratifications and preferences must always yield to theirs, 'because,' as his father said, 'they were girls;' but his sisters said, because they were 'older than he.' Then he must not only run on all their errands, and wait on them in every reasonable way, which no young brother would have done more cheerfully, had these things been requested instead of being always demanded; but he must also submit to all their *unreasonable* requirements, and gratify their whims and humors, no matter how great the inconvenience to himself. His own gratification or comfort never seemed to be taken into the account at all. Indeed, if he ventured to speak of his own wishes in opposition to theirs, he was immediately reminded that he was only a little boy, and threatened with 'father's' displeasure, or the loss of some favor from his sisters, which, however, under any circumstances, he was very likely not to receive.

"As he became older, the same ungenerous spirit was exercised towards him, and in a greater variety of ways. When he was thirteen years of age, he was still treated as a *little* boy, and his sisters, who were then fifteen and seventeen, appeared to regard him in no other light than a convenient appendage to the family. He was never allowed to indulge in any of those little pleasantries so natural to children of that age, nor to take part in their conversations. If, on any occasion, he ventured an opinion of his own, he was at once laughed down by one sister, and frowned down by the other. 'What do you know about it?' or 'who asked for your opinion?' and similar taunting interrogations were usually sufficient to silence him.

"His faults—and he had such as are common to childhood—were exaggerated and treated with severity, while he was frequently accused of those of which he was not guilty. Scarcely anything he did was right; but when, as I knew, he had done his best to please them, they would often find the most fault with him."

"Do let me interrupt you, Edward, just to ask if his parents allowed this treatment."

"Mr. Milner is a man of strange contrarieties of character. He possesses strong feelings, and, of course, strong prejudices. He is, moreover, very partial to his daughters, while Harry he always treated with severity. If the girls entered a complaint against him, it was presumed to be just, without investigation, and the poor boy censured accordingly.

"Their mother was indulgent to all her children. She saw with pain the injustice with which her son was treated by his father and sisters, and remonstrated against it; but she lacked the decision necessary to correct the fault on the part of her daughters, and gently reproving them on every recurring occasion, left the evil for time to remove, while her husband's pride of opinion prevented him from being benefitted by her counsels. He would insist that Harry's wayward disposition demanded the sternest treatment, and that nothing less would prevent him from coming to utter ruin, and their grey hairs from coming with 'sorrow to the grave.'

"His mother, therefore, endeavored to make him what amends was in her power, by treating him with increased indulgence. She never reproved his faults, or crossed his inclinations, made no requirements of him, and exacted no obedience. But she knew not the art of cultivating his affections or securing his confidence; hence she was a stranger to the workings of his heart, and had no ability to aid him in self-discipline.

"She, however, was rather to be pitied than blamed, for she really tried to do what to her seemed best for him, and her very failure was the result of misguided *kindness*. She, therefore, could not inspire such a spirit as Harry's with respect. Still he loved his mother, and while she lived he did not wholly despair, for he felt he had one friend in his father's house—one who would listen to his wrongs, and feel them, too, if she could not redress them. But his mother died, you know, when he was but fourteen years of age."

"How did he fare, then? His condition must have been more unpleasant than ever."

"After the death of his mother, his father's severity relaxed somewhat, and he seemed to be more influenced by the former remonstrances of his wife, after her death, than while she was living; but he knew nothing of being a companion for his children, his grand object being to lay up money for them. He was, therefore, as ignorant of his son's character and disposition as ever. Harry, of course, suffered less from his father's injustice than when younger, and he gradually outgrew the domineering spirit of his sisters."

"Then I should suppose he might have been happier, and become a worthy young man, after all. Does not your sympathy for your friends lead you to throw off the blame of his conduct, which properly belongs to himself, upon others?"

"I think not. Had his sisters at that time, sensible of their injustice towards him, endeavored to atone for it by kindness of heart and conduct—I say of *heart and conduct*, for they must be combined in order to be effective—had they sought, even then, by all the means which sisterly affection knows so well how to employ, to heal his spirit and make him happy—they would have succeeded; and oh! what a reward would have been theirs!

"Harry had a warm, a noble heart. His disposition was emphatically social. He yearned for sympathy and love. He might have been somewhat romantic, and, Col. Blakely would say, morbid in his ideas of social life and happiness. If he were the former, he certainly drew his ideal from the picture sketched by the hand of nature on his own fervid imagination. If the latter, it was owing to the irritating influences to which his too sensitive spirit was continually subjected. Had his sisters been true to him, they could not have failed of loving him, if they possessed any discernment of character, or any capacity for appreciating what is truly estimable."

"How could Harry have been so estimable, Edward, as you represent him, and at the same time yielded to such vices? It seems to me that your partiality for him, and your own enthusiasm, lead you to overrate him."

"Harry's character was strongly marked, and those very characteristics which, rightly directed, would have rendered him one of the noblest and best of men, by being perverted, made him *capable* of becoming the worst. There is surely nothing paradoxical in that, my sister."

"Certainly not. But then, Edward, why do you lay so much stress upon his sisters' unkindness as the cause of his ruin? I cannot see why they should bear all the blame of their brother's delinquencies, and he be exculpated."

"By no means, Mary, would I exculpate him, and transfer his own moral accountability to his sisters. It cannot be done. But you will bear in mind that I am neither justifying nor condemning him, but simply showing, as it appears to me, the agency which his sisters performed in accomplishing his ruin, and how they might have prevented it.

"The truth is, dear Mary, we never fall alone. We not only bring others down with us, but others also are instrumental in our overthrow; and nowhere is this instrumentality more apparent than in the narrow circle of friends and kindred. It is beneath the parental roof, my sister, that this power becomes the most effectual for good or for evil. I do not know as there is any such thing as overrating a brother's, a sister's, and a parent's influence."

"Tell me, if you can calculate it, the amount of happiness or woe that has its origin within that world in miniature, *our home*. What tempers are not cultivated there? what passions engendered? and what career of honor or of shame has not there its commencement and propelling power?"

"No, Mary, I do not exaggerate a sister's influence or accountability, nor would I be censorious towards a sister's faults. I too unfaithfully discharge a *brother's* duties to be severe with those not more fallible than myself. You know I am not one of those who would throw off all the responsibilities of life upon your sex, as though ours had nothing to do but to stand by and act the odious part of task-masters and censors. There are too many such already for me to add to their number.

"I am the more unreserved in my remarks, from the feeling that none of them can apply to my own dear sister. But if the opinions and strictures of an elder brother are worth anything to her on this point, it will be in helping her to form the habits of those younger sisters who are everywhere springing up delightfully around us. Let your little pupils, dear Mary, learn from your lips the nature of a sister's duties and her unfailing reward."

"You said Harry outgrew his sisters' tyrannical spirit. Did they not manifest more interest in him as he grew up? I think you said he was twenty years old when he left home."

"Yes, he was nearly twenty. He had been in his father's store three or four years after leaving school, and a source of great regret it was to him that he was obliged to remain in his father's house.

"Harry was very impatient of restraint, and as home presented no attractions to him, he naturally enough felt that escape from its thraldom would be freedom and comparative happiness. You may infer that his sisters had not yet found the way to his heart. They, of course, treated him very differently from what they did when he was a boy. He had changed, and so had they; but it was a change which had little to do with the affections. There was nothing marked in their ordinary course to a common observer; the most striking feature was, probably, that of indifference, and that is so common as hardly to be called *striking*. They evidently preferred the society of any other gentleman of their acquaintance to that of their brother. Although in the absence of their attentions they were very glad to avail themselves of Harry's, he was not, however, always disposed to render them the most cheerfully. Still his pride often led him to attend them where it was not proper that they should go alone; and he often yielded to their importunities, for he was far from being selfish, and no one took more pleasure in performing a kind office where he thought it would be appreciated. Then he was often left alone a whole evening, while his sisters were out, or were entertaining company in the parlor—that was in part his own fault; but the truth is, he had little sympathy with their favorites, and it often happened, too, at times when he was indisposed, or depressed in spirits, or over fatigued with the employments of the day. One instance of the kind occurred but a short time before he left home.

"Harry had been in to see me through the day, and I discovered he was suffering from a severe influenza. I reproved him for being out, and told him to go directly home and tell his sisters that he must be nursed, or they would have him sick with a fever in less than two days. He replied that he could not spend time to be sick at present, and he thought he should be able to get along without nursing until night, and then he would try what a warm bed and sound sleep would do for him. He soon left; but he looked so ill that I really felt concerned about him, and immediately after tea I called to see him. I found him alone, and very sad indeed. When I entered he looked up, and as I caught his eye I saw there had been a severe struggle going on; but he had mastered his feelings so far as to appear calm. I took hold of his extended hand—it was burning with fever—and inquired, 'What are you doing to-night for your health?' He replied, 'Not much.' 'But, my dear Harry,' I said with some earnestness, 'you *must do* something. Where are your sisters?' 'They are out,' he answered calmly. 'Did they go out since you came in?' I asked. 'Oh yes,' said he, 'they went out since tea.' I was somewhat excited, but managed to keep down my emotion, and said to him, 'Harry, you may think me impertinent, but you know we have ever been friends and confidents—tell me, how came your sisters to leave you this evening? Did they not know you were too ill to be left alone?'

"'Edward,' he replied with suppressed emotion, 'if I have a friend and confident in the world, it is yourself. I say to *you*, then, what I am too proud to say to any one else, my sisters are *not sisters* to me. They have little love or sympathy for me. They know not what they are doing; but they are destroying me, body and soul, I fear, and they will one day know it to their sorrow.'

"I saw at a glance what the conflict had been, and forbore to make any farther inquiries. But the pent-up fires which were consuming his soul would have vent. He went on to say, 'My sisters were offended because I refused to go out with them to-night, although they must have known that I was too ill to be out during the day. They will not be home till late, and I am very sure they will not do anything for me when they do return, for I shall not ask them to. I have made up my mind to one thing, Edward,' he continued, 'and I shall not be slow in its execution. I have tried to remain with my father during my minority, but I cannot endure another whole year of such a bondage.'

"I trembled at this announcement, for I knew well the strength of his determinations; but wishing not to appear to treat the matter too seriously, I inquired very calmly, 'Where will you go?' 'Anywhere, *anywhere*,' he quickly replied, and with great agitation. 'It matters little to me where I am, or what becomes of me. I think sometimes I shall die in a mad-house, and then again I resolve to care nothing about myself or anything else. If I once escape from *home*, I shall make one effort, cost what it may, to forget the past; but how it will end I cannot say.'

"I cannot tell you with what emotion I listened to this half-sober, half-frantic language. I was aware that Harry had contracted habits of dissipation, and that they were gaining upon him. I had frequently talked with him as faithfully as I knew how, and he would always listen kindly to what I had to say. Sometimes, in his more tender moments, he would acknowledge he was destroying himself, and that he thoroughly despised his course. On this occasion he made the same confession in reply to my remonstrances; but he struggled hard with his emotions as he added, 'Edward, you who have a home that is a very Paradise, cannot understand the strength of my temptations. You come home dispirited, exhausted in body and mind, or perhaps as I am now, half sick, and you find friends, and sympathy, and love. Not to speak of your parents, you have sisters whose hearts are open to meet you, and their hands ready to administer to your comfort. If you wish to go out, they are ready to go with you. If it is quiet that you need, they are equally ready to remain at home. Would you converse, conversation is what pleases them. Would you have reading, they wish to read or listen to you. In other words, your sisters love you, and desire to see you happy.

" 'I am not selfish,' he added; 'at least, I do not mean to be. I would not have my friends always forego their own gratification to conform to my wishes; nor would I desire them to keep their invention on the stretch to try what they can do to make me happy. All I desire is the pleasant look and voice, the gentle words, and *little* deeds of kindness, which cost an affectionate heart so little, and yet are more valuable to the receiver than countless treasures, or the "gold of Ophir."

" 'All this, Edward,' he continued, 'and much more than this, lights up your home, and renders it the abode of happiness to you. You have no temptation to go abroad in quest of sympathy, for the purest, that nearest to perfection, is found at *home*, and love such as lives nowhere else this side of heaven.

" 'But oh! the blighting influence of a cold, selfish, *heartless* home!

" 'No, 'tis not home, and to call it by that hallowed name is a misnomer, a profanation!

" 'For what is home, and where, but with the loving?
Happy thou art that canst so gaze on thine!'

" 'Oh! that I were fit to die, Edward, I should not desire to remain here a single day!' 'Oh! that you *were*, my friend, fit to die,' I replied, 'for then you would be happy in living. And why will you not let me lead you, dear Harry, to that Friend whom you so much need, and to whom I have so often invited you? On his breast, believe me, you may find rest for your troubled spirit, healing for your wounded, bleeding heart. Why will you not go to Him *now*, my dear friend?' 'Ah, Edward,' he answered, 'it is an easy thing for you to be a Christian; your parents and sisters are Christians. Oh! that you could persuade mine to be so! All the happiness I look for now is in utter oblivion.' He was about to proceed, but suddenly checking himself, he said, 'No, Edward, I will not pain you any longer by this strain, 'tis very selfish. I see I have already distressed you too much. Forgive me, I did not sufficiently reflect. But it seems to-night as if a fire were kindling on my very brain. I shall be better to-morrow.'

"During the remainder of my visit I succeeded in turning the conversation and his thoughts, as far as possible, from himself. It was my last visit at the house. He was out the next day, and called to tell me he was better. He seemed calm, and the few times I saw him afterwards there was nothing remarkable in his appearance. It was soon after that his sudden and mysterious departure from home took place. But the remainder of my poor friend's history you will not desire me to repeat, and it is too painful for me to dwell upon. I would for ever throw the pall of forgetfulness over the last two years of his unhappy life. Oh, Mary, who can tell the deep and settled anguish of his noble spirit! Who can measure the intensity of that suffering which drove him to such a miserable end!

"I can never sufficiently reproach myself that I did not make a more vigorous and persevering effort to save him. Ah! had I for a moment expected such a result!"

"Poor Harry! I had no idea that he possessed such feelings, much less that he was so unhappy—and so *young*, too! How strange that his sisters could have been so ignorant of his character, or the effect of their unkindness. But do you not think, Edward, he was a very rare case?"

"In some respects it unquestionably was so; but in its general feature I have reason to think such cases are by no means uncommon. Harry Milner possessed an unusual degree of sensibility and native refinement, and we feel the sufferings of such minds most keenly.

"But I fear thousands of young men of good natural dispositions, and who might have become blessings to their friends and to the world, have been led into habits of dissipation and crime through the neglect of kindred at home.

"They may not have been treated with the same degree of cruelty which Harry received from his sisters, but there is the same lack of interest in them, and of sympathy with them. Their sisters make no special effort to render *home attractive* to them; their tastes and feelings are less consulted there than elsewhere, their company less sought and valued. What wonder, then, if they yield to the stronger influences abroad?

"Nor need any sister be surprised if she discovers, too late to remedy the evil, that her neglected brother has wandered far beyond her reach, in seeking the society of other and more congenial spirits than her own.

"Time was when she might have holden him for ever, by the golden cord of her affections, from vice and ruin; but she let go the chain, or suffered it to become tarnished, corroded, *broken* in her hand; and now she will strive in vain to recover what was once her own, although she seek it 'carefully with tears.'"

"You have indeed drawn a fearful picture, my dear brother, of a sister's duties and responsibilities. I never thought of them in so serious a light before, for I have always felt that the happiness which brothers and sisters find in each other's society and welfare was all the inducement they could need for the cultivation of their kindliest sympathies. It seems to me that by far the greater part of the happiness of life consists in the exercise of these *home affections.*

"Much as I enjoy the society of my general acquaintances, and there are some among them whom I love very dearly, still I should not hesitate to give them all up, were it necessary, rather than have the happiness of our family circle impaired by my own neglect or the unfaithfulness of any of its members."

"Let us each cherish these feelings, my dear sister, and, with the blessing of God in answer to our earnest prayers, long, *long* may it be before we shall have occasion to mourn in bitterness of spirit over the loved, but lost!

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

BY REV. JOHN DOWLING, D.D.

On a recent visit to the residence of a beloved brother, who, together with the writer of the following lines, long enjoyed the prayers and instructions of a now sainted mother, the sight of an old and well-worn Bible, which had for years been her companion in the house of her pilgrimage, awakened tender recollections, which found utterance as follows:

Yes, 'tis my mother's Bible! O! 'tis sweet
To look once more on thee, thou dear old book!
What though thy leaves by age and use are soiled;
And dingy is thy time-worn sheep-skin dress;
Yet fairer to my moistening eyes thou art
Than volume deck'd in costly dress of gold
And velvet, made for fashion more than use,
Because thou wast my mother's!

Blessed book!
The very finger-marks that blur thy leaves
Are beauties in *my* eyes, because they tell
Of that soft hand, that tender mother's hand,
Which often on my infant head was laid,
While words of fervent prayer were breath'd for me.

O! blessed are the dear remembrances
Of childhood's days! Yet blessed more than all
The memory of a tender mother's love—
A sainted mother's prayers! I feel it now;
The sweet illusion o'er my senses creeps,
Like cherish'd dreams of infancy revived;
And once again, sweet mother, once again
I feel thy hands upon my temples press!
Once more I see thee kneeling with thy boys,
And hear thy well-remembered words of prayer:
"God bless the lads! and grant that they may be
Happy recipients of thy blessed grace!"

Though thirty years have well nigh run their round,
Since thus thy words of prayer were breath'd for me,
And thou hast long since reach'd thy heavenly home,
Yet now I seem to be a child again;
And thy sweet, gentle tones, thus breath'd in prayer,
Fall on my ravish'd ear in melting strains,
Like heavenly music from thy harp of gold,
Borne on the winged zephyrs down to earth.

Again I look upon those cherish'd leaves,
And see the trace of tears upon the page
Where royal David breathes his sorrows forth,
Or David's Lord, beneath the heavy load
Of human guilt, in bitter anguish groans.

I saw, perhaps, those very tear-drops fall!
Yes, I remember how I stood and gazed,
With childish wonder, mother, at thine eyes,
Moisten'd with tears before the Holy Book.
I knew not *then* that joy and sacred love—
Not grief alone could wake the fount of tears;
Nor, while those pearly drops bedew'd thine eye,
That thoughts of Christ and glory thrill'd thy soul.

Well, thou art home at last! Upon the King,
Thy Saviour, in his beauty hast thou gazed;
And He, who to the living fountains leads
His ransom'd ones, hath wiped thy tears away.

And now once more farewell, thou dear old Book!
I love thee more than ever now, since 'tis
To thee I owe these recollections sweet
Of childhood's days, and mother's prayers, and thoughts
Of home and heaven!

GERTRUDE;

OR,

THE DISCONTENTED WIFE.

The principal charm of Gertrude Russel was her beauty. Her dark auburn hair, the vermilion of her cheeks, her graceful form, did not fail to attract admiration. The power which she possessed over those who sought her society, did not consist in her fascinating and brilliant conversation; but still they felt it to be a charm and a vision of gladness to be in her presence. She had every opportunity of cultivating her mind: but she could not endure the tedium of the school-room, and to books whose tendency was to improve the intellect or heart, she cherished an unconquerable aversion. She could weep profusely over a tragedy, and sit delighted for hours over the creations of fancy. She was sensitive, but to scenes of *unreal* suffering, and had few tears to shed over the actual miseries of life. Indeed, to these she was a stranger, for her time was mostly occupied in calls and company. Her father, a plain man, of the Puritan stamp, was proud of her, and pleased with the attention of her many admiring friends. Her every wish was gratified, and she lived without reason or restraint. She posessed few qualifications for a wife, but her personal charms were such as effectually to captivate the heart of a thoughtless heir, somewhat older than herself. He had first admired Gertrude as he admired a beautiful landscape or painting. He was fascinated with her beauty. At length his admiration deepened into love. She began to live in his thoughts, in his affections, in his hopes; in a word, her presence became indispensable to his happiness. He knelt—he *worshipped* at her shrine. He sought her hand; the proposals were accepted, and they were married. He was every way her superior, and was worthy a nobler mind and heart. Her *vanity* rather than her love was gratified by the alliance; and when the assiduities of promiscuous suitors were at an end, she found herself fast sinking in the dead calm of insipidity. When love was no more, other passions sprung up with all the luxuriance of weeds in a soil where no salutary herb has been planted in the vernal season. Envy, pride and jealousy flourished and grew to a sickening maturity. She cast a thick gloom over that sanctuary which should have been eradiated with perpetual sunshine. Though she had food and raiment, and even the luxuries and elegancies of life, yet happiness from her heart was excluded, and the deep shadows of an oppressive melancholy gathered about her. She fancied that no one was as miserable as herself, and that, had she married differently, she might have found the elysium to which her beauty entitled her. With this persuasion, and without the habit or ability to seek amusement in the walks of literature, she found no diversion so congenial to her taste as that of reproaching her husband as the cause of all her misfortunes. If he attempted to reason or remonstrate, she regarded it as opposition to her wishes, and the ready lightning kindled in her eye, her cheek glowed with indignation, while her tongue gave utterance to every word of bitter and burning reproach. Thus her vociferations were continually re-echoed from the parlor to the kitchen, except in the awful and ominous pause of a sullen silence. Still that tender passion, which encorporates itself into every fibre of the soul and is the last feeling to retreat from the heart, was fruitful in devising means to please her. Her husband attended her to the opera, but the softest music fell upon her ear without exhilarating her heart. She was sullen, sour, unsympathising, ever upon a bed of thorns, though reclining upon the softest cushion, ever complaining, though indulged with every fond caress. She wanted not wealth, nor pleasure, nor conjugal attention, for all these were at her disposal; but she wanted, what many a one wants, when he has all that affluence, honor, and friendship can bestow. She wanted, without being able to specify her wants, but what may be defined by that all-comprehensive word, *happiness*. Her marriage had introduced her into a state of perfect prosperity, only to realize that it is compatible with perfect misery. The evils of life are often imaginary, and yet they press heavily upon the heart. It was so in the present instance; she had a good home and a good husband, but still that favored spot which her young imagination had painted had not been reached or realized. She had never stooped to observe how half the world live—how many are doomed to poverty and affliction—how many ardently cherished hopes are crushed in their embryo. Had she been more familiar with such scenes, her life might have been sunnier and happier. It was the influence of such a contrast which she needed. She needed to know that there were those who bore up cheerfully and hopingly under the actual burdens of life—that it is the state of the heart, and not external circumstances which throws its light or dark shades upon life's picture, and mingles joy or sorrow in the cup we are doomed to drink. That she might learn this lesson, the husband of Gertrude, without stating his design, solicited her company through parts of the city which she had not seen, and whose novelty at least might interest her. They had passed through a number of streets, when they reached an alley, dark and forbidding. A heavy frown was upon the face of Gertrude, and she was reluctant to enter. "Gratify me this once," said the husband, "and you shall never regret it." She could not understand the object of such a visit to such a place. The emotions of fear, and anger, and eagerness to know the result, darkly mingled together. They entered a miserable dwelling, which seemed ready to fall beneath the weight of its own weakness. They found themselves at length in an attic chamber, so low that they could scarcely stand upright. There was but one window, and the broken panes being filled with rags, but very imperfectly admitted the light. In a dark corner of the room stood a bedstead without furniture, and on it lay the dead mother, who had survived but three weeks after having given birth to an infant. The father was sitting on a little stool by the fire-place, though there was no fire, and endeavoring to keep the little one warm in his bosom. Five of the seven children were asking their father for a piece of bread, while a fine boy of about three years old was standing by his mother, at the bedside, and crying, as he wont to do, "Take me, take me, mamma." "Mamma is asleep," said one of his sisters, with tears standing on her cheeks, which she tried to conceal. "Mamma is asleep, Johnny; go play with the baby on papa's knee." The father took him up on his knee, and his grief, which had hitherto kept him dumb and in a state of temporary insensibility, burst into a torrent of tears, and relieved his heart, which seemed ready to break. "Don't cry, papa," said the eldest boy, "our Sunday school teacher will come soon with a loaf of bread, and mamma will wake, and she shall have the largest piece." The mother had died away gently and beautiful as the hues of evening, so that the children knew not that she was dead. But the awful stroke had fallen upon the father's heart, and he felt it. Gertrude had never witnessed such a scene of poverty and distress, and, as she thought of these motherless babes, pleading in their young innocence even for a morsel of bread, she was silent and self-convicted, and the large tear drops hung upon her eyelashes without dropping. "You are sadly afflicted," said her husband to the bereaved man, "and perhaps we obtrude upon your grief. We come to proffer our sympathy and aid." "You are very kind, sir. I am indeed an afflicted man. She who has been the light and joy of my happy family, is no more; but she died in faith, and I murmur not. I have an internal source of comfort, which misfortune and affliction cannot reach." "Do you mean to say that you are happy in these circumstances of trial?" "I know what trial is; mine has been a hard and toiling lot; I have had to battle against misfortune and difficulty; I have been reduced to extreme poverty by the intrigue and cruelty of professed friends; and now God has taken my wife, who has nobly shared my trials, and ever cast the light of a cheerful, hoping faith upon my path; but still I bow meekly to His will, knowing that all things are for the best, the *very best.*" Such were the trial and triumph, the faith and fortitude of this afflicted man. There was a mystery here which Gertrude could not solve. Her heart was touched, chastened, and subdued. She had learned a lesson which she could never forget. She had learned that happiness is not dependent upon external circumstances—that the sacred talisman which possesses the power to expel uneasiness and discontent from the heart is not removed to an impassible distance—that this invaluable treasure is not the mysterious deposit of some unknown place, but that of all things it is the most obvious and the most accessible. She retired from that scene grateful for the lesson she had learned, determined to seek that good which consists not in the unsafe and the unsatisfying. Her false views of life and happiness being corrected, I need not say that she became a changed woman, a contented wife, a loving companion. But alas! the subject of this sketch finds its counterpart in many a fair and fashionable circle. It is not from garrets and cellars deep and damp, where human beings are congregated in poverty and wretchedness, that the loudest sighs are often heard and the most ungrateful complainings are uttered; but from stately palaces and elysian bowers, into which one might suppose discontent could never enter. It is not poverty in rags that calls most loudly for our compassion; it is poverty with purple upon her shoulders that is most to be pitied. From the former, industry may extricate or charity may relieve. But the necessity which grows out of excess is apparently without hope of remedy. Humanity holds out her helping hand in vain; she cannot reach it. It is a gloom over which prosperity can shed no ray of light—a sadness which pleasure cannot cheer. On the eminences of life many have found the pit of despair, and in the midst of the most redundant possessions have been reduced to the very extremities of need. What, then, will meet and satisfy their wants? Let them leave for a moment their elevated position, and descend to the humble habitations of real and unaffected woe. Instead of spending their hours in brooding over their own imaginary evils, let them mingle in scenes of real suffering—let them unloose the hand of avarice, and scatter blessings upon the path of the needy—let them "visit the widows and fatherless in their afflictions," and unless their hearts are dead to every generous impulse, they will return from such benevolent excursions with sunnier faces and happier hearts, better prepared to appreciate the good which they have to enjoy, and with braver, stronger hearts to bear up under the evils which are real and unavoidable. And if these pages should fall under the eye of a discontented wife, another Gertrude, let her know that there are those less fortunate than she, whose earthly lot is hard, but who are sustained by the lofty faith, that their present sufferings are not worthy to be compared to the glory hereafter to be revealed, when every tear shall be converted into a jewel, and every trial into a crown.

BETHLEHEM.

(SEE PLATE.)

BETHLEHEM, the birth-place of David and our Saviour Jesus Christ, is a village in Palestine, a part of Syria, in the Pachalic of Damascus, five miles from Jerusalem, at the foot of a hill covered with vines and olive trees, which, however, is not the mount of Olives mentioned in the Bible. An aqueduct conveys water from the hill to the village. It has 300 houses and 2,400 Greek and Armenian inhabitants, who make wooden rosaries and crucifies, inlaid with mother of pearl, for pilgrims; also excellent white wine. In a rich grotto, furnished with silver and crystal lamps, under the choir of a church of a convent in this village, a trough of marble is shown, which is said to be the manger in which Jesus was laid after his birth. There are three convents there for Catholics, Greeks, and Armenians. The greatest ornament of the place is the stately church erected by the empress Helena over the place where Christ is said to have been born, and bearing her name. It is built in the form of a cross, and the top commands a fine view of the surrounding country.

EXAMPLE.

We live in a social world. We are not isolated and independent beings, but are related to each other by the most tender and endearing ties. We are treading amid the most solemn relations. The thoughts we utter, the actions we do, are not like waves, which leave no ripple marks behind them. They possess a most energetic vitality, and live either for good or evil, when the tongue is mute and the hand is still. They have a formative influence over the character and destiny of others. Every man's example, be he rich or poor, learned or ignorant, is felt. It is often said, and truly, that it is an awful thing to die—to plunge into the deep shadows of the untried and the boundless; but it is fully as awful a thing to live—to live so as to keep one's name unsullied—to live so as to inflict no injury upon others, and especially to live *wrong*—to to live so as to be reproached by others and our own consciences. Is it not an awful power which man possesses to strike to the earth the dearest hopes—to dash from the sunlit heights of innocence some young and trusting heart—to bring a cloud over that bright and joyous being who has sacrificed for him all that is honorable in womanhood, and leave her to eat her bread in tears, amid the bitter memories of guilt and the agonies of hopeless abandonment? To him it will be awful, when left alone with his conscience, and the sun-fires of everlasting truth blazing over the field of his memory, to reflect, "I did that dreadful wrong; I seduced that heart from virtue; I made, by my example, that man a gambler or a drunkard." When conscience rouses herself as an avenger—when remorse takes up her scorpion lashes, and plies such a man with the idea of guilt—how every fountain of earthly bliss is poisoned! He is "like the troubled sea, which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." The choicest wines may sparkle upon his board, and the softest music may warble through his halls, but from the high battlements of conscience will be heard ominous and awful voices, and a mysterious hand will be seen writing *words prophetic* of his doom. If he sleep, spectres haunt him in his night visions, and eyes which he hath filled with tears gaze reproachfully upon him; and, if he wakes, it is only to behold the dim shadows of a veiled and veritable retribution.

"Thus writhes the mind remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed to heaven;
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within 'tis death."

This is no fancy sketch, but what is realized by many a one, whose influence and example have led others astray. Could that heart, black as death, and bleeding with its self-inflicted wounds, speak, what sad tales of horror and hopelessness would it utter! Look along the streets of the crowded city, as the tides of human life sweep by you at nightfall. Some, with haggard faces, are skulking forward to that den of infamy, the *gambling room*. Some, in the wild roar of appetite, are hurrying to the dram-shops. Some, thoughtless and jovial, are crowding to the theatre. At the corners of the streets, and in the deep shadows of the houses, there are figures moving mysteriously. Alas! these last are the daughters of shame; once they were beautiful and innocent as the dream of infancy; but now they are the children of reproach and sorrow. Smiles may at times be seen on their sad faces, but they are chill and sickly, like moonbeams creeping over a grave-stone. Who made those gamblers, those drunkards, those daughters of shame? Those men and women have not been hurled from the heights of honor and influence without the power of example. There cannot be this awful wreck of character and hope without deep guilt somewhere. There is dreadful guilt on *them*—sin-spots on their souls; but there is guilt elsewhere, and perhaps it may be traced to those who revel in their wealth and move respectably in the walks of gaiety and fashion—to those who might send gushing rills of gladness over all the family relations, but which are left desolate as the chambers of death. The future will doubtless reveal strange mysteries, "for God will bring every secret thing into judgment." Reader, let your example be such as to charm and attract to virtue and to truth. "Be watchful, be vigilant, for your adversary, the devil, goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

THE SPRING CROCUS.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

"Dainty young thing
Of life! thou venturous flower,
Who growest through the hard, cold bower
Of wintry spring.

* * * * *

Thy fancied bride,
The delicate Snow-drop, keeps
Her home with thee,
Near thy true side.

Will man but hear!
A simple flower can tell
What beauties in his mind should dwell
Through passion's sphere."

SYSTEMATIC name, *Crocus vernus;* Class III., *Triandria;* Order I., *Monogynia;* Natural Order, *Irideæ.*

Generic Character.—Spathe radical: corol superior, funnel-form, with a slender tube: stigma deep-gashed, crested: capsule three-celled, three-valved, with a loculicidal dehiscence.

Specific Character.—Petals three: stamens three, arising from the base of the sepals: root tuberous,—perennial.

Geography.—A native of the east, but now found growing wild in England and other temperate parts of Europe; cultivated in our gardens for ornament.

Properties—According to Lindley, the Crocus is more remarkable for its beautiful flowers than for its utility. The substance called saffron is the dried stigmas of the *Crocus sativus.* Its coloring ingredient is a peculiar principle, remarkable for being totally destroyed by the solar rays—of coloring, in small quantity, a large body of water, and of forming blue and green tints when treated with sulphuric and nitric acid, or with sulphate of iron. Saffron has a very pleasant, aromatic smell, and a fine, aromatic bitter taste. When chewed, it immediately imparts a deep yellow color to the saliva. It was formerly thought to possess remarkably exhilerating qualities, and in large doses was said to occasion immoderate mirth, involuntary laughter, and the ill effects which follow from the abuse of spirituous liquors. Recent experiments, however, have proved these assertions to be without foundation, so that the rank it once held in the Materia Medica is greatly diminished.

Remarks.—Crocus is from Κροκος, saffron. The story of the beautiful youth, Crocus, may be seen in the fourth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses. He became enamored of the nymph Smilax, and was changed into this flower on account of the impatience of his love, and Smilax was metamorphosed into a yew-tree Some derive the name from κροκη or κροκις, a thread; whence the stamens of flowers are called κροκιδες. Others, again, derive it from *Coriscus*, a city and mountain of Cilicia, and others still from the Chaldee, *crokin.* Its specific name, *vernus*, alludes to the season of its blossoming. It is a very beautiful flower, appearing in March and April, just as the Snow-drop begins to decline. Yellow, blue or purple, and white, are supposed to be the different colors it originally possessed, but the florist has produced about fifty varieties, which exhibit almost as great a number of hues. It may be made to blossom in the green-house or parlor, as well as the Narcissus, Jonquil, &c. "It is a remarkable circumstance of the Crocus, that it keeps its petals expanded during tolerably bright candle or lamp light, in the same manner as it does during the light of the sun. If the candle be removed, the Crocus closes its petals, as it does in a garden when a cloud obscures the sun; and when the artificial light is restored, they open again, as they do with the return of the direct solar rays."*

Sentiment.—Youthful gladness.

This sentiment is very beautifully expressed in the following lines by Miss Hannah F. Gould, entitled "The Crocus' Soliloquy:"

Down in my solitude, under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me;
Here, without light to see how to grow,
I'll trust to nature to teach me.

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* Bridgeman's "Florist's Guide."

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Locked in so gloomy a dwelling;
My leaves shall run up and my roots shall run down,
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up with my little bright head;
All will be joyful to see me.

Gaily arrayed in my yellow and green,
When to their view I have risen,
Will they not wonder how one so serene
Came from so dismal a prison?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower,
This little lesson may borrow—
Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
We come out the brighter to-morrow!

WHAT SEEK YE FROM EARTH?

What seek ye from earth? Seek ye grandeur or state,
The pride of the wealthy, the pomp of the great?
Seek ye honor—the honor that cometh from men?
And a name broad enrolled on the records of fame?

Or choose ye the quiet pursuits of the learned?
Has genius' bright fire on your heart's altar burned?
And would you the dim tracks of science explore,
Or in fancy's bright regions more fetterless soar?

Or seek ye for friendship, that jewel so choice?
Or does Love lure your soul with her Circean voice,
And charm you with visions of long peaceful life,
Afar from the busy world's tumult and strife.

Are such your fond dreams and pursuits? Listen, youth,
O! list to the counsels of wisdom and truth.
The objects you chase, tho' so tempting and fair,
Ere you grasp them, may vanish, like phantoms, in air.

And should you secure them, what then would you gain?
Some pleasure, perchance, but more sorrow and pain;
For grandeur and wealth, tho' so brilliant they seem,
Too often but cover the canker within.

And Fame's but a bubble a breath may dispel,
And knowledge—ask yonder pale student, he'll tell
That, with all he thro' years of hard study has gained,
He scarcely as yet has the portals attained.

And friendship and love, tho' of all earthly joys
The sweetest and purest, how great their alloys!
How oft prove they false, and how fleeting at best!
Too often torn from us ere fairly possessed.

And are such, then, earth's treasures, so eagerly sought,
With health, life, aye! e'en with the *soul* often bought?
O! turn from them—let your best efforts be given
To those pure, *fadeless* treasures, found only in heaven? M. G. B.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

☞ We notice with sorrow the intelligence brought by late arrivals from Europe, of the death of the Swedish poet TEGNER. ESIAS TEGNER, bishop of Wexiö, and Knight of the Order of the North Star, was born in 1782. In 1799, he entered the University of Lund as a student, and in 1812 was appointed Professor of Greek in that institution. In 1824, he became Bishop of Wexiö, which office he held till the time of his death. Professor Longfellow, our own gifted countryman, speaks of him as the first of the poets of Sweden of this age; a man of grand and gorgeous imagination, and poetic genius of a high order. His countrymen were proud of him, and rejoiced in his fame. Longfellow has introduced him to our acquaintance by admirable translations of some of his poems, as portions of the "Frithiof Saga" and his "Children of the Lord's Supper," which may be found, together with a synopsis of the Bishop's writings, in the "Poetry and Poets of Europe." We are tempted to quote a passage from the "Children of the Lord's Supper," in which the venerable white-haired pastor imparts his advice to the young catechumens of the church, on the occasion of their admission to the holy ordinance:

Therefore, take from henceforth as guides in the path of existence,
Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood.
Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roaring billows
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping;
Calmly she gazes around on the turmoil of men; in the desert
Angels descend and minister unto her; she herself knoweth
Naught of her glorious attendance; but follows faithful and humble—
Follows so long as she may, her friend; O, do not reject her,
For she cometh from God, and she holdeth the keys of Heaven.
Prayer is Innocence's friend, and willingly flieth incessant
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of Heaven.
Hope—so is called upon earth man's recompense—Hope, the befriending,
Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it
Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows.
Races better than we have leaned on her wavering promise,
Having naught else beside Hope. Then praise we our Father in Heaven,
Him who has given us more; for to us has Hope been illumined,
Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is living assurance.

But we must stop short with our extract, sensible that we can give no adequate idea of the beauty of the poem otherwise than by presenting it entire and perfect.

THE COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT.—One of the finest descriptions of this scene is that by Mr. Headley, in his "Letters from Italy." "One by one the groups retired, and I was left alone with the Coliseum and the night. Behind me stood the arch of Constantine—on my left was the Palatine hill, the Roman Forum with its few remaining columns and the Capitol, and beneath me was the arena, where thousands had been 'butchered to make a Roman holiday.' Up those very stone steps below me had passed hasty feet more than a thousand years ago. Right around me had been the bustle and hum of the eager assembly. Before me, through that grand archway in which now the bayonet of a solitary sentinel glistened, had passed the triumphant Cæsars, while the mighty edifice rocked to the shout of the people. Beneath me, far down in the arena, on which the moonlight lay so gracefully, had stood the gladiator, while his quick ear caught the roar of the lion, aroused for the conflict. '*Hic habet*' had been shouted from where I lay, as the steel entered some poor fellow's bosom. There the dying gladiator had lain, as the life-stream ebbed slowly away; while his thoughts, far from the scene of strife, reckless who was the victor, were

'Where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
***There* were his young barbarians all at play;**
***There* was their Dacian mother.'**

Oh! what wild heart-breakings had been in that arena! Every inch of it had been soaked in blood, and yet not a stain was left—not a scar remained to tell of the death struggles these walls had witnessed! The Cæsars and the people, the slave and the martyred Christian had all passed away. Thought crowded upon thought as I looked down, till the solitude and silence became too painful for me. I seemed to have lived years in those few minutes. * * I returned through the Basilica of Constantine, and while standing and musing over one of its fallen columns, I suddenly heard the scream of a night bird, which came from the Palatine hill, and was echoed back by another from near the Capitol. I had never heard it then, though I often have since. It was a shrill, single cry, that, heard amidst those ruins, at midnight, was indescribably thrilling. Right above me, on a ruined front, leaned several marble statues, in attitudes so natural, that it was almost impossible to believe they were not human beings keeping watch among the ruins. Just then the wind began to sweep by in gusts, shaking the ivy over my head, while the wild, mournful cry of that night bird seemed like the wail of a ghost amid the surrounding desolation. The hour, the place, and the silence made it too lonely. It was dreadful."

The African's Notion of the Gospel and War.—We see it stated that an American Missionary lately made application to the principal chief of the Mendi tribe of Africans, requesting him to call his people together, in order that the Missionary might preach the Gospel to them. After a few moments' reflection, the chief replied that he could not assent to the wish of the Missionary. "You want to come," said the African, "and hold God-palaver and Gospel-palaver with my people. Now I have gunpowder; I have sword, and I am going to fight my enemies; but if you hold God-palaver and Gospel-palaver with my people, they wont help me fight. I will whip my enemies first, and then my people may hear your Gospel-palaver." How entirely behind the age was this poor Negro! He might have learned that we in this Christian country have no sort of difficulty in attending to both war and gospel at the same time. We can even send bowie-knives and Bibles in the same cargo, and by the same hands, to those who are doing our fighting in Mexico. Will not some one enlighten the Mendi man in regard to the usages of Christian countries?

The Death of the Righteous.—It is profitable to mark the path of the upright, and note their last end. The effect of such scenes, even upon wicked men, is seen in the case of the miserable Balaam, who could not help exclaiming, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Of interesting examples of Christian dying, we may refer to that of the sainted George Herbert. "I now look back," said he, just before dying, "upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the pleasure I have taken in beauty, in wit, in music, and pleasant conversation, and they are now all past from me like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them; and I see that as my father and generation hath done before me, so I also shall now make my bed with Job, in the dark; and I praise God I am prepared for it; and I praise him that I am not now to learn patience when I stand in such need of it, and that I have endeavored to die daily, that I may not die eternally; and my hope is that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain, and which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from all sin and from all the temptations and anxieties that attend it; and this being past, I shall dwell in the new Jerusalem—dwell with men made perfect—dwell where these eyes shall see my dear Master and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and with him see my dear mother and my pious relations and friends. But I must die, or not come to that happy place." The dying hours of the pious and "judicious Hooker" were similarly filled with holy peace and calmness, so that even after so long a time one seems drawn back to the spot, and made to breathe the air of the chamber where he yielded up his spirit. We have need often to place our hearts under the influence of such scenes as those which signalize the departure to their rest of the servants of God.

Think of the Poor!—Every reader of this paragraph is requested to consider the poor, and to inquire if there is not some one or more of them in his vicinity who need his assistance. No labors are so richly rewarded as labors of love. No investment commands such a premium. "Have you any old shoes, hats, caps, coats, pants, vests? Distribute them to the poor children in your neighborhood. God's poor are all about you, soliciting charity through their ragged clothing and protruding limbs. Be not backward in doing good. Open your ears to the cries of hunger and distress. Distribute what you have—anything will be acceptable but advice. Do you know it?—Angels hover over the path that leads to honest poverty—and they who pass it often receive a blessing from the skies."

A Picture.—There is something exceedingly natural, simple, and touching in this little picture:

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
  Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
  Was clearing the dinner away.
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grand-pa's knee was catching flies.

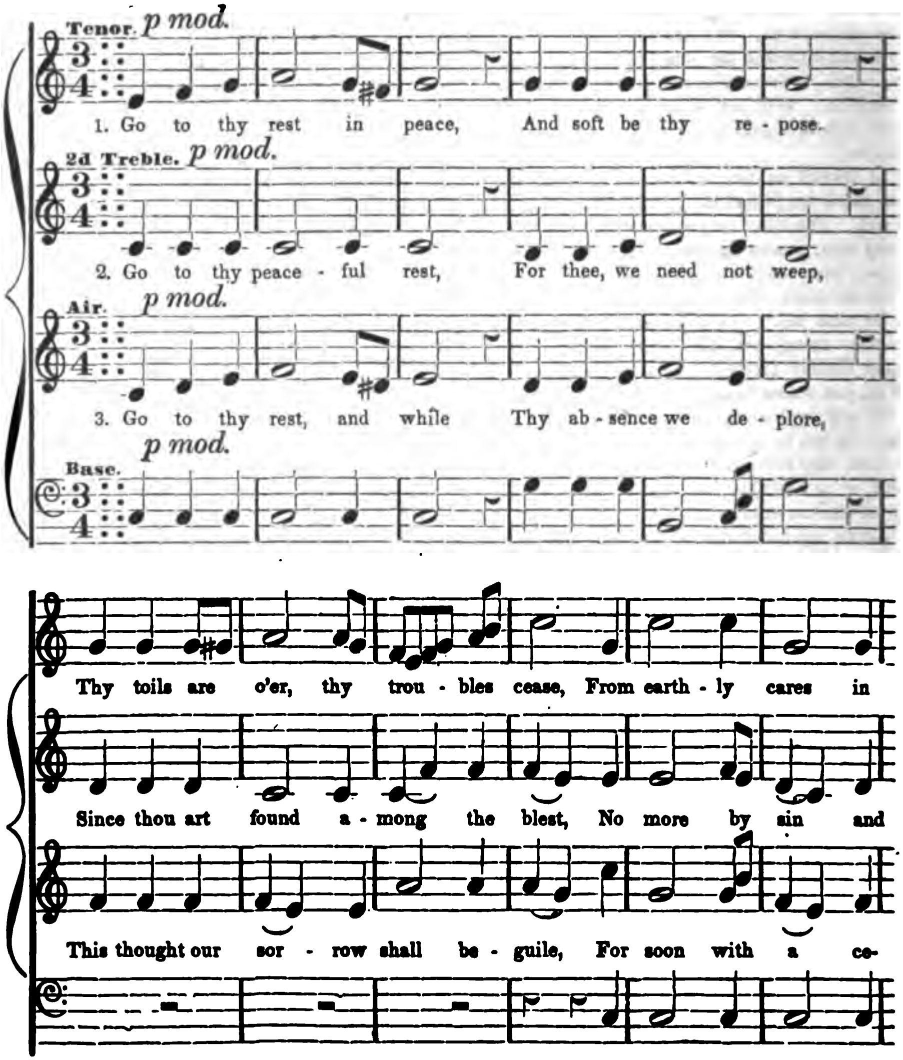
The old man placed his hand on her head,
  With a tear on his wrinkled face,
He thought how often her mother dead
  Had sat in the same, same place.
As the tear stole down from his half shut eye,
"Don't smoke," said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog stretched out on the floor,
  Where the sun, after noon, used to steal,
The busy old wife, by the open door,
  Was turning the spinning wheel—
And the old brass clock on the mantletree,
Had plodded along to almost three;

Still the father sat in his easy chair,
  While close to his heaving breast,
The moistened brow, and the head so fair,
  Of his sweet grand-child was prest;
His head, bent down, on her soft head lay—
Fast asleep were they both on that summer day!

DIRGE.—"GO TO THY REST."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY THOMAS HASTINGS.



Tenor.
p mod.
1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re - pose.
2d Treble.
p mod.
2. Go to thy peace - ful rest, For thee, we need not weep,
Air.
p mod.
3. Go to thy rest, and while Thy ab - sence we de - plore,
Base.
p mod.
Thy toils are o'er, thy trou - bles cease, From earth - ly cares in
Since thou art found a - mong the blest, No more by sin and
This thought our sor - row shall be - guile, For soon with a ce-

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[illegible]

tions, what myriads of human beings have appeared in the vast tragedy of earth! Mysterious was their entrance upon the stage; like the source of the river that bursts from the sand, just to proclaim its existence, then is plunged again into the depths of obscurity. What changes have been wrought during these ages! Empires have been overthrown; war, pestilence, and famine, have fulfilled their appointed tasks; blotting from earth all memorial of races, who, five centuries ago, walked in the majesty of power. New continents have loomed before the tired mariner, pledges of immortality to his craving soul. Here and there a star is missed from its orbit; a world of intelligence has been extinguished; a voice has been silenced in the oratorio of nature.

And still, the unvarying cycles of time roll on—still, the sun shines with undiminished lustre; the moon, waxes and wanes on her silvery course, as in the days of the shadowy past—still, the same passions animate the breast of man; the same bright spirits smile on his infancy; the same foul forms lie in wait to bring ruin on his head, while yet in the prime of youth.

The stranger of the thirteenth century, wandering through the streets of Prague, would pass the dwelling of the Jewish usurer, without remark. It was even less ostentatious than the adjoining buildings. The air of gloom, imposed by its heavy workmanship, was unrelieved by column or portico. Its entrance was low, and the hall of reception wore so sombre an aspect, that no one desired to penetrate farther into the mysteries of the Hebrew domicile. Rumor said, visitors of no holy description were entertained within its walls; and the Christian passer-by hastened his step, murmuring an Ave Maria. We have been taught, from infancy, to laugh at the superstitions which once caused the mailed warrior to tremble; so, fearless of witch or sorcerer, let us cross the hated threshold.

Beyond the hall of reception, was a long passage, lighted by a brass lamp pendent from the ceiling; it led to a small room, apparently the ante-room of a more spacious apartment. Doors of stained glass opened on a garden, enclosed by gloomy walls of stone. A fountain played in its centre; and amid the dark foliage of the orange and myrtle, reclined a hundred flowers of the sunny south; merry birds drank the dew from their nectared cups, and warbled harmonious thanks in return; the little parterre seemed revelling in bliss. The mosaic floor of the ante-room represented Jerusalem, as it stood in the pride of its early grandeur: an ebony couch filled a niche; a gilded lamp hung from the high arch, and the velvet folds of a curtain fell across the side opposite the garden. Passing beyond, you seemed to be surrounded by the splendor of the voluptuous East. The stained glass admitted a softened light through the arches, just sufficient to reveal the minute beauties of the place. Delicate incense was diffused through the apartment, and the tinkling of water was heard, as the drops fell from the hand of an alabaster nymph, who stood laughing in a tiny fountain. Upon a table of ivory, stood a golden salver, bearing a roll of parchment. A couch had been drawn beside the table, and thereon reposed Ianthe. A harp lay within reach of her hand, and her brother sat on a cushion at her feet.

"Still, Amri," said a musical voice, "if it were true, if the mysterious man, at whose death the veil of our temple was rent, was indeed the Messiah, think, my brother, on the horrid crime of our nation."

"Ianthe, let not dark thoughts disturb thy noble soul; has not our wise teacher, the learned Rabbi Akiba, assured us it cannot be? That to the Messiah is foretold a kingdom wide as the extent of earth; wealth and splendor, before which the renown of Solomon shall dwindle into dust, and be forgotten? Sweet sister, I fear it is impious for thy heart to imagine the despised son of a carpenter to be our promised King."

"Yet, ever since the awful night, which witnessed the crucifixion of Jesus, a curse has pursued our people. For thirteen hundred years, we have been hunted like wild beasts. See, we may not even approach the city, once our father's pride; never does heaven lay its avenging hand on our foes, but we are execrated as magicians, laying waste the earth."

"Ianthe, I will not contend with thee; thou art my elder in years, and often have I heard our Rabbi speak of thy wondrous mind; but tell me, does naught weigh down thy spirit? Dost thou place trust in the gloomy forebodings which sometimes overmaster the heart of man?"

The youth looked eagerly into the lustrous eyes of his companion for reply. A sigh seemed struggling through her lips, but when she met that gaze, she repressed it, and taking her harp, replied, "Let me sing away thy evil spirit."

"Not now sister, lay thy harp aside, and listen. A cloud has hung on my soul, and when I would have soared to the clear regions of thought, I could not. I rose from my bed and paced our garden walks; the dews of night gently moistened my head, the crescent moon smiled from her throne, and the stars wove their dance to the music of revolving worlds—but their eternity distilled no calm upon me. Passing up the corridor, I crept to our father's door; he groaned, and pressing his hands over his temples, murmured, 'Would God, they too had died, and were laid to rest beside thee.' It was sacrilege to linger, so I returned to my own room. I could not endure the burden alone, and stole to thy couch; peace returned to my bosom while beholding thy sweet face."

A tear hung on the long lashes of the Hebrew girl, but she proudly dashed away the bright drop, and said, "Amri, I have grieved at our father's sorrow, for surely his soul is troubled. I sought the cause, but he bade me question him no more. 'Twere wiser in our luxurious asylum, to forget our hard lot; or wiser yet, patiently to await our fate. Listen, while I read the lofty inspiration of our good prophet, Isaiah." Ianthe took the parchment from the table, and reverentially opened the *Jewish Bible.*

CHAPTER III.

Bright are the suns of India—doubly enchanted are the dews distilled by the moon on her herbs, making the thorn to blossom like the rose. The sky arching above her soil, laughs over the Elysian scene. Her rivers gush from exhaustless fountains, wander among sands of gold, and, at last, mingle with the waves playing around the coral grottoes of her coast. The Peris, have shed their amber tears within her shells, and Naiads dropped their diamonds in her thousand streams. The ruby and topaz light up her mines, while sapphires gleam like stars on her hill-sides. Gay flowers perfume the day, and softer odors are exhaled from the blossoms of night. Palm trees send their tall shafts high into the air, hanging the date to ripen amid sunny skies, and the elephant, in his native grandeur, plucks the etherial fruit. The silver-footed antelope paces along the valleys; the dainty leopard quenches his thirst from the sacred waters of the Indus; the Bengal tiger stretches his supple limbs beneath the ebony trees, and myriads of birds fan the air with their brilliant wings. India is the dream-land of the poet, the home of the romancer, the paradise of the fortune-seeker.

Yet, beside the banyan-tree, and under the cocoa-nut branches, crouches the bloody wolf; among the broad leaves of the plaintain the panther is aiming his fatal leap; beneath the tamarind and fig-tree lurks the growling hyena. The serpent wreaths his folds about the mango boughs, and watches your approach with elevated crest, scarcely less gaudy than the parasitic plant by its side. Or, if you seek the bowers of the Indian vine, a scorpion may share your resting-place.

The spotted pestilence has its birth in the shade of those forests, where the humid air is laden with perfumes; boasting a cradle so luxuriant, it knows well to select its victims from the fairest of earth; it drags its bloated form over the world, culling its fruit with a dainty hand. People fly before it, but youth or beauty find no hiding-place from its distended eyes; it tears out the quivering heart of fraternal love, and unsullied faith; rioting on humanity, till the cries of the orphan and widow summon angels to drive the monster to his retreat.

Even now, it had come from its lair and laid its iron grasp on the nations; it prostrated myriads among the exuberance of India; crept through the gardens of Persia, and the harem's gates opened to the ravisher's step. Its feet pressed the soil of classic Greece, and its filthy limbs reclined upon the graceful shafts of Ionia. The funeral hymn was no more chanted beneath the Illyrian cypresses; cities were depopulated, and hamlets deserted. Thus it passed to the verge of the Ottoman empire. Would the pagan monster dare set foot on Christian land?

The nations stood in solemn suspense, till the knell told with its iron tongue, what man shrunk from declaring. The people's voice was stilled in fear—as the silence before the tempest, when the pulses of nature cease to beat, forewarns of turmoil, so, awful is the hush of fervent passion, and when the pent-up waters *do* find vent, they burst forth in wrath that no offering can appease.

Soon the people demanded the Achan from the camp, in sacrifice to the destroying spirit; there was a moment, wherein each trembled lest the judgment of the inexorable mob be passed upon him. "Wrath has come upon Bramia, Mahometan, and Christian, by reason of the race, cursed alike of pagan and priest—let it perish from the earth." The "Amen" of a nation, rent the air with its ferocious assent.

CHAPTER IV.

A GAY group was gathered beneath the Bohemian forest; it was composed of men in the first reckless flush of manhood. They stood beside their steeds, as if waiting the arrival of some tardy companion; at length, trampling of feet was heard, and a youth rode into the circle; drawing his rein before the leader of the band, he spoke in a low tone. Aleus, for our former acquaintance, was chieftain of the Bohemian brotherhood, sprang upon his horse and gaily said,

"The plague hovers by the gates of Prague; good treasure it brings for fearless hearts like ours, and right jovially let us receive the grim dragon. You, fellows, follow the course of the Mulda. Lenaro, we will shorten the distance."

A moment more, and silence was broken only by the rustling leaves or chirping squirrel. The two horsemen quickly cleared the woods, and sped along by-paths toward the city of Prague; as they neared the walls, a stream of life was issuing from the gates; people of every rank, fled in dismay from the infected city. The plague spot brightened on the cheeks of many fugitives, and their powerless bodies sunk to the earth, while friends, forgetful of the ties of love, left them to die unheeded.

"See, Lenaro," said Aleus, "how the base cowards cling to life, drawn out, too, as theirs is, in the midst of sighs. There runs a slave; verily, his soul must be blotted out, or he would never yield to the yoke, with death within his reach. Hark, what noise is that. Spur on, and mingle with the crowd."

The roar of ten thousand voices, maddened by revenge, shook the air. "Cut them down, kill them. Sante Marie, *they* too bring a curse on holy Christians."

"No, no; burn them; fry their dry bones on the great square."

"Ay, shouted another voice, that will be the true sacrifice, copied from their own bloody worship; drag them along."

A growl followed, like that of hungry beasts springing on their prey; and one might have thought, all the demons of hell let loose in savage fury.

"Aleus," whispered his companion, "if we hasten, we may gain a peep at the goodly ducats of the money-lender. The people hate him for his usury."

The raging multitude were already gathering about the Hebrew-dwelling, and every imprecation words could shape was pronounced on the Israelite's head. As the strong doors fell, shattered beneath the storm, the Jew came down the hall, with a slow step; his white beard hung on his breast, and his head was bleached by the storms of many years.

The sublimity of the scene touched even the foaming crowd; an old man, just on the verge of life, confronting his murderers with all the dignity of immortal mind. There was an instant's pause, when one shouted, "He bewitches them, he turns them to stone!"

On again sprang the throng, and while some bound the unresisting Jew, others rushed up the narrow passage. Aleus and Lenaro were foremost, but they paused, amazed, within the apartment of Ianthe. The slight boy held his sister tightly in his arms, and they heard him say, "You shall not go; you cannot save him; O Ianthe! save yourself."

"*I* care not to live, if they murder him; he must not die alone." A fierce tone shouted, "No, pretty Rachel, he *shall* not. Drag the young vipers out. Yet stay," he added, boldly scrutinizing her beautiful person, "tell me where thy gold is hid, and thou shalt live to be my leman, pretty one."

The proud Jewess was unconscious of insult, while rudely thrust along the streets. The mob had torn her brother away, and derisively raised him on a platform above their heads; she fixed her straining eyes on his form, and her soul seemed bound to the noble youth, who sat in dignity worthy a descendant of the most ancient race of earth.

Fagots were sending up their hot blaze from the centre of the great square in the heart of the city, and the yelling herd crowded the arena. "Aleus," murmured Lenaro, "truly I believe the Jewess *has* spell-bound thee!"

The chief replied, "Listen, and obey. By all the Gods of Christian and heathen, yonder suffering maiden shall be rescued, though it prove the last act of life. Quick, summon our followers, and station them by that cursed fire."

Meanwhile, courage had forsaken the old man; writhing in agony, he begged for life, though it should be prolonged amid torture. His terror caused the spectators to revel in delight, and when the tongues of flame curled around his withered frame, a horrid laugh burst from the throng; then they lapped their bloody lips, and shouted for another victim. Proudly the youthful hero faced the multitude; the veins in his fair temples swelled out like cords, and his hands were tightly clasped; but he shrunk not from the ordeal. The fagots were consumed, therefore they stretched the limbs of their prey on the burning coals. The Hebrew girl saw, and breaking from her bonds, darted to his side; kneeling over him, she pressed her cool hands on his bursting brow. The boy smiled painfully, and whispered, "Ianthe."

At that moment, Aleus, leaping forward, as if in wrath that the victim should be consoled, dragged Ianthe away, and a hundred darts of his followers freed the struggling soul of the Hebrew boy.

CHAPTER V.

New was the home of Ianthe; her floor was carpeted with mosses, and her couch spread with the spotted skin of the leopard. She was sad; the murmurs of the bee fell on her listless ear, for she thought on her aged father, dying amid the flames, and recalled the smile of her brother, when he last breathed her name. But time passes, and bears healing on his wings to the broken-hearted. As weeks took flight, Ianthe found that she was free; her deliverer looked gently on the flower he had rescued from destruction; and she learned to watch for his footstep. He brought a harp to her dwelling, and was an eager listener, while she sang the songs of her childhood. Her youth had been passed in seclusion; the studies of graver years had supplanted the sports in which that gay season often revels. Her teacher had unfolded to her thirsty mind the mysteries of the stars; she loved to watch their eternal voyage over the wastes of immensity, and sought the lessons they unfold to the worshipper of nature.

She taught Aleus to share her enthusiastic vigils; whether the inspiration was caught from the calm light of the stars, or the beaming face of his teacher, we cannot tell, but we know he was oftener by her side than became his rude profession. Those were the days of superstition, and the lovely Ianthe was believed a sorceress, by the followers of the Bohemian chief.

One day he sat at her feet, listening to her song; as she ceased, she said, "my friend, why art thou sorrowful?" Aleus looked long on her face, and answered, "I will tell thee. I have parted from my followers. They have chosen another ruler, and now they will drive us from among them." He paused, and bright drops hung on the lashes of his listener.

"And so, the curse of our nation, extends even to those who befriend the Jewish exile!"

"Thrice *blessed* shall I be, if thou wilt share my wanderings. Ianthe, wilt thou be my gentle bride?"

"The Christian will curse *thee*, the Jew will cast *me* out of the synagogue; yet thy people shall be my people. I *will* go with thee, whithersoever thou goest."

"And Ianthe, thy God shall be my God. I would not enter Heaven, if thou wert exiled thence. Teach me, then, thy faith, and thou shalt be my bride, beyond the sphere of the farther star.

Years on years had passed. In a valley of the Nile, not far distant from the ruins of Memphis, was gathered a group of no common interest. A few tents were pitched at the base of a gloomy sphinx; the moon was rising behind the ruins of the ancient city, and the stars looked down calmly from their habitations. Upon a leopard's skin reposed the form of a matron; her head was supported by an aged man, and, though the vivacity of youth still sparkled in her dark eyes, the invalid, too, appeared to have seen many years. A striking resemblance was discernible in the lineaments of the group surrounding that humble couch. Stern men, and dark-haired women, knelt in silence, while the old man tenderly wiped the death-damps from the brow of the sufferer, and pressed his lips on hers. She smiled, and pointing upward, faintly said:

"We are old. The weight of a long life hangs on us now, but *there* we shall be young once more. I will wait thy coming, and be thy bride in the spirit-land. Weep not, sweet friend; *thy* wanderings are almost past—thy home will soon be won. I bless thee for kind looks and words, shed like dew on the trusting flower. And now, farewell; yet methinks my heart is so entwined with thine, they cannot part."

She paused in weariness, but spoke again "Children, come near, that I may bless you. I have lived long, and seen my children's children, to the fourth generation; I have read the stars for each one among you, and as my life has been, such also shall be yours. Ye shall be a wandering people, no nation shall own you for brethren; but, my children, the world is before you. Ye are free to roam through its length and breadth, pitching your tents in its pleasant valleys; the mysteries of the stars are unfolded for you, and the air of heaven is free to all. I have wandered, beloved ones, in every clime of earth; I have seen the spirits at their midnight revels, along the sky of the frozen north; I have slept beneath the citron groves of the equator, and watched below the Southern Cross; yet has my life been free and blest. My children, mingle not with the nations, eschew their customs, embrace not their religion, despise their arts, and bow not to their oppression. Above all things, I charge ye, cleave to the worship of one Divinity. Would that I might unfold to your view his nature; I cannot. The stars point out the *earthly* fate of man; they go not with him into the vast ocean beyond this life; they reveal naught of the spirit's destiny; they tell not whence came that strange, ethereal essence, which hopes and fears; they declare not whether the glorious ideal in the human breast is the faint memory of a home where care was *once* unknown; nor do they unfold the infinite future to mortal gaze. The lessons of my youth brought no blessings in their train, and I teach them not. Alas! I depart; it is dark; O Aleus, how cold—"

She fell heavily back, and the Gipsey band buried their first dead beside the monuments of the old world.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

"PLEASANT words are as an honey-comb, sweet to the taste, and health to the bones."

What heart does not respond to the sentiment of the Wise Man? What heart has not been made glad, aye, and better, too, by the utterance of a pleasant word?

There is a potency in them, beyond the spell of the sorcerer, which lifts its weight from the over-burdened spirit, and kindles a gleam of hope for the despairing.

Pleasant words are like unostentatious friends; quietly ministering to our happiness, without burdening us with the weight of obligation.

Like pleasant flowers, strewing themselves profusely along life's open pathway; filling the world with their fragrance and impressing all hearts with their beauty.

Is it not strange that anything so grateful to the feelings of all—so adapted to confer happiness, and at such small expense, too, should be so often undervalued and neglected?

We love to see our friends and others around us happy—and are willing, or at least, think we are, to do *much* to render them so.

Like the nobleman of Syria who applied to the Prophet for healing, if the prescription require "some *great thing*," we are ready to obey—but turn away with scorn, or at best, with indifference from the simple act, the *little words* of kindness.

And yet who needs to be reminded that it is these little things which make up the sum of human happiness? Very seldom, indeed is it that we have it in our power to perform any remarkable achievement for the benefit of our friends; or to startle the world with the magnitude of our benevolence. But we may at any time, by a pleasant word or look, light up the face of sorrow with a smile, and dispel the fast-gathering tears from even affliction's eye.

The power of conferring happiness is not so rare as is sometimes supposed; or at least, it need not be, if we were but willing to employ the means within our reach, instead of vainly sighing after those that are beyond us. Alas! How do we deceive ourselves by these idle imaginations: and *only* ourselves—for there are those, who, would they deal honestly, would tell us that these little things constitute the true test of our benevolence.

"A wiser than Solomon" has assured us that "He who is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much—and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." If then we find it no occasion of joy to gladden those around, when it can be done by a pleasant look or word, we may be sure that the spirit of kindness has not its home in our hearts. But if, while indisposed for the little act which attracts no notice, we are ready to perform the greater that secures the observation and applause of the multitude; we are prompted to it by some other spirit than the angel of Love.

What an amount of suffering and evils without number, might be avoided, would we cherish in our hearts the determination to do all we can to render those around us happy, irrespective of human praise or blame.

Then the satisfaction of giving "a cup of cold water" to the fainting, or a word of encouragement to the disheartened, would bring its own reward, though no earthly observer should witness or applaud. Then they who possess least of this world's wealth would not feel themselves debarred the privilege of doing good.

Few hearts can long resist the influence of a pleasant word. They may be irritated by the injustice or cruelty of those whom they have encountered in the rugged paths of every-day-life. They may be goaded to resentment by injuries that cannot be redressed. But let us meet them with the aspect and language of kindness; and the fires of impatience, anger and revenge will yield more readily to their influence, than flame to the cooling waters.

Even those who have injured us; and who, perhaps are plotting deeper wrongs—whom no reasonings could dissuade, or threats intimidate; may haply be overcome by a kind, forgiving word; which, like echoes of the Jewish minstrel's harp, shall exorcise the evil spirit of our adversary, restoring tranquility to him and safety to ourselves.

Perhaps there are no persons who, as a class, have greater claims upon us for the exercise of a gentle spirit, than the young. Susceptible to the slightest impressions—unused as yet to the severer discipline of life; the influence of kindness, and unkindness on the part of those upon whom they are dependent, is incalculable; extending through, and imparting its complexion to all their coming years.

Greatly is it to be deplored, that they who mingle with the young from day to day, should ever allow themselves in the indulgence of unamiable tempers. That the harsh word, the impatient tone should ever be employed toward them, or in their presence.

The young, it is often said, are imitative beings. Can anything, then, be expected, but that they should faithfully copy the examples set before them? Assuredly they will do so.

That little girl in flaxen ringlets, unobserved by yourself; is carefully transferring to a more enduring tablet than brass or marble, each gesture, word and look of yours. Weeks, perhaps months hence, she will act them over in miniature, in the doll's nursery or the mimic school-room. Nay, more—she will repeat the same look and language, toward brothers and sisters, and, so far as she dares, to you. *You* will have forgotten the lesson—*she* never will forget it.

Would we see our young friends kind, gentle and affectionate—we can adopt no more effectual method to render them so, than by being such ourselves. Thus keeping before them at all times the pattern which we wish them to imitate.

Place before them perfect models, in the form of didactic essays, or abstract rules—and these may all be very well as far as they go—but the amount of good they will derive from them must depend upon the degree of correspondence they discern between them and your own conduct.

Discourse as eloquently as we may upon the duty of children to be mild and amiable—represent as we will the *loveliness* of such a disposition; 'tis all to no purpose, unless we are prepared to furnish them an illustration, in our every-day-life, of the lovely traits we profess to admire. Nor have we any reason to expect that they should exceed the pattern which we give them.

Will any complain of this law of our nature? As wise would it be to complain that the stream will not rise higher than the fountain that supplies it. The law in the latter case is not wiser or more beautiful than in the former.

To whom should the younger look for example if not to the elder? We need have no cause to regret the imitative propensity of the young, would we always avoid those things which we feel unwilling to see reacted by them; were all our acts those of kindness, and all our words *pleasant* words.

But children have faults, which it is often needful to notice—sometimes to punish, however the parent or teacher may regret the necessity.

There is a feeling among many, that the heedlessness and impetuosity of youth must be met with the *sternness* of reproof and the *severity* of punishment. Never, perhaps, is there made a greater or more dangerous mistake. The young are the last persons who should be ruled with rigor. They need *help*. In order to be able to help them, we must first gain their hearts: this we cannot do by repulsive treatment. We must love them. Love does not repel, but attract.

Those who have been attentive and interested observers of childhood, well know that their faults are usually the results of ignorance and inadvertence rather than any settled purpose to do wrong. They do not always heed reproof, indeed—and many times it is the fault of the reprover that they do not. We are not altogether faithful reprovers unless we are *kind* reprovers. And a kind reproof is seldom ineffectual. But are children the only persons who require to be "often reproved?" Here again are we not prone to require more of the young, than we are disposed to render.

Let not the writer be misunderstood. It is not the needful reproof, or the salutary punishment that is intended—but the *harsh* rebuke that *irritates*, not *convinces:* the punishment administered in anger not in love; that *hardens*, not *subdues*. What is the dictate of Inspiration? "It must be precept upon precept—precept upon precept: line upon line—line upon line: here a little, and there a little." Whoever is unwilling to follow this rule, in the spirit of kindness, can have no hope of greatly benefiting the young.

Oh, if there exists in our souls one warm, generous emotion, let it gush forth as freely as the summer rain from out the bosom of the opening cloud, toward those whose young and trembling spirits, in their inexperience and doubt, are looking to us for counsel and sympathy and aid. Before whom the rugged, thorny paths of life are spreading out, unseen as yet, paths which we have sometimes trodden in weariness and fear, and felt our need of a friendly hand to lead us on. O! by all the deep experience our stricken hearts have known—by all that they must learn, let us extend to them the helping hand, and speak to them the words of encouragement and love.

What a delightful residence would this be, were the world within us as harmonious as the world without. And why should it not be? Why should sun and star, dew and rain, tree and flower fulfill their duties so much more faithfully than we? If the law of order belongs to them; our's is the law of *love!* It is the same law, emanating from Him whose name and heart is Love, which "makes a heaven of heaven." 'Tis this that gives its melody to Gabriel's lyre—to the "new song" its rapture.

O! were our spirits more in unison with theirs, who "strike the heavenly strings," no discordant feelings and no jarring sounds would interrupt, as now, the harmony which earth from her ten thousand thousand harps sends up to HEAVEN.

M. B. A.

RURAL SCENES AND PLEASURES.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

" AMUSEMENT reigns, man's great demand." The desire for amusement is natural and innocent; it may be gratified to excess; it may seek unlawful objects; but to forbid all pleasure—to close the eye to beauty and the ear to melody is not the dictate of wisdom. It is asceticism and not religion that would do this. Nothing is gained to the cause of virtue by attempting to convert man into a monk. The claims of religion harmonize with his nature, and that which violates the instinctive impulses of his heart, which alienates him from the pleasures of the social circle—the sweet sympathies of domestic life, or the charms of the natural world, is not religion. Every original and constitutional propensity in man was designed to be gratified in a certain way, and under certain restrictions. There is indeed a voice which says to man, "Thus far shall thou come and no farther." There were limitations even in Paradise—there was a tree forbidden, fruit, fair to the eye, which might not be plucked. But pleasure was not denied to our first parents in the early dawn of their being. They were permitted to gaze upon the open face of nature, to inhale the sweet fragrance of flowers, and to listen to the music among the trees, charming as the symphonies of Heaven. Since man's fatal estrangement from God, he has been a seeker of pleasure. He has sought it in gilded saloons, in the wine cup, in the midnight revel. But pleasure derived from the gratification of the inferior appetites always leaves a sting behind and a stain spot on the soul. The pleasures of the voluptuary, of the miser or of the sensualist, are sordid and unsatisfying. The simplest pleasures, which gently steal over the soul, tremulously touching its sensibilities, without exciting the passions, are the safest and best. Rural scenes, in their richness and variety, are eminently adapted to this. The leafy wood—the verdant plain—the flowery mead—the murmuring stream—the wild bird's song—the winter's snow—the summer's shine, are all capable of exciting emotions gently agreeable. Examine almost any object in nature, and the lingering idea left on the mind is that of gracefulness and beauty. All natural objects have an echo in the heart. There is a voice that speaks high mysteries as the wind roars along the tops of the tall forest trees. It speaks no word, and yet it is a voice; its language is the language of the soul, beyond the power of words. There is merriment and gentle laughter in the bubble of the rivulet, as it leaps and sparkles on its way, when the last sunbeam struggling through the thick foliage falls doubtingly upon its surface, as if trembling for its welcome.

"There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears;
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres."

If this be so—if nature has a voice—if her face is the face of beauty, every sense of man must be thrilled with delight, as he walks amid the groves and fields, and flowers. Whose heart has not been responsive to the language of these unbreathing things of nature? Is it all poetry when we say,

Love in the myrtle bloom is seen:
Remembrance to the violet clings;
Peace brightens in the olive green;
Hope from the half chosen Iris springs;
And victory on the laurel grows;
But woman blushes in the rose.

This all may be fancy, but whether fancy or fact, the idea is a beautiful one, that flowers convey some sentiment and meaning. At all events, nature has a meaning, and delighted and instructed will he be who listens to her voice. The cynic or sceptic may call us extravagant, but we say it, that we have often wandered in the groves, or walked under an arbor of grapes or a cluster of flowers, white as snow, tinged with gold and crimson, blue as the expanse of heaven, and blushing like the cheek of innocence, and we have imagined ourselves in a fairy land, or in a happier world, where every delicate sense is delighted and all around breathes fragrance and song, and our hearts were truly responsive to the joy and melody of the scene. We do not undervalue the pleasure derived from the contemplation of the works of genius and art.

But the finest specimens of art are more or less defective. The sculptured marble, or the breathing canvass, on which the noblest genius has left its impress, has its imperfections. But the divine Architect, who has spread out the broad expanse of the heavens, and enamelled the earth with beauty, has made all things perfect. The serrated border on the petals of the flower, and the fringe on the wing of a fly, display an accuracy of delineation which no pencil can ever rival. To walk through the picture galleries of the great masters of an enlightened and bye-gone age, and gaze upon those productions on which the admiration of the world has fallen, is a pleasure which few comparatively are permitted to enjoy; but nature has a picture gallery open and accessible to all, where we may admire the works of a divine Architect. There is pleasure also to be derived from the study of the poets. Homer and Virgil, Shakspeare and Milton are truly sublime; but they are mere copyists of nature, and fall infinitely below the original in point of execution and finish. Where in the garden of Alcinous, in the fields of Elysium or in Milton's Paradise can be found anything comparable to the all-encompassing and variegated scenery of nature? And yet there are those who can dwell with rapture on a fine description of the Vale of Tempe, and seem to enter into all the delights which a Shakspeare or a Milton designed to communicate in their enchanting pictures of flowery and sylvan scenes, but they have no admiration to bestow on the limpid stream, the mountain torrent, the mighty forest, or the humbler scenes of rural beauty. The melody of the groves has no music to their ears, and its rich foliage no charms to their eye. But has the God of nature made all things beautiful, from the wide spreading palm to the hyssop that groweth on the wall, to be neglected by such haughty pretenders to superior reason? The wise and good of all ages have found delight in the study of nature. The most instructive lessons of the great Teacher himself are derived from this source—the fruits of the field, the lily of the valley, the flowers of the garden, are made to contribute both to the power and beauty of his style. All nature becomes instinct with life, as the Prophets describe the coming glories of the millenium—"The mountains and the hills break forth before them into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands." And when the exiled apostle would give us a gorgeous and graphic view of heaven, he represents it under the figure of a garden. The final abode of the devout Pagan is associated with grottoes and nymphs, and forest scenery. The fields of Elysium, that sweet region of poesy, are adorned with all that the imagination can conceive to be delightful. Some of the finest passages of Milton are those, in which he represents the happy pair as cultivating their blissful abode, or dilating, with mutual rapture, upon the splendors of their Paradise.

Poets have always loved the haunts of nature—the garden and the glen, and it is here that they have caught the inspiration of the muse. Virgil's Georgics prove him to have been captivated with rural scenes. Thomson's Seasons are interwoven with all that is beautiful and grand in earth or sky. The severer sages and orators of antiquity were delighted to retreat from the forum to the groves of Arcadia. The favorite resort of Socrates was the turf that grew under a plane tree on the banks of Ilissus. Lucan is represented by Juvenal as finding his sweetest employment in the cultivation of shrubs and flowers. Epicurus fixed the seat of his enjoyment in a garden, as best adapted to delicate and delightful repose. Do not the practice and opinion of such men speak loudly in favor of rural pleasures as the most healthful and the most innocent? Are plays and balls, and nocturnal assemblies, in all their modifications, which rob us of sleep, injure the health, and render us selfish and vicious, and thoughtless, to be substituted for these? Or will the man of business, in his race after wealth, deny himself the pleasure which the study of nature may afford him? Will he leave the shrub to blossom, and the rose to diffuse its sweetness in unobserved solitude?

"O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 Of charms which nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields,
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even;
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
 O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be [forgiven!"

THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"You are quite mistaken, Maria, in your judgment of a step-mother. My mother is exceedingly kind to me; as much so as I can desire; nor do I see how an own mother *could* be kinder. And I am very sure that my indulgences are not curtailed by her.

"The lessons of economy that she gives, I highly prize, for I know that I need them; and she enforces no rules on me which she does not conform to in her own expenses. Indeed, I believe she takes greater pleasure in expending money for me than for herself.

"When she came here, you know we children were very young; and as father had been obliged to have a housekeeper two or three years, the expenses of the family were very great; for children and housekeepers are seldom very good economists. The same thing was true, during my mother's long illness, while she was unable to attend to her family affairs. I have often heard my father say that, for several years, his income barely supported us, with every effort he could make. Under such circumstances it could be no very pleasant or easy task for one sustaining a relation so new, and to children who were almost strangers to her, to effect a reformation without giving offence to them, or some occasion for unkind remarks from others. But she has succeeded—and in a manner, too, which has won for her the lasting gratitude and love of her adopted children. We see that it is not penuriousness towards us, nor a selfish preference for her own gratification, which influences her—and we feel that she has greatly contributed to the prosperity and happiness of the family. We know she loves us; and we all love her with the strong affection of children. So you must not say anything against step-mothers to me, Maria."

"Oh well, I beg your pardon, Ellen, for really I did not intend to hurt your feelings. But it seems to me *I* could never endure to have a step-mother. You are so amiable, I suppose everything she does is just right. Eliza Wilson's opinion, however, is very different from yours. Her father, you recollect, was married about a month before your father was, and she cries half her time, and says she is perfectly miserable."

"I am sorry if that is the case; but I cannot help thinking it must be in a great measure her own fault. You know, Maria, that Eliza is a very high tempered, self-willed girl, and not a little jealous in her disposition withal; she always has trouble with her teachers; and there is scarcely a girl in school with whom she is on good terms any longer than she consents to submit to her dictation. Besides, she was very much displeased about her father's marrying again, and positively declared that she would have nothing to do with his wife more than she was obliged to."

"Yes, it is true, and I suspect that she keeps her word in that particular. I have seen her treat her mother with great disrespect. But then, you know, she treated her own mother very unkindly; and perhaps her step-mother does not know how to put up with it so well. It was but a day or two since that I was in there, about dinner time. Mrs. Wilson requested Eliza to lay the table—she made no reply, but looked at me with a significant smile. I immediately left. Eliza followed me out of the room, saying, 'Stop a moment,' threw on her bonnet and shawl, and went with me. When we were out, I inquired who would lay the table? She replied, 'I don't care who does it, she may tell Jane to, or do it herself, if she chooses.' She talked all the way about her mother's unkindness; and I am sure I don't wonder she is unhappy. I should be perfectly wretched, if half she says were true in my case. I wish you could hear her tell how her mother treats her. You would not wonder at my dislike of step-mothers. But look! there is Eliza this moment, and coming here, too."

"She must be coming to see you, then, Maria, for it is very seldom that she calls upon me. I don't think she has been here in six months."

"Good morning, Eliza."

"Good morning, Ellen. Maria, how could you make me take this long walk! I was so provoked when I found you were out, that I had a great mind to go home without seeing you. But what were you talking about so demurely as I came in?"

"About you, Eliza, didn't your ears tingle as you came along?"

"About *me*! nothing bad, I hope, Ellen?"

"We were talking about step-mothers, Eliza, and that led to the mention of your name. Now I shall leave the question for you and Ellen to discuss, and I will be the listener."

"*Step-mothers*! I wish there was no such word, or that the law would forbid a man who has children to marry a second time."

"What have you so much against step-mothers, Eliza? I should think that you ought to speak well of *one*, at least."

"What have I against them? I believe they are the most unfeeling, unreasonable, selfish beings in the world. I heard a lady once say, she would rather a child of hers should be brought up in a convent, than by a step-mother; and for my part, I would rather take the veil, or be a slave all the days of my life, than to live with one, if I could have my choice."

"This is very strong language, Eliza; but then, you know, these general accusations will not convict any one. Besides, others may say as much in their favor."

"I speak from experience, and I think I ought to know something on the subject, after having had a step-mother a whole year and a half. I knew how it would be, long before my father was married, and I made up my mind that I should not like his wife, the very first time I saw her."

"May it not be that your having 'made up your mind' so decidedly beforehand, is one cause of all your trouble since? You know prejudices are very strong, sometimes."

"I want to know, Ellen, if you did not feel bad at all about your father's marrying? You are a very strange girl, if you did not."

"I will confess to you, Eliza, that I felt very anxious, so much so that I shed a great many tears about it, when I first learned that my father was to marry a second time. I had heard so many remarks similar to those which you have been making in regard to step-mothers, that I seriously feared the days of tranquillity so long enjoyed by our family were numbered. In truth, some dreadful calamity seemed hanging over us—the more fearful, because indistinctly apprehended."

"And how did you become reconciled to it so easily, or perhaps I should say so soon? for I always thought you were quite delighted with your new mother, from the first."

"If you are willing to hear a long and somewhat serious story, I will tell you. But you must promise not to interrupt me till I get through, for I wish to repeat it as nearly as I can in the words of the person who related it to me."

"Tell it, Ellen, perhaps it will do *Eliza* some good, if it does not benefit me; and I like to hear stories."

"You know I spent some time at my grandparents' before my father was married. I had avoided speaking on the subject to any of my friends until after he had left for the purpose of bringing home my new mother. When he was gone, my heart became so full, that I felt obliged to give vent to feelings which had been pent up too long.

"One evening, having retired to my room earlier than usual, aunt Martha came in to request me to awake her as soon as I should rise in the morning. Much to my embarrassment, she found me weeping; but finding myself detected, I resolved to be perfectly frank, and acknowledge the real cause of my tears. In short, I told her all that was in my heart; for I knew she would sympathise with me, and that I should be better prepared for my new trials and duties by her wise and friendly counsels.

"Aunt Martha entered deeply into my feelings, and the tears stood in her own eyes as she clasped me to her warm heart, and said, 'Dear Ellen, I know all your feelings better than you can describe them. I have wanted to talk with you on this subject—and day after day have resolved to do so—but whenever I have tried to approach it, my heart has failed. You know, dear, that I have had a step-mother; hence I shall speak from actual experience in whatever I may say; and it is lessons of *experience* which we need to prepare us for the difficult and trying situations of life. The wisest *theories* of the wisest heads are insufficient. Our instructors and helpers will be very likely to fail, however sincere and benevolent their intentions; unless they are able to draw their lessons from the deep wells of their own experience.'

"'Do, dear aunt,' said I, 'tell me all that you did, and then I am sure I shall know what I ought to do.'

"'I will give you, Ellen,' my aunt replied, 'as well as I can, a faithful history of that period of my life. But you must not expect it will be in all respects a pleasant narration; for I am sorry that truth compels me to say there are many painful scenes connected with it. Some which I would gladly obliterate for ever—long since would they have been obliterated could after tears of penitence wash away the mistakes and sins of our early days. That you, my Ellen, may avoid these regrets by avoiding the causes of them, is my object in giving you this chapter in my early history.

"'I was just your age, Ellen, when my father was reported to be engaged to a lady in a neighboring town. His children, of whom I was the eldest daughter, heard the rumor with no little surprise—for we had never for a moment anticipated any change in our family arrangements. Our mother had died two years previous; during which *long* period—for two whole years *is* a long time in childhood and early youth; I had attempted my very best in the exercise of my little stock of housekeeping knowledge; and many a warm smile and approving word did I obtain from my kind parent as a reward for my industry and efforts to please him.

"'When the report became general of my father's intending a second marriage, I was indignant, regarding it as an impertinent scandal; and half resolved to make him acquainted with it for the pleasure of hearing him contradict it, for I did not admit even the possibility of its truth. But after talking the subject over with my brothers, who were older than myself, we came to the conclusion that it was better to say nothing to him, unless he should think proper to mention it himself.

"'About this time an injudicious relation whom I will not name, imparted to me some lessons which did much to destroy, not only my happiness, but that of all our family. She confirmed the hated report of my father's engagement, and treated it as the most melancholy fact in the world. I was with her a great part of my time, and our conversations was almost confined to the coming painful event. She would dwell for hours upon the virtues of my own lost mother—particularly her love for her children; representing the perfect happiness we should have enjoyed had she but lived, and the happiness we might still enjoy, would my father be contented to remain unmarried—and she was sure she did "not see why he could not; his daughter was old enough to keep his house—but widowers would always be so foolish." Her ideas of a step-mother were truly appalling. A fruitful imagination, aided by the gossip of a whole village, had conjured up the most forbidding images, until she really believed that any one sustaining such a relation, could be nothing else than a compound of selfishness and cruelty, which needed only the proper subjects, a *husband's motherless children*, to develope them in their full proportions.

"'Some mischievous persons at length began to circulate unfavorable reports respecting my father's betrothed; more than insinuating her entire unfitness for the station to be assigned her. She had passed the bloom of her youth, and had never been married! hence that was sufficient reason for the heaviest charges of unsociability—want of sympathy with children, and all manner of unkindness. My relative, of course discussed these reports with me—hoping they were not all true; but fearing the worst.

"'About the same time I formed an intimacy with a young lady who was herself a step-daughter—of course she could speak from experience. She described in the strongest language the sufferings of her own condition—the cruel treatment she received from her step-mother, whom she represented as the most unjust, unfeeling of monsters. All the family difficulties were minutely rehearsed, but always so as to throw the entire blame on her mother. Her conversations usually ended in a violent tirade upon step-mothers in general, and her own in particular.

"'Nothing could exceed the painfulness of my apprehensions. My injudicious kinswoman mourned and wept over me as a lamb preparing for the sacrifice; and my days and nights were spent in fruitless tears, instead as they should have been, in timely and earnest preparations for the new scenes and duties that awaited me.

"'Considering the ages of his children, it was particularly unfortunate that my father did not think proper to converse with us on a subject deeply involving the happiness of his family. But he never made any allusion to it till a few days before leaving, for the purpose of transferring our future mother from her paternal home to our once happy circle. The only intimation he gave us even then, of such an important event, was in few words unaccompanied by a single remark by way of counsel or instruction. Having made every preparation which he deemed necessary, that devolved on himself—and directing us to send for a trusty middle aged woman, whom we were in the habit of employing on important occasions, to assist in making other suitable arrangements, he took an affectionate leave of us, saying he should be absent two weeks, and bidding us, "be good children and have every thing in the best order for your new mother."

"'The work of preparation was entered upon with a good deal of zeal, and for a time served to take off my thoughts from the fast-coming painful event. My father, always prompt in his habits, returned precisely at the time he had told us to expect him. Everything was in readiness for his reception; and I thought he looked unusually pleased, as his eye glanced around, to observe the new proofs of his children's devotion to his wishes and happiness. But he did not discover, or could not see the troubled feelings that were concealed by words of welcome and mechanical smiles

"'The impression made by the first appearance of our new mother, certainly did not dispel any apprehensions which I had felt. Her countenance was by no means attractive to a stranger, and her manners were quite reserved—at least so they appeared to her new children. Very glad were we when tea was over, and my father withdrew with his bride to the parlor, leaving us to follow whenever we felt disposed. I, for one, was in no haste to disturb their retirement. The succeeding hour was spent in discussing the claims of our new relative and the future prospects of our family. We all felt that a great change had taken place—but what would be the result, none of us could foretell. My brothers were disposed to suspend their opinions until they should see how she would treat the younger children, the care of whom, they seemed to think, must now devolve to a certain extent on them. We all had imbibed a strange feeling, as if our father by marrying a new wife, had in a limited sense, cast off the children of his former wife. This was one of the lessons that I had received from my imprudent relative. My own opinion respecting my mother, however, was made; had it not been forming many weeks under the tuition of two industrious teachers? I had been taught to regard her with a jealous eye—to *look* only for *defects*, and be *satisfied* only with *perfection*. The consequence was, when my mother came to assume her station and duties, it was the signal for secret, if not open revolt. Every act, and word and look, was narrowly watched. Every wish she expressed, and every object she attempted, not in accordance with my own notions, was considered an infringement of hereditary rights. If she consulted me, I was sure to oppose her; and when she did not consult me I accused her of being arbitrary. When she made purchases, she was extravagant; and if she recommended economy, penurious. If she reminded me of my faults, I took offense at what I considered her uncharitable construction of my conduct, and her desire to find fault. With her treatment of the younger children, I was equally dissatisfied; for her kindness I construed into favoritism, or an attempt to buy off my father's affection from his older children, by partiality toward the younger; from whom as rivals she had less to fear. For strange as it may appear, I regarded her as a *rival* for my father's heart—and not only a rival of his children; but also of my deceased mother; whose place I persuaded myself she had usurped in my father's house and affections. The authority which she exercised over the younger children, I regarded as tyrannical in the extreme, and secretly resolved if she ever attempted to correct them, I would interfere to the extent of my power, whatever the consequences might be. Indeed, it was absolutely impossible that my mother should do anything to please me—for, wholly unconsciously to myself, I was looking at all she did through a distorted medium: so that while accusing her of jealousy and selfishness, it was myself, not her, that was the prey of those sordid passions.

"'This state of things had continued long, and instead of growing better, was becoming worse and worse. My mother's manners toward me were distant and cold. How could they be otherwise? The tendency of my whole conduct was to repel all approaches of kindness, and utterly to exterminate every sentiment of affection that could possibly have sprung up in her heart toward me. Being anything *less than an angel*, however much she might have sought to do me good, she could not have succeeded. Words cannot describe the state of my feelings at this time. I neglected my domestic employments in which I had taken so much pleasure, and spent much of my time alone, brooding over my unhappy condition, for I really imagined myself a most miserable being—and indeed I was fast becoming so. But what was the reason? My father was as kind to me as ever: and my brothers and sisters loved me as ever. True, I saw my father less frequently than formerly; for although he spent all the time in his family, which he could spare from business, yet as I chose to avoid the society of my mother, I necessarily lost much of his also. No, not in outward circumstances could the cause of my unhappiness be found.

"'A crisis was approaching; one which I now look back upon with trembling. My father was called from home on business which would detain him some weeks.

"'During his absence I became less watchful over my conduct, until I came at length to act out the feelings of my heart, without restraint, though not without compunction. My manners and language, even, toward my mother, at times, were calculated to irritate her feelings in a high degree.

"'Soon after my father left home, the relative of whom I have spoken, invited me to spend a few weeks with her. I determined to go. My mother, knowing the estimate my father put upon this kinswoman, endeavored first to persuade me not to go, and then decidedly opposed it, as a step she felt sure he would disapprove. I persisted, however; and when she expressed the fear that he would blame her for allowing me to do so;—I answered with much spirit, that I felt old enough and fully able to judge for myself, and did not desire her to feel any responsibility on my account. The truth is, the more she opposed it, the more I determined to have my own way. I told her, moreover, that my father was always accustomed to gratify my wishes until she had been with us: at the same time I knew very well that I should not have thought of going had he been at home.

"'I did not enjoy my visit as much as I expected to; and would have returned much sooner had I not been dependent upon my relative for a conveyance home.

"'My father was of course made acquainted with the circumstances of my absence, on his return, and much concerned on the account, rode over the next day and took me home.

"'Till then he had remained ignorant of the state of feeling that existed between his wife and daughter. I had never complained to him. My mother too had carefully concealed my faults until that time, lest a knowledge of them should make him unhappy.

"'But it could no longer be concealed from ourselves, that ours was a divided family. The rupture had been open and threatened to be permanent. My brother naturally enough took sides with me—while my father, vainly striving with his characteristic cautiousness, to preserve a neutrality, effected nothing toward a reconciliation. He was a kind-hearted man, and certainly loved his wife sincerely, and his daughter scarcely less. But, like many others, he was too much a man of peace to meddle with broils, even where their settlement came within his jurisdiction—He hoped time would correct the evil and restore harmony. But it became daily more apparent that the spirit of concord was pluming his wings for a final departure. My mother and myself stood aloof from each other—all avoidable intercourse being suspended; she appearing to feel that there was nothing that she *could* do for me; and as I had never acknowledged that I owed her any duty, I now felt absolved from all semblance of a respect and courtesy I did not feel. I tremble with terror when I look back upon that period. I knew not to what a fearful condition we were tending. No *human* power or wisdom, I am certain, could have stayed our progress. It was God that interposed in judgment and in mercy.

"My oldest brother had been in somewhat feeble health a long time. We had not apprehended danger in his case, but felt the need of carefulness to avoid improper exposure, and hoped that as he became older his constitution would acquire a firmness that would ensure perfect health. A sudden change of weather early in the autumn, when he was a few miles from home, unprovided with an overcoat, laid the foundation for consumption—that fell destroyer of our youth.

"'I was devotedly attached to my brother James, and he to me. In the difficulty between our mother and myself, he had warmly enlisted in my cause, and of a very excitable temperament, often showed his resentment by treating her with marked disrespect. From the moment that disease made its appearance, she devoted herself to him with unremitting attention.

"'Had he been her own and only son, it would have been impossible, that she should have done more for him, or in a kinder spirit—nor could she have manifested greater solicitude for his recovery. Soon as he was compelled to keep his room, she gave up her own to him, because it was in the most quiet part of the house. This was the more kind, as her own health was not good at the time. My brother was confined to his room, and much of the time to his bed, about five months. During this long period my mother never left him, excepting when absolutely necessary. After he became quite low, he preferred receiving everything at her hand. The first few weeks of his illness we did not anticipate any very serious consequences, and did not give our mother full credit for affectionateness in her care of him. But when his physicians pronounced him beyond the reach of medicine, we marked the painfulness with which she received the intelligence. The nature of her feelings no longer admitted a question. My brother was deeply affected by her unwearied kindness and love. And when in answer to her prayers and instructions he gave his heart to that Saviour who had redeemed it, he wept on her neck with all the simplicity of a child, and besought her forgiveness of the past. And as she parted with her gentle fingers the long dark locks from his pale brow, and pressed her lips upon his forehead, I felt sure she must have experienced a feeling not unlike a mother's love. Notwithstanding all this, I was not yet prepared for confession. My heart was *moved*, but not *melted*. James was too weak to converse much but beckoning me close to him at one time when I was alone with him, he whispered in my ear with laboring breath—' Sister, dear, you must love our mother. Love her for my sake, and you will learn to love her for her own. We have been wrong—*all wrong*.' The tears started to his eyes—his voice was choked and his breath seemed failing. I was alarmed and flew toward the door, just as my mother opened it. She hastened to him. The effort had been too great, and it was long before he showed any signs of returning life. At length he gradually revived, but never spoke again. I sought my room, and then and the following day, on which his young spirit took its departure from us for ever, I shed many and bitter tears. But they were tears of sorrow for my loss, not of repentance.

" ' The day after we had followed the remains of my dear brother to his last resting-place on earth, my mother, overcome by fatigue and loss of sleep, was compelled to take her bed—she hoped that rest would restore her, although the physician had told her a day or two before that she had a settled fever. It soon became evident that her disease was of an alarming character, and for several days all hope of saving her life was abandoned. The fact of her continuing some days, however, inspired one of three skilful physicians with a faint hope of her recovery. But so faint was the hope, that he assured my father it was out of the power of medicine to help her. If anything could, it must be the most careful and skilful nursing.

" ' It would be impossible to describe the nature of my feelings at this time. I could do nothing for my mother. Locked in my room, that I might be undisturbed, in agony of spirit I reviewed the past eleven months of my life. I saw now as with the light of a sunbeam, how unreasonable and cruel had been my conduct toward one who deserved my respect and love. My guilt stared me in the face, and my brother's words rung in my ears; '*wrong, all wrong*.' She was going to die, and I could not ever ask her pardon, or tell her I repented. I was in anguish of soul—my burning eyeballs were unmoistened by a single tear. I had wept day and night over my brother's dying bed and beside his grave; but now tears refused to flow—their very fountains seemed dried up. This distressing state of mind continued some days. I could take neither food nor rest, and my health was seriously threatened. Oh! could I but see her one moment, just to ask her blessing before she died! But no, it could not be. No one was permitted to enter her room excepting her attendants. I could not even send her word that I was penitent. She must hear nothing; know nothing: it was the only hope of her recovery—and that hope, how slight! I felt there was *no* hope. The thought was distracting. What should I do? Suddenly as an arrow from the bow, the conviction darted through my soul, that it was against my Heavenly Father that I had sinned—it was the compassionate Redeemer whom my sins had crucified. The thought was insupportable—a new agony had sprung up in my heart. I took my Bible and turned, as if Heaven-directed, to the fiftieth Psalm. I read again and again—I knelt and prayed, " Have mercy upon me, oh God." Against thee, *thee only*, have I sinned." " A broken and a contrite heart thou wilt not despise." It seemed as if that Psalm was written expressly for me. I rose from my knees—the peace of God was in my heart. Again I opened my Bible and read, ' God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, might not perish, but have everlasting life.' And again—' Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' It was enough—I knew that God had pardoned. It was an hour never to be forgotten. I had received ' the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.'

" ' The next morning my mother was slightly better, and she continued very slowly to improve, till after a few weeks her recovery was talked of as no longer doubtful. But so low had she been, and so slow was her convalescence, that it was long, indeed it seemed a little age, before I was allowed to see her, and print one penitential kiss upon her pale, emaciated cheek. But that of itself was a full recompense for all that I had suffered. Still I longed I might pour into her ear the confession of for the time when, without fear of injury to her, penitence that so long had struggled for utterance. Thanks to my Heavenly Father, that time did come: so that before she was restored to perfect health, she had received and blessed a repenting child.

" ' From that hour we were once more a *happy family!* I was now in a state of mind to discern the excellences of my mother's character. I found she possessed a noble, an affectionate heart. I had thought her unkind, because having enveloped myself in a mantle of selfishness and prejudice, she could gain no access to my heart. Once admitted there, she was ever afterward my friend and counsellor, and my most intimate companion.

I now *loved* her; and strove to make her happy—and in so doing, effectually secured my own happiness."

"Now my dear Ellen," added my aunt, "I shall leave it for you to draw from this item of my early history, the lessons which it naturally suggests—simply remarking; the way to be happy in any situation, is to try and make others happy. Or in other words to feel and act RIGHT."

M. B. A.

REST.

"Oh! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?"

I STOOD by the Ocean's waves,
As they rolled in fury by,
And the maddened billows flung
Their white foam to the sky;
And I breathed aloud these words
In my agony of soul,
'Mid the wild wind's swelling tones,
And the sea's unceasing roll;—
When, from out its dark depths, a voice seemed to say,
"There *is* no rest *here* — away — away!"

I stood by the running stream,
As it bounded bright along—
A moment flashing in the light,
Then dancing gaily on;—
And again I spoke those words,
In accents loud and clear;
When a low and musical voice
Came to my listening ear;—
And in silvery tones it seemed to say,
"There *is* no rest *here*—away—away!"

I wandered forth at night,
And stood 'neath the vaulted sky;
'Twas gemmed with a thousand stars,
Giving light as they shone on high—
I thought of their ceaseless course—
How year after year they roll;
And these words from my lips broke forth,
Is there rest to be found for the soul?"
Then, from each tiny star, I heard a voice say,
"Think not to rest *here*—away—away!"

I stood 'mid the busy haunt
Of the peopled world once more;
And I heard its wild din swell,
Like the ocean's angry roar:—
I scanned each face as it passed,
And peered into each dark eye;
And strove every thought to read,
As on the throng swept by;—
But on each care-worn brow, the same look seemed to say,
"*I* find no rest *here*—away—away!"

I turned to the book of life,
And opened its sacred page;
There I learned that there is no rest
To be found on the *world's* busy stage;
But it told me there *is* a home
In the skies far, far away,
Where sorrow and care cannot come—
In the realms of eternal day—
And a still, small voice whispered low in my ear,
"There *is* rest to be found—'tis here—'tis here!"

New Haven, July 25th, 1846. **ELLA.**

"THY WILL BE DONE."

BY MARY THOMPSON.

Some years ago might be seen in the neighborhood of London (it matters not if it were North, South, East or West) an establishment for the education of young ladies. The house stood in the centre of a large lawn, on which were scattered beds of Roses, Geraniums, and all kinds of sweet flowers, bounded by a shrubbery of Lilacs, Labernums, Laurels, Bay Trees, &c., &c. Beyond was a large meadow, on one side of which was an avenue of walnut trees, and on the other a border of flowers, which the pure and happy inmates of the school-room, cultivated during the hours of recreation; in the spring, when all nature looks so gay and beautiful, these joyful beings vied with each other in presenting the first bequet to their indulgent teachers; how anxiously they watched for the first rose-bud, the first sprig of Lavender, and how delighted was she who first discovered a violet, or a primrose; happy, happy hours of childhood, how soon they pass away; how often when I have been surrounded with the animated, joyful countenances of children, have I wished in my heart that they could ever continue thus, that they could pass through the world without meeting with disappointments or sorrow. But as we cannot guard them from the cares of life, is it not our duty to prepare them for its changes, by gently leading them to look forward to that blest world where they will find happiness forevermore?

The two ladies who conducted this establishment, were both unmarried; their father had been a wealthy merchant, and in their youth they enjoyed all the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life; but Mr. Barton having met with severe losses, he died, comparatively speaking a poor man. After his death, his daughters determined to devote themselves to the education of youth. They therefore received into their family a limited number of children, most of whom had been sent from the East and West

Indies, and whose parents had been obliged to part with them when they were almost infants, and they were entrusted to those who faithfully watched over them.

The Misses Barton were not handsome, but they were lovely in mind and character, they were consistent Christians, and showed the beauty of holiness by their own example.

They felt the responsibility they had incurred by taking charge of these children, and fervently they prayed that they might be enabled to perform their duty faithfully towards them, while hey labored to educate them for the duties of this life, they did not forget to train them up in the fear of God, and love of their Saviour, they sympathized with them in all their little joys and sorrows, granted every reasonable request in their power, and when obliged to reprove them, they did it with so much kindness and gentleness, that they gained the love and confidence of all. Never have I seen a more happy family. Religion was the guiding star; it shone brightly through every department, at the hour of morning and evening prayer, when these gentle beings raised their hands to Heaven, their hearts were lifted also, to the Father of Spirits, whose ears are ever open to the cries of his children. They knew that prayer was not a mere ceremony, to be performed at certain seasons, but that it was a privilege to be permitted to make their wants known, and to offer praises to their Heavenly Father.

There was one sweet girl who had been educated in this school, upon whom the pious counsels of her instructors had made a deep impression: she had been placed under their care, when very young, by her guardians, her parents had both died when she was an infant, and she had neither a brother or sister to love, all her ffection was bestowed on her teachers, and young companions.

Amelia Cowell was indeed a lovely child! Her complexion was fair, and a profusion of olden ringlets waved over her neck and shoulers; her dark blue eyes sparkled with intellience, and a sweet smile played around her mouth. Her mind was as beautiful as her person; the spirit of peace and love dwelt within her; but her form was so slight, so sylph-like, hat she appeared little able to encounter the orms of life.

When Amelia was about eighteen she left hool, and went for a short time, to reside with friend in Brighton; while there she was introced to a young man, an officer in the army. He was so captivated by her modest retiring manners, and gentle disposition, that he made her an offer of his hand, and was accepted.

William Harris was the son of a gentleman who had long held a responsible situation under the British government. He was tall, handsome in person, generous and brave; the idol of his parents, who had lost several children; and William was their youngest and only remaining son; he was their joy, their hope; they looked upon him as the comforter of their declining years, they fondly trusted that he would be spared to close their eyes, and smooth the pillow of death; he had entered the army when very young, had borne a part in the principal actions fought on the Peninsula, in 1813 and 1814, and had returned to his native land in 1815, crowned with laurels from the fatal field of Waterloo, on which so many of his brave companions had perished.

It was at this time that he saw Amelia, and won her consent to become his bride, he had gained the love of that guileless and innocent heart, and he was happy; the beautiful orphan had promised to be his: what more could he desire? He looked forward to years of happiness; life appeared to him to be strewed with flowers, the thorns were hid from his sight; but soon he was awakened from his blissful dream; a summons arrived for him to join his regiment, the 2d battalion of which had been ordered to proceed to Ireland immediately.

It was a severe trial to leave all that he held dear in the world, but duty called, and he must obey. His parents were grieved to part with him, and fervently as they blessed him, they prayed for his safe return.

Poor Amelia! could not pronounce the word "farewell;" she wept bitterly, as she gazed on him she loved so well: he embraced her again and again, and no longer able to hide his emotions, he mounted his horse, and rode away at a rapid pace; but his heart was sad within him, he felt as if he had taken a last adieu, and it was long before he could recover his cheerfulness.

How anxiously did the loved ones he had left behind, watch for the time, when they might expect to hear from him, but they watched in vain: no tidings came to cheer their drooping spirits.

Day after day, might the fond father be seen taking his accustomed walk to the Reading Room, searching every paper for the wished for news, and finding none.

At length, one day, a paragraph arrests his attention, he trembles and becomes pale as marble, can it be probable! his William, the comfort of his old age, is he gone! never to return!

It is too true!

The ship in which he and his brave companions embarked has been wrecked, she was driven by a raging tempest, into the bay of Tramore, on the eastern coast of Ireland, although it occurred in the day-time, and the shore was crowded with people, who were aware of the fate of these unhappy beings, they had no possible means of relieving them, as the vessel neared the shore, those on board could be distinctly seen, awaiting in agony the dreadful catastrophe. Husbands and wives, parents and children (there were many women and children in the ship) were plainly observed encouraging each other, or folding their arms around those they loved, that they might die together.

Alas! there was no hope for them, the vessel struck and went to pieces, when two hundred and ninety-two men, and seventy-one women and children perished in sight of assembled thousands, only thirty souls were saved, to mourn the loss of friends and relatives.

Poor William perished with his companions, he, who had left his home and all he held dear on earth, he, the brave, the beloved, and the honored had found a watery grave—far, far away from those who had watched for his return with so much anxiety.

No more will they hear that loved voice, no more behold those features so engraven on their hearts—he is gone to a happier and a better country, where all is peace and love.

How could that heart-broken father relate the dreadful tidings; how say to that tender mother! you have no longer a son, and to that gentle, loving girl, your betrothed has spoken to you the last words of love, the heart which lately was filled with your image is now cold, no more will you behold your beloved until you meet in heaven.

For days, this afflicted old man returned to the reading-room eager to ascertain, if there were not some hope that his William had escaped, one day his name was omitted in the list of those who had perished, and the poor Father's heart was cheered, but the next the sad news was confirmed; he returned to his home, he dreaded meeting with those whom he knew were anxiously watching for his return (some rumors of a shipwreck had reached them) they trembled when they saw him but spoke not, for their hearts were too full for speech; they looked imploringly at him, he turns from them in agony, sinks upon a chair; and weeps like a child, he can no longer control his feelings. Well does that fond mother know that some evil has befallen her child, she looks upon him, who has long shared her joys, and her sorrows, and is convinced that nothing less than the loss of his son, could thus agitate him, she shed not a tear, but her looks betrayed the anguish of her mind, for some minutes she remained the image of despair, at length she murmured, "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

And that gentle girl, has the cup of happiness so soon been dashed from her lips, has the storm so soon burst over her devoted head, her pure and loving spirit, was not destined to be long an inhabitant of this cold world, she was too weak, too fragile, to encounter its trials.

Amelia's sufferings were great but she did not repine, her cheerfulness was gone, her beaming smile no longer cheered every beholder, her pale countenance, and melancholy looks bespoke the sorrow of her heart, she raised her tearful eyes to heaven and fervently prayed for strength and resignation in this hour of trial. She felt she had a duty to perform to the bereaved parents, who had now no one but her to comfort, and watch over their declining years, she exerted herself to be unto them as a daughter—she never left them, but attended them in sickness, and in health—and they regarded her as an angel of mercy, sent to minister to them in their affliction.

It was in January, that poor William was lost, Amelia, although she endeavored to subdue her grief that she might console his beloved parents, had never recovered from the shock she received when the dreadful tidings were made known to her, she gradually became more feeble, and the following Autumn, as the leaves faded and fell to the ground, so this sweet flower drooped, and died; the storm had gathered over her, she was too tender, too delicate to resist it, and she was crushed to the earth,—her heart was broken.

The beloved companions of her youth followed her to the grave, and as they stood around it they sang over her the following beautiful lines by Bishop Heber.

Thou art gone to the grave!—but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb;
Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom,

Thou art gone to the grave!—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the sinless has died!

Thou art gone to the grave!—and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the Seraphim's song!

Thou art gone to the grave!—but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And Death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

Clinton street, February 10, 1847.

THE FADING LEAF.

We do fade as a leaf.—Isaiah.

It is in the nature of our mental constitution to receive ideas and convey them to others, by emblems. The evident reason of this, is because there is no other way in which ideas can be so easily comprehended, or so clearly unfolded. The mind therefore is continually searching for objects which may be held up to view as visible and clear indices to its conceptions.

The painter knows no other language but that of emblems. He spreads them out upon his canvas; we gaze upon the picture, and, while not a word is spoken, the most thrilling story may be unraveled to us. The poet, it is true, depends much upon the beauty of his language—his flowing numbers. But what would the perfection of his style gain him, were it not for the striking imagery which he draws from the great storehouse of emblems? Nor can the philosopher do without them. He even constructs a miniature planetary system, and by it describes the various evolutions, and relative positions of those great bodies which are hanging in space.

Even truths once clearly perceived, may come to us with a tenfold power, if accompanied with some striking analogy. We may receive from the mouth of another a correct description of some noted building which we have never seen; but if we can look upon a picture of that edifice, we can more distinctly imagine the reality. Just so is it with comparisons. Suitable emblems always make the outlines of the ideal nore definite. And even where we have visible demonstrations of truth, the effect of suitable comparisons is never lost. Nor has our benevolent Creator been unmindful of this fact in his construction of the material universe. He has created innumerable objects, and ordained various operations of nature, which assists us in our inquiries after truth—especially those truths connected with the eternal welfare of the immortal soul.

God not only plainly declares to us, those truths so important for us to know; but in the same sacred book, he seeks to impress our minds more deeply by presenting them through the medium of emblems familiar to us. The transforming power of the Holy Spirit is compared to wind. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and then hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The wicked are likened to a "troubled sea whose waters cannot, but casts up mire and dirt."

But in regard to no one truth is there such a profusion of figures applied, as the wasting away and death of the body, and the consequent vanity of all earthly things. Life is compared to a flying post,—a weaver's shuttle,—a flower that blooms and quickly dies,—to clouds that vanish away. "We are of yesterday and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow." The striking emblems which nature presents are frequently brought forward, and we are urged by the lesson they teach to be mindful of the frail tenure by which we hold this earthly existence.

But reader, there is one emblem which at this season of the year is continually appealing to us in the most solemn manner. It comes with soul-stirring eloquence, and though we refuse to be admonished, we cannot be unmindful of the truth for we see it everywhere. We cannot open our eyes without reading it. Wherever we go, the declaration is before us. It is engraved upon all around that we "do fade as a leaf."

But what is there in leaves that shadows forth man's earthly career, and in what respect does their fading remind us of our own wasting away?

Leaves bloom out fresh and fair, appearing as though they could never die. They murmur the sweetest melody, and dance to the faintest wind that blows. They spread a beauty over the forest whose magnificence can neither be equalled nor transferred by the hand of art. They are the gorgeous attire of objects which, without them, present only a dreary picture—conveying to the mind desponding ideas. In their full verdure, they fill up a vacuum upon which no joyous heart can look with pleasure. Without them, nature seems dying, while with them she has the appearance of springing into perfect life. Were there no green leaves, earth would seem but a vast charnal house, and the blooming of the fairest flowers would appear cold and sepulchral. Their delicate texture would be the lifeless beauty of a corpse. No zephyr's breath would ever visit this dreary world, but instead of their gentle whisperings, sad tones would fall upon the ear, as the tall naked branches of the forest move to and fro in their lonliness. Even the music of waters would lose half its sweetness, for there would be nothing to soften their wild ragings, nor send back to us gentle echoes. Every song of nature would be a fit requiem for the dead, and the weary eye could find nothing of life or beauty on which to rest.

This may appear to many as vain fancyings, with no meaning whatever. But who can tell what would be the effect, if every tree and shrub were to stand year after year leafless, never showing a single sign of life? Even during the brief desolations of winter, who does not feel the sad change, though there is a certainty of a speedy resurrection? but what would it be if there were no returning spring? The most gifted poets speak of nature as dying when the first leaf begins to fade, and of the earth as desolate, when they have all fallen lifeless upon the ground;—and to the reflecting mind there is stern reality amid all the imagery with which poets invest the idea.

We ever connect with the fresh green foliage of summer in its light and airy appearance, the idea of life, of joyousness, and of beauty. But with the contrast as viewed in autumn, there comes a throng of gloomy associations, sad musings of the fading nature of all earthly things. There is that in summer scenery—its perfect animation—its profusion, which tends to banish all thoughts of death. There is scarcely a token of mortality around us. Here a flower fades, there a leaf falls, but so much life remains it makes but little impression upon the mind. A friend dies, but we gather fragrance and animation from nature, and strew the emblems of the living upon his bier. We then bear him along to his final resting-place, and lay him down where birds sing so sweetly, and flowers and leaves are so full of life, we hardly realize that death is there. We go away half believing that the loved one is only *reposing* from the toils and strifes of the world. We know that he has gone no more to return; but we have not considered that he is fading, and will blacken and crumble to dust like the sear and yellow leaf of autumn. But it is even so. And are we not sensible of it at this season of the year. Are we not conscious that the garb of life which nature has been wearing, sent forth enchantments to draw us away from the real enchantments that are now being dispelled?

We knew all to be mortal and fading, frail in their textures and soon to pass away, yet the enchantment had its effect upon us, and the truth was forgotten while it lasted. Even the soft rustling of summer leaves, and their luxuriance, shed brightness around a grave-yard, clothing the cold marble with beauty. But we love to be thus lured along, that we may forget as much as possible our own mortality, for it is not a pleasing subject to contemplate. We dread to be reminded that soon we must lie down and be chained by the iron hand of death, and then be carried away from present scenes never more to mingle in them. We make no efforts to blot out or change the false coloring, but on the contrary strive to make its hues more brilliant still, by the part we act upon the stage of life. We seek to throw round the gloom of dying a more gorgeous display, and while our own hearts are "beating funeral marches to the grave" we hurry along upon the awful precipice, as if scorning the gulf that is ready to swallow us up. We come into being, and spring into youth and manhood with that sprightliness and vigor that characterizes the living forms of nature. The brightest smiles are now, and joyous words are spoken, though the heart be ill at ease. We tax the energies of mind to invent new sources of pleasure, that all thoughts of passing away may be drowned; and then we engage in those scenes of mirth with the whole soul. If we have wealth, we surround ourselves with a magnificence which has exausted the power of invention to create, and which gold only can procure. Everything about us is gaudy. We dwell in palaces, know nothing of toil and care, while every luxury that is pleasing to the sense or taste is enjoyed. Shutting out all gloomy objects, we sit down in repose, unconscious that at every moment the silver cord is being loosed, and the golden bowl broken. Or if we have but little of the things of this world, we go forth with the busy throng to gain them, we rise early, and sit up late, eat the bread of carefulness, that we may gain gold, and thus win the bright things of earth. In short, everything is conducted with reference, not to the truth, but to the fascinating charms of that fiction which nature in her summer time weaves for us. We constantly act in harmony with the idea which leaves and flowers present to the mind. Carried away by it, we imagine earth to be a Paradise, and ourselves its eternal possessors. Imagination tells us all we have to do is to add to its beauty and enjoy it for ever.

Yes, man, like the leaves, exists for a while in health and prosperity, gaily dancing at every breeze of fortune. Like them he has his summer-time, when the world smiles upon him, and his projects are accomplished. Every rill sends joy to his bosom, every gale bears on its wings the sweetest odors. He bows to the illusion and worships at the shrine of the charmer, whose poisonous sting he must ere long feel, for he is mortal and the summer hours of his existence will soon be over. They pass on rapid wings and stay not in their flight though every fountain of pleasure be exhaustless. A change comes. Leaves fade and fall to the ground; and so with man. He goes to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. Leaves are reft of their life and beauty, and scattered by the rude autumnal winds. Man also must close his eyes in the sleep of death, his freshness torn from him, and his gayest attire exchanged for a shroud—his palace for a coffin—his gilded equipage for the dark-curtained hearse, which is to bear him to the cold damp vault, where he is laid silently down by the mouldering ashes of the dead.

The summer of nature will again appear. Buds will burst forth, and new leaves will clothe the forest fresh and fair as ever. They will send out the same rich tones and wear the same bright aspect. But man's summer, once past, never reappears. There is no budding anew of his existence, unless it be in a brighter and a better world. Seasons may come and go, come and go; but *he* reappears not upon the stage with mortals. He crumbles to his native dust, which mingles with that of the leaf. The leaf fades, he fades, and both return to the earth from whence they came.

But, reader, let us examine more closely and view some particulars in which fading leaves are striking emblems of death. "We all do fade as a leaf." But how does a leaf fade? It fades *silently*, without a single premonition; not a note of warning is given, until it has received the shock of death. The poisoning of its fountain of life is done in secret. We cannot mark the moment when leaves begin to fade. We look upon them—they are fair; we look again, and their freshness is gone—they are drooping, languishing away. We may stand in an unbroken forest and watch these changes. We know that death is at work around us, for one by one are these eloquent monitors of the grave deposited in their last resting-place, until the ground is covered, and the branches above become bare. But who, or what tells us of this change? We see there has been ravages; but no voice proclaims it. The wind whispers it, but only in faint intimations—our own footsteps tell it when the sad work is almost done. But we know not when and how it is that leaves begin to fade. We are ignorant of all, until they bear upon themselves the impress that tells us they must die. Thus fades the leaf, and experience as well as revelation declares that we fade in like manner. Who knows when that messenger, who sitteth upon the pale horse, and whose name is death, makes ready his bow and speeds his arrows? Does he ever send a herald to tell us there is need of making ready, for at such a moment the shaft will enter our vitals? We feel the stroke, but he who gives it comes with a noiseless tread;—he is not seen, nor is he heard; but his aim was unerring, and the victim fades like a leaf. We know not of that moment when the bloom of health begins to depart, and paleness creeps silently over the countenance. Can we tell when the bright eye begins to grow dim, the full pulse to beat languidly, and the bounding heart to throb feebly? As we take hold of the trembling hand that once grasped ours with energy, but whose pressure we can now scarcely discern, are we able to say when the power to give this token of friendship its full force was taken away? The voice was once rich and full as the sweet tones of a harp—it is now hollow and can scarcely articulate—it has lost its music. But can we point to the time when the mournful change began? It came like a spectral illusion. It passed our pathway like a shadow, though in reality, disappearing only, when like the leaf, the dear one has faded and fallen. The church bell may then toll the departure of a spirit, and make known that there is another occupant for the grave; but it never sends out its peals, telling that the destroyer will come at such an hour. Are the light-hearted, and pleasure-seeking throng ever arrested in their wild career, by a message that to-morrow, or next year, the fairest and loveliest of the number will pass away, to join in their festivities no more? Does a friendly voice ever whisper in the ear of the child, as it engages in its innocent sports, that soon, very soon, it will weep over the new-made graves of its parents? Or is that mother, who fondly clasps to her bosom her darling babe, told that the idol of her heart will wear an infant's shroud, and be laid in her own coffin? What voice, reader, dare proclaim, that your winding sheet is woven, the boards for your coffin sawn, and the stone polished that is to be set up over your ashes? Yet it may be even so, for we all do fade as a leaf. The leaf droops silently away, we cannot foretell when. And thus is it with you and me, and the gay world. The work of decay *must* ere long commence. The fading process will begin, and it will be completed. But the summons will be sent in silence, and we will wear the impress, ere we are conscious of it.

But there is another point in which the fading of leaves resemble the dying of these bodies of ours. Leaves fade *gradually*. They do not all pass away at once. Some droop while others remain fresh and green; and yet before the work commences, we know not which will fade quickest. There is no mark to designate them. But ere long we see that one after another turns pale, and drops from among their fellows. And is not this the way we leave our places in the family circle and in society? We look upon the bright cheerful circle that surround the paternal hearth. We scan the parents, then their offspring, from the eldest down to the little prattler they are caressing. But we know not which seat will become vacant first, and its occupant be carried through the portals of that homestead, a cold corpse! Will it be the parents who have passed the meridian of life, or the elder son beside them, who is just entering upon the busy scenes of the world;—or will it be the little one, who like the bursting rose begins to claim admiration? God only knows. But like the leaves of the forest, they will soon fade. First one goes, and then another, until finally, they are all laid side by side in the church-yard, and the hearth-stone is forsaken. You look about upon society, but you cannot name the individual whose funeral will be first attended. Yet some one of us must go first. It may be the aged and care-worn, who is expecting his summons, or the young and beautiful who has never thought seriously of dying. It may be the warm-hearted Christian who keeps his lamp trimmed and burning, ready to meet the bridegroom, or the worldly-minded professor who is slumbering at his post. And, oh, it may be the child of many prayers, and of Sabbath school instruction, but who has not made his peace with God. You may be called for this week—before another Sabbath dawns, your mortal remains may lie in the ground.

Many leaves have faded and fallen, but those that remain must drop also. Thousands with whom we began life, have gone into eternity before us. But we must go, too. Gradually do we pass from these airy scenes, following each other in rapid succession. Friend after friend departs. Generation after generation goes; and thus it will continue until the end of time.

I need not ask you, reader, if these be truths. In saying that we are fast going to the grave, that we are fading like the leaf, I need only utter the solemn exclamation, and then point you to those thousand emblems which so eloquently maintain it. They appeal to you more powerfully than words They clothe the truths in visible forms, then spread them out before you, and by the fitness of the illustration, call upon you to be admonished. And will you scorn or forget the message? Can you look upon nature in her dying hours, and not realize that a similar change must pass over you? When there is death everywhere, can you be unmindful of the perishing material with which your earthly house is constructed? Can you see a leaf fall to the ground, without thinking that you must lie beneath the clods of the valley?

No, you cannot be unmindful of these solemn realities, these lessons which nature is now reading you. But do you act as though you believed them? As you look upon the change that is being wrought around you, and feel that you must change in like manner, do you remember that you have souls that can never die, which experience no decay, but will live for ever in joy or in agony? Are you fitting this spark of immortality for the bliss of Paradise or for the torments of an eternal fire? This is the all-important question, and should absorb every other idea, until your safety be provided for. Your probation day is fast departing. You know not how soon it will end, for, like the leaf, you fade without warning. If you wait for the transition moment, you are lost for ever. There is no knowledge, nor device in the cold grave to which we haste. But you are familiar with all this; and yet perhaps you procrastinate. Like many a deluded wretch, now beyond that bourne from which no traveller returns, you defer this most important business that can be done in this life. You place upon this fearful uncertainty the rich inheritance above, which is priceless and unfading. You may yet win it, but how small the chance, if you continue to defer!

And what are its advantages? If you gain a sure title, when you fade here, you will go where there is no change, no death;—not even an emblem of dying, but one long, eternal summer. You will wear an immortal form and be surrounded with kindred immortalities. You will meet the long lost and loved ones, and sit down with them to the great marriage supper of the Lamb.

This is a fading world. Brightest hopes fade, beauty fades;—everything about us is fading. Even the earth will pass away. But there will be a new heaven and a new earth that cannot perish. Oh, who does not desire a place *there*, when he shall have passed from the dead and the dying *here?* Who would not have a glorious body, and go where there is but glory—nothing but harmony, love and perfect fruition? But, reader, remember that this life is the only time given to secure so priceless an inheritance. And life, you know, hangs upon a brittle thread—it may be severed at any moment. Be wise, then, and ere the unseen hand of death is laid upon you, and you fade as a leaf, secure your soul that cannot fade.

Oct., 1846.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

BY MINERVA CATLIN.

I.

The vestal moon is sad and cold, one pure star at her side
And shifting clouds like dusky palls o'er heavens blue ocean glide,
While through their dim and misty robes the night's pale planets burn
With sweet and chastened radiance from out each golden urn.

II.

Abroad, upon the silent earth, a solitary one
I love to stand when slumber hath her dreary reign begun,
And 'mid a world of chill and snow look up with strange delight
In holy converse with the wild, sad spirit of the night.

III.

The roaring winds with dismal howl sweep through the gloomy woods
Where desolation leagued with death on sullen pinion broods;
Then swelling o'er the distant moor and round each winding hill
Fall on the startled watcher's ear in cadence clear and shrill.

IV.

The snow-clad earth lies cold and dead upon her frozen bier
And on her pale unspotted brow the winter's icy tear,
The music of her songs is hushed—the murmur of the leaf,
The silver ripple of the wave—all save the wail of grief.

V.

The dim complaining forest heaves its huge brown arms on high
That seem like giant forms to cast tall shadows o'er the sky,
Then creaking bend along the ground with wild unearthly shriek
Like falling hosts beneath the charge when war's rude trumpets speak.

VI.

And in these dull and gloomy wilds on such a dreary night
The only waking one I sit 'neath its uncertain light,
And watch the shadows as they chase the moonbeams quivering ray
And see the wandering clouds obscure the stars celestial way.

VII.

And stern December's wailing harp hangs on the leafless bough
Close where the drooping willow and the funeral cypress grow,
And sends its solemn dirges out with wildly mournful tone ·
Above the silent churchyard where Earth's dreamless dead are gone.

VIII.

And one is there upon whose grave no summer flowers e'er bloomed,
The dying year with palsied hand his manly form entombed—
I did not think a brow by time unwritten thus and bright
Could fade and seek the cold dark tomb 'neath winter's ruthless blight.

IX.

I do not weep when earth is green or autumn gilds the sky
To see the beautiful depart—it seems so sweet to die;
But oh! when storms are beating drear upon each narrow bed
I grieve there is no gentler place for you—my cherished dead.

X.

I know the poor frail body hath but sought its kindred gloom—
The spirit's faded garb alone lies mouldering in the tomb;
But ah! how weak our nature is that shrines in cumbering clay
Enfranchised souls whose chainless flight is marked by glory's ray.

XI.

Thought links the disembodied soul with mortal life's cold chain
And weaves around its glancing form the robe of earth again—
We scarce can rise while veiled in flesh to know the weight we bear
But shrink to lay our fetters down and burst the bonds we wear.

XII.

So fond affection at the urn weeps o'er its crumbling dust,
Yet Faith can lift her glance above and in his promise trust,
Who passed the portal of the grave to ope the gates of heaven,
And sealed our passport with his blood and whispers "all's forgiven."

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY KATE M.

[How we came in possession of the following MS. of KATE, is our own secret. We are bound to say, however, that that lady is entirely innocent of all knowledge and connivance in the premises. She wrote it for her own private meditation, and will wonder how it found its way from her quiet little study in Indianapolis, to our sanctum in New York. We are sorry we cannot gratify her very natural curiosity. It might cut off future supplies from the same source.]—EDS.

BEAUTIFUL, oh! how beautiful is this glorious world! As I stand upon this elevated ground, and glance my eyes abroad, I see nothing that is not full of life and energy. The grove of lofty trees that raise their towering heads to catch the dews of Heaven, and to receive the clear sunlight before it is sullied by the touch of aught earthly; the fresh flowers elevating their little forms, and speckling earth's carpet with new and various beauty; the squirrel that hops from bough to bough, or skims with grace "o'er the unbending grass;" the birds, lovelier than all beside, their feathers reflecting the hues of the young flowrets, their tiny forms more graceful and agile than even the swift squirrel, and their voices so clear, so sweet, still beautiful beyond compare, whether sitting with folded wing and drowsy eye, or soaring aloft as though borne "on the wings of the wind;" all these are full of life—life in its beauty—life in its strength! Beyond the grass-covered plain, rushing by the towering woods, I behold the mighty river. Oh! if the song of the birds, the flowers and the trees, are still of life, beautiful life, what says the bright river, rolling on in perpetual flow? I need not bend mine ear; its voice, borne by the breeze, salutes me here. The great waves and the little waves, the water near the pebbly shore, and the water rolling over the black depths of the river's bed, in one mingling voice reply, life, life! I turn my eye inward and hearken to the song of my own frame. How beautifully appropriate are all the parts thereof, and how all, working together, produce the feeling of energetic happiness. The pure blood courses rapidly, yet not wildly, through my veins; the free lungs, refreshed and enlivened, falter not in their life-giving play; my eyes sparkle; my cheeks and lips glow; my form is rounded in the mould of health; my step is light, and firm, and free. Oh! how good is He who fills all this world with life; to him shall all my days be consecrated.

* * * * *

I am alone. Before me is spread that which gave me so much pleasure a few months since; but the scene is changed. Oh, death! thou hast been at work! I thought, as I looked upon the beauty and strength of all-pervading life, that nought could excel its power; but thou hast arisen to convince me of my error. The trees have lost their lovely summer robes; all bleak and bare, they stretch their long arms abroad, or raise them up on high. No flowers now sprinkle the plain. The squirrel has sought his winter home; the song of the bird is hushed; and that wide, deep river, which seemed to bound along with such animation and glee, now dark and cold rolls it sad waters, singing in a voice so deep and low that it strikes no ear but mine.

I turn my eyes to the glorious setting sun, sinking slowly. Now his disc is beyond my view, but yet a few rays rest on the assembled clouds, like the blessing of a dying father upon his sorrowing children. Now, even these last gleams are departing; the evening shades approach; the twilight dews chill me. Wearily I turn my faint steps homewards, for death, not satisfied with the withered heart of nature, nor with the dirge-like tones that fill the heavy air, has also touched my heart; his impress is on my face and in my eye, for there is no more color nor brightness there; youth and health has he driven away, and in their place has he seated disease and the worn countenance of suffering. My form has lost its roundness, my step its lightness; my voice no more rings merrily on the air; faint and low are the beatings of my heart, or wildly it flutters, as though with every throb it would burst its narrow prison-house; painfully I draw my breath, for the air is heavy and irritates my weakened lungs. Oh! the silver cord is loosening, the golden bowl is breaking. I was but tasting the pleasures of existence with unuttered and unutterable delight, when death came and poisoned the chalice from which I drank. Oh, death! how terrible thou art! how cold thy chilly touch! It thrills every fibre of my freezing frame. Soon the life-blood will cease its weary race, and then shall I be laid low; the clods of the valley shall cover me; "the place that knows me now shall know me no more for ever."

But hark! a strain of heavenly music fills the air. It touches, it warms my heart, for it sings of life—eternal life—life to be bought by death!

Now my eyes are opened, and I see a glorious vision. Oh, earth, did I call thee beautiful!—oh, life, did I think thee sweet! The beauty of earth fades, the sweetness of life vanishes away; for now a far more excellent beauty, a far more delicious sweetness is revealed to me. Death, I thank thee that thou hast loosened the chords of this temporal life, for the conqueror of death awaits to give me a crown of everlasting life. Farewell pain, sorrow—farewell, earth; welcome life, joy, Heaven! Oh, why weep for the early dead!

Indianapolis, Ind.

THE BEAUTIFUL GRAVEYARD.

MOUNT HOPE, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

I HAVE visited many of the large cities of our extensive Union, but never was more agreeably surprised than when I first visited the beautiful city of Rochester in New York. Perhaps it was because I never had heard its beauties discanted upon, though I had often listened to accounts of its rapid growth, and fast increasing population, but of its local charms I had heard but little, though I fancy they are rarely equalled.

But I do not here intend to enlarge upon the Genessee, which threads its way amid as beautiful a landscape as the eye ever rested upon—or those Falls of which so much has been written, where sheets of snow-white foam descend in a cataract of nearly a hundred feet—nor of the mill-seats on the shores, each with its own stream of rushing water—or of the not less picturesque "Lower Falls," which, if seen from that most enchanted of all roads, Buel's Avenue, look like hills of moving snow amid the verdant scene. The river Genessee like liquid crystal runs along one side of you, and high walls of rock upon the other side, in some parts covered with rich verdure and luxuriant wild flowers, and again bare and dark with water trickling down the sides and softening the hard stone and crumbling it away—the steep green banks on the opposite shore with their long descents of rude steps—the pleasant looking cottages (what would not look pleasant from such a spot)—no, beautiful as all this may be, I cannot now enlarge upon it, but it is of MOUNT HOPE, the city of the dead, of which I would write. What an appropriate name for a cemetery; it speaks of immortality rather than of mortality. How cheering the sound to those bereaved Christians who lay some beloved one beneath the sod with the full assurance that she will rise again—"we have laid her in Mount Hope!" Oh! should not all our grave-yards instead of being dull and gloomy receptacles of the dead, be made pleasant gardens and have "*Mount Hope*" inscribed over the gates of these silent cities; with how much less of reluctance would we enter these hallowed spots. And yet of how comparatively late date has been this change. A few years since, where were the pleasant Mount Auburn, the Green-wood Cemetery and Mount Hope?

It was a lovely afternoon early in July as our party drove through the rural city of Rochester to visit Mount Hope. It is a pleasant drive—the children were delighted. I always enjoy the society of children upon a journey; their expressions of delight are so from the heart; nature strikes them so pleasantly, as it did myself lang-syne, and I fancy it is myself again, full of hope and youth. We noticed one beautiful cottage as we passed—beautiful more from its home among the trees and fine shrubs and rare exotics, about the piazza and vines whose tendrils twined so gracefully round the white pillars.

"Those plants are the delight and care of a young invalid;" said my friend, "She devotes her time and attention to them constantly when she is able to be round. She has a room in the cottage devoted to them, and cheerful companions does she find them when stretched upon her couch of suffering. She prides herself on her roses, which she rears in great health and beauty, and her chief delight is transplanting these children of her love to Mount Hope, and one of the sweetest in that garden of the dead is where her father and brothers sleep. She has bordered a grave for herself and mother, and says when God sees fit to call her soul to Himself, her poor body, which has been such a painful load in life, will have a pleasant nook to rest in at last, among roses in the graveyard." Alas! like herself, how much of watchfulness and care do these sweet plants need; the sunlight of love must cheer them alike; and the kindly dews of affection keep them alive; at last both will die; the flowers "will drop without decrepitude and pain into their tomb," while her feeble body wears itself away in suffering, and again, they will both "break forth in glory."

But I am digressing; here we are at Mount Hope; indeed it is a most lovely spot; nature in her own wild state, and art with all her refinements. The pretty pond of clear bright water at the foot of the hill, reflects the blue sky and green borders with a peculiar clearness; the winding road leads up the hill and into dells; green bordered lots with roses planted round them which shed their rich perfume over pleasant graves; deep dells where nature with our hand has planted trees and low brush and fair wild-flowers; rustic steps leading down into shady nooks, where little white tombs appear guarding the peaceful slumberer whose rests there.

But the most lovely part of the ground perhaps is a deep hollow, whether natural or artificial I do not know; but a series of labyrinthian walks lead to a circular grass-plot at the bottom, bordered with flowers. Looking up from this spot, the gravestones upon the terraces, one above another, look like sentinels holding watch over their quiet treasures.

From the summit of Mount Hope, Lake Ontario is seen stretching affar off, though it is distant from Rochester about forty miles. An observatory will soon be completed on this point from which a most extensive and varied prospect can be enjoyed. We wandered about this lovely place—children full of life and health stooping to read the name on some little gravestone, or spelling from some tall monument, letters which they could hardly decipher, with so vague and indistinct an idea of the change that cometh upon all. I do not think the monuments in this cemetery are to be compared with those in Mount Auburn in richness and elegance; but nature is more varied and beautiful here than there.

Beautiful, beautiful Mount Hope! who would not be willing to rest at last within thy pleasant borders; the birds here sing unharmed amid their native trees and the little squirrel bounds unmolested over the low graves; here the wild flowers live their life of beauty and fade away; the trees cast their many colorded leaves upon thy bosom, and decorate themselves again in sweet spring time with their appointed garments; the snow of winter, like a silver mantle, covers thee; the soft winds of summer blow over thee; and we hope that all who rest within thy hallowed precincts may rise in spotless and glorified bodies, at the last day, to join the hosts in Heaven. A Sabbath-like stillness reigns around; the children have strayed from our side; and, as they approach, one says in a low sad tone to the other, "Why, Mary, I did not know your mother had so many *dead* children."

"Not *dead* children," said a low, sweet voice behind them; "*all living unto God.*"

"They all had heard of the Saviour's dying love, and each little sleeper who rests beneath these sods lived long enough to know the evil of sin and the need of pardon. Three dear ones lie here; the eldest was not ten when she died, and I have a full assurance that they are all safe with God. Oh! I often think," she continued, "how fearful must be the anguish of a parent who lays an unbelieving child within the grave!"

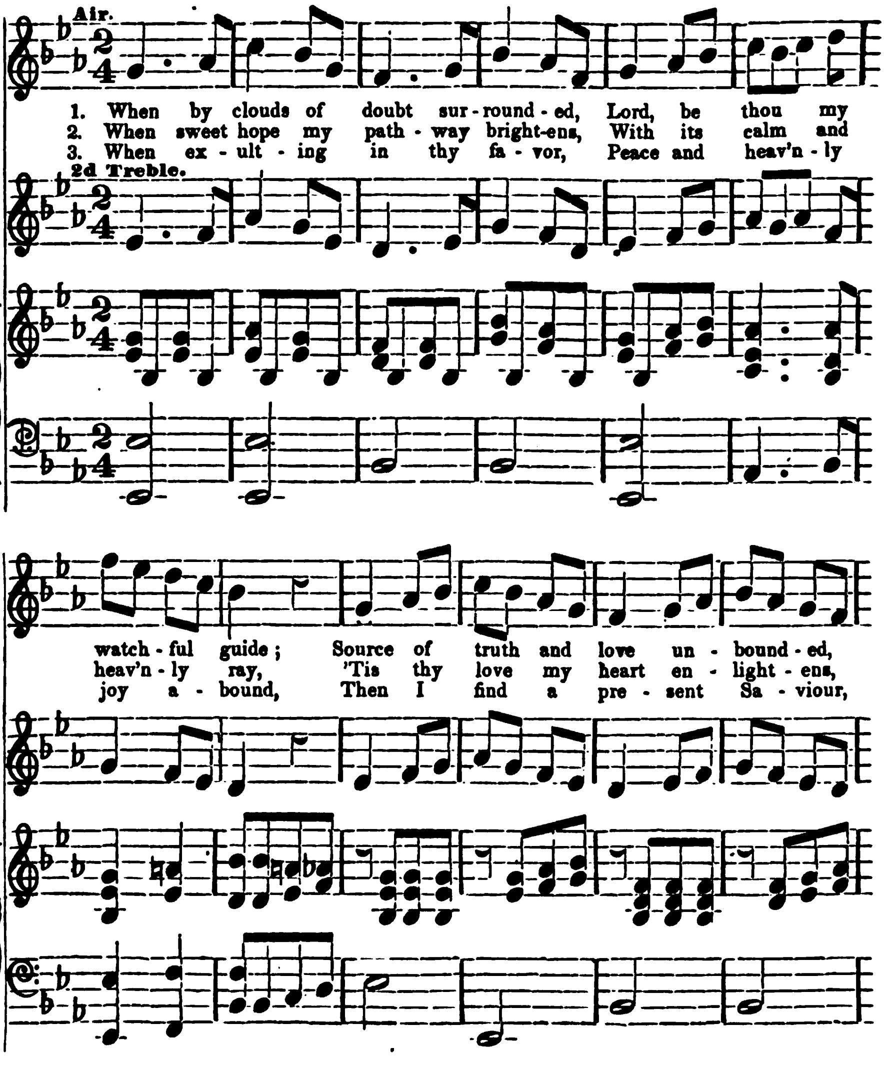
Long and deeply did I muse upon this lesson. Would I be happier if I laid an unrepentant child in Mount Hope, than if he slept in the dreary ocean bed? Could I hope his would be a spiritual and glorified body, that would rise at the last day? Would the beauty of the spot, the blooming flowers, the bird's song, the white monument, take aught from the sting of death? But would it not seem sweeter to lay a believing and Christian friend in the dreariest desert, compared to this?

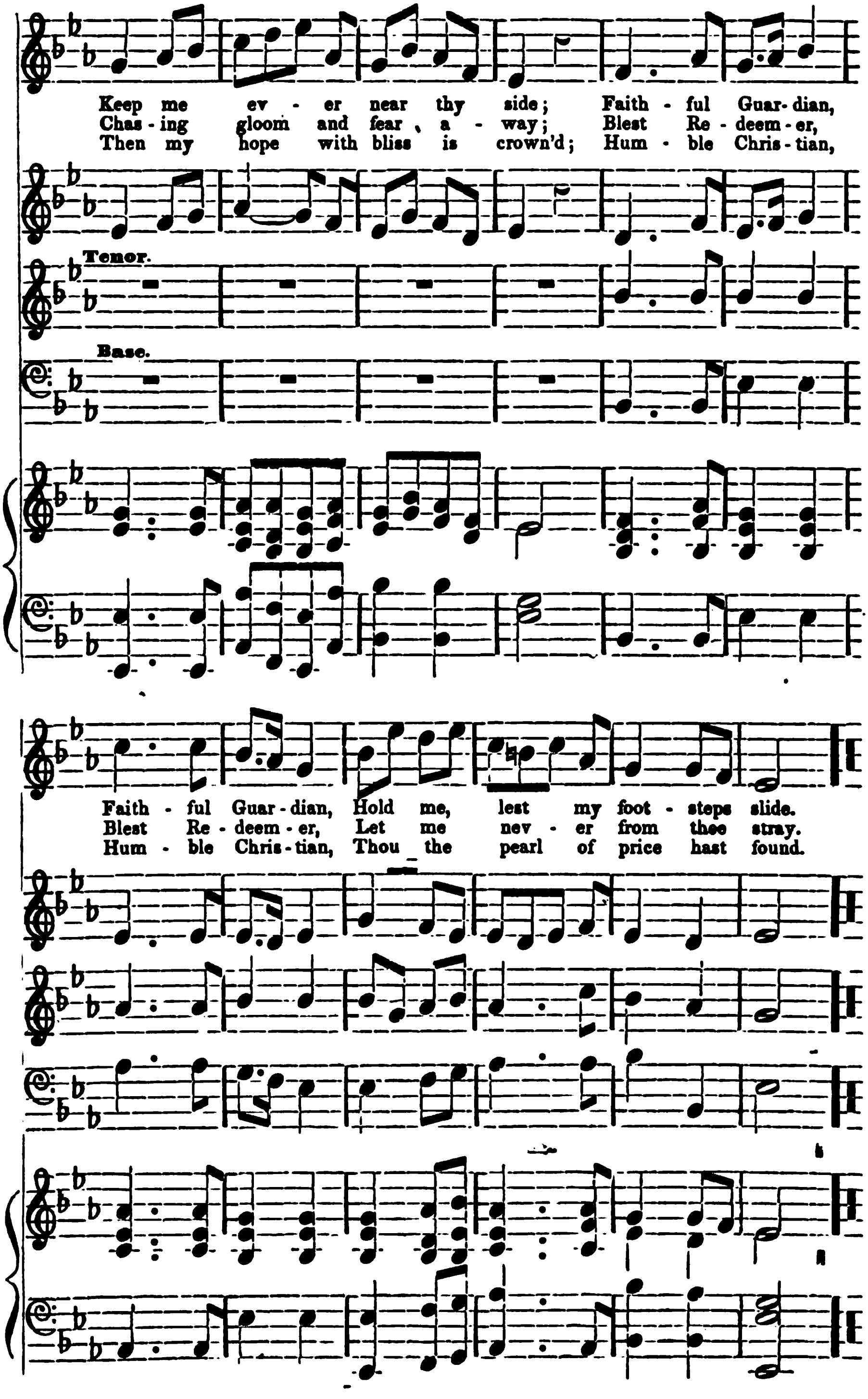
But the beauty of such spots as Mount Hope have a soothing, and, I trust, a beneficial effect upon the heart; the grave itself is not so clad with terrors. The tomb, the shroud, and the dark abode are forgotten among pleasant nooks and bright flowers, and imperceptibly, a peace is diffused over the heart. We love to come and watch around our treasure, whose earthly form sleeps in a garden of roses; and we are led on and upward to contemplate the glorious kingdom of heaven, where those who die in Christ live again in glory.

C. E. R.

CHRISTIAN TRUST.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY EDWARD HOWE, JR.


Air.
1. When by clouds of doubt sur - round - ed, Lord, be thou my
2. When sweet hope my path - way bright-ens, With its calm and
3. When ex - ult - ing in thy fa - vor, Peace and heav'n - ly
2d Treble.
watch - ful guide; Source of truth and love un - bound - ed,
heav'n - ly ray, 'Tis thy love my heart en - light - ens,
joy a - bound, Then I find a pre - sent Sa - viour,


Keep me ev - er near thy side; Faith - ful Guar- dian,
Chas - ing gloom and fear a - way; Blest Re - deem - er,
Then my hope with bliss is crown'd; Hum - ble Chris - tian,
Tenor.
Base.
Faith - ful Guar - dian, Hold me, lest my foot - steps slide.
Blest Re - deem - er, Let me nev - er from thee stray.
Hum - ble Chris - tian, Thou the pearl of price hast found.

PARLOR TABLE.

Books, Books.—The presses have been uncommonly prolific during the past month, and as a result, there has been a flood of matter sent out to the world, which has been proportionably worthless. Some most excellent and valuable additions have been made to the sum of human knowledge. But the binding and the paper are by far the most valuable and interesting portion of others. Novels, works of fiction which have outraged our nature in their plots, and insulted our reason in their claims, have been abundant, and we are ready to lift up our hands among this mass, and exclaim, "Who will show us any good thing?" We have courage, however, to hope for better things to come.

Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon.—Wiley & Putnam have published this, the last and perhaps the most permanent of the works of the celebrated author. Its value will be fully appreciated by those who read it—the character of Hazlitt's writings is well known. His style is attractive and rich. Had he been a better man he would have been a better author, and his reputation, already great, would have been doubtless among the greatest of the age.

Plato.—Dr. Pond has written a book on Plato's life and writings. In some respects the book is valuable, and in others we feel compelled to differ from the author in his opinions. In any case the work is one that will commend itself to all readers, and being small and beautifully got up, will make a pleasant companion and an ornament to the parlor table.

We are glad to see a disposition prevalent to open the graves of the old philosophers. As Poets we love them, if as nothing else. But there lay a depth of truth under their obscurities which needed only the light of revelation to make it shine out gloriously. Their reasonings were the graspings of the mind of man, in the twilight of natural light alone, after an unseen God. We have never found an hour passed in the company of those old sages thrown away, nor has it ever been with other than pleasure that we have studied their beautiful theories of Philosophy. And yet we have loved their poetry more than their Philosophy.

Pictorial History of England.—The Harpers continue the publication of this admirable work. The nineteenth number is before us. The value of the work will render it necessary to all general readers, and the style in which it is published will make it an ornament to any table.

The Anglo-Saxon Gospels.—We greet with pleasure every attempt to lead the people of this age to look at the past. The spirit of the age is progressive, and eminently so in language. The corruptions which have been introduced into the English, have become so numerous and important, that its whole character is undergoing a change, and not at all for the better. We have been long satisfied that the study of the Anglo Saxon language has been neglected too much, while other and comparatively useless studies are made to fill up the time of the student. This publication in connexion with the grammar of the Anglo-Saxon language by Klipstein, who edits this also, will, as the editor hopes, we doubt not, conduce to the study of the language of our forefathers, and to a still higher purpose.

The Froissart Ballads.—Who has not read, and does not remember Florence Vane?

> "Thou wast fairer than the roses
> In their prime,
> Thy voice excelled the closes
> Of sweetest rhyme.
> Thy heart was like a river
> Without a main;
> Would I had loved thee never,
> Florence Vane!"

Philip Cook, of Virginia, who has long been known only as the author of this beautiful creation of fancy, has published a book of ballads, beautifully giving in rhyme some old legends, and promising more if these be liked. Such poems as Orthone and Sir Geoffry Tetenoire, will be read and re-read by all lovers of the beautiful. If we mistake not, Mr. Cook is insured a fireside seat with all such, and a home in the hearts of all poets. Not the least admirable characteristic of his book is the independence with which it is sent out. "Like it or not, as you please," is the evident thought of the author. We like it.

The Book of the Feet.—This is the last and oddest addition to the literature of the age. A history of boots and shoes, with illustrations, is an idea novel enough to cause a demand for the book; these illustrations are good in their way. We notice on the vignette an Egyptian sandal, with a picture on it. It is a picture of one of the shepherd kings. The old Egyptians, when they drove that dynasty from the banks of the Nile, held them in such utter contempt and hatred, that they wore pictures of them on their sandals, so that they might tread on them at every step. This book, we are inclined to think, really valuable. It is certainly readable. It has been well received in England, and is handsomely re-published by Graham.

THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1847.

KEEPING TAVERN BELOW, OR, 'SQUIRE BALL AND HIS CUSTOMERS.

In the town of Kinsington, in the State of ———, there was a small tavern keeper by the name of Ball. He was an easy, well-to-do sort of a man, who had a great longing to be rich. He had not always been a publican, but when he started in life he was a farmer; and still he kept his farm, and raised most of the matters from it which he wanted for family use. As this farming brought him in very little ready money, he took it into his head to try some other way of adding to his income.

He lived on the Corners, near the meeting-house, and while the store, and the blacksmith-shop, and the post-office, and a dozen other establishments, were right there, they had no tavern. Mr. Ball was tempted to hang out a sign and to add the alluring words, "Entertainment for man and beast," which were common on tavern signs up in that part of the country, signifying that sober people and drunkards could both be accommodated there. He thought there was no harm in selling rum, especially as he was a member of the church, kept his Bible in his bar, and often talked to his customers of the blessedness of religion, and the value of the hope of heaven which he had indulged ever since he was a boy. It was 'Squire Ball's custom, for he was a justice of the peace, and therefore called the 'Squire by everybody, it was his custom, I say, to close his bar-room at ten o'clock every night, unless the run of custom at the bar made it expedient to dispense with the custom; but on ordinary occasions he was wont to shut up at ten, and when all were gone, he would take his Bible and read a chapter, and then he would kneel down and pray with so loud a voice that he could be heard by the neighbors for a considerable distance around; so that he was sure they all knew that he was a praying man. He got a name for this, and as it was known that he prayed in the bar-room where he sold his rum, it was reasonable to infer that the 'Squire was a very conscientious man in his business. Certainly he would not pray in his bar-room, and so loud, too, unless he feared God, and meant to keep his commandments.

One night there was quite an affray in the 'Squire's bar-room. Some of his customers were more than usually excited. Two of them were so drunk that he put them out of the house, and when they sought to return, he drove them off with a horse-whip. And those who were not quite so drunk, were even more turbulent. They finally proceeded from loud words to fighting, and one of them was beaten so badly that they were obliged to carry him home helpless and bleeding. It was nearly midnight before the room was clear, and the landlord had more thirst for liquor than for the Bible or prayer, when the house was still. He would have gone off to bed as soon as he had locked up, but the force of habit is as strong sometimes in good as in evil, and he could not be easy at heart if he should neglect his chapter and his prayer. So he took down the book, and opening at random, he read the chapter which contains these words, "No DRUNKARD shall inherit the kingdom of God." They seemed to glisten as he read them, those words did. What did they mean? He began to think over the drunkards whom he had known, and who had died. He called up the names of his customers; he began to grow confused in his memory, and, to help himself on in the work he had undertaken, he took down his book of Dr. and Cr., in which he had for years kept a running account with his neighbors. There were many who had once stood at his bar, and now they were in eternity. They had died drunkards! And the Bible told him they had not gone to heaven —they must be in hell! He looked over the list, and asked himself, "*Was this man* a drunkard? And *this* man?" And then Mr. Ball would try to recollect how they looked the last time they were at his bar, and one after another they would come back to his memory, and when they came they would stay; and soon a whole group of them were there; a horrid group! dead drunkards! for he had seen them all dead; and now, when they rose to his view, they seemed to come from the grave and from hell, and they laughed fiercely, and swore terribly, and roared as if they were beasts let loose. They wanted something to drink, and would have it; and when the 'Squire remonstrated with them, and told them they had been drinking already, and that he never sold liquor to men after they had had enough, they leaped into the bar and helped themselves, and one of them leaped astride the shoulders of the landlord, and another threw the Bible at his head; and altogether, they made an uproar like that which had marked the early part of the evening, until the 'Squire rose up in wrath, and ordered them to quit the house. Instantly they rushed upon him like so many devils, and seized him in their arms, and asked him, as they bore him away, *How he would like to keep tavern in Hell?*

Before he had time to recover himself, or, indeed, to get his breath so as to be able to speak, he felt himself flying through the air, as on the fiery wings of fiends; and then, down, down, he sank with his bar-room company, till at last, after an hour of rapid travel downwards, he was suddenly pitched into a world of darkness, so black that he could feel it. And, strangely enough, he could *see* that this dark world was inhabited, for the people were like so many flames moving madly amid the dismal gloom; and he could hear chains rattling as the people crowded along, so that he soon was convinced that he was in the world of despair. Here he was to keep tavern.

The old customers who had brought him, had been sent as a committee to find the right sort of a man to keep tavern in hell; for they had often declared that there was no man doing so good a business as 'Squire Ball, or who had so many qualifications for the high honor of being the landlord for the hosts of the Prince of darkness.

He was instantly and duly installed in office, and commenced dealing out spirits to the spirits in prison. But his surprise was great, and his confusion truly pitiable, when he recognised in almost every customer that came to his bar the faces he had known in Kinsington, and all of them his neighbors and their families.

"Ha! 'Squire, is that you?" said a fierce-looking wretch, as he came up for a drink; "*When did you come?*" The 'Squire perceived in the new-comer a man to whom he had sold liquor for fifteen years, and who had died a drunkard in the poor-house. He was a sober, decent, industrious man, when the landlord of Kinsington first tempted him to taste a dram, and his progress in the downward road had been sure and rapid from that day.

Next came a female fury, a lost woman, a wild spirit, who flew at him as she entered his infernal tavern, and reproached him as the cause of her ruin, and that of her family. "But for you," said she in a shrill, clear voice, that pierced his ear like a knife, "but for you and I might have been an angel in heaven, and now I am a devil in hell. You made my husband a drunkard, and you made me a drunkard, and now we are both of us here!" The 'Squire was speechless. What *could* he say? His face blazed red with shame; and he tried in vain to make some words of excuse for himself. At last, he thought of his Bible, and he gathered courage to say, "Didn't I often tell you that you must repent of your sins, or you could never go to heaven?"

"Yes, I know you did, and I have heard you praying half a mile off, but what good do you suppose the preaching or praying of a rumseller would do? All you wanted was to get the money for your liquor, and it was nothing to you what became of the souls of your customers. But I'm glad you are here at last. I never wanted to see anybody here so much as you. Did you bring your Bible with you, 'Squire?"

"No," said he, "I came away in a great hurry. Indeed, I had no thought of coming at all, but was seized in a moment when I had no expectation of being summoned away, and was brought here against my will. I do not see why I was wanted here."

"Why you were wanted? You were wanted that you might see the fruit of your doings, the end of your labors; and that you might *feel* the fires you have kindled for the souls you have destroyed. You have come to your own place, and you will know what it is to be an agent of the devil on the earth, and his slave in hell. I am glad you are here."

While this wretched woman was raving and cursing, a troop of spirits rushed into the infernal tavern, and whom should the astonished publican behold but the company who had been at his tavern at Kinsington, the night before; and among them, at their head, were the two whom he had driven away from his door, after they had become so drunk that he could bear them no longer! In they came, reeking with the fumes of the still, and raging with the madness of the pit; and as they entered they gave three cheers for the landlord, that made the whole region of darkness ring with horror. "Why, you are here before us," cried one of them. "Caught you, too," said another; and, "Served you right, old one," exclaimed a third. "This is the place for you and your business. You'll make money here, and get your pay in your own coin," said another; and so they went on jeering him till his wrath was kindled beyond measure, and he began to storm in reply. And then they laughed. "Why, you can't hurt us now. We have as good a right here as you, and if you wish to have it all to yourself, we only wish you could. But you sent us here, and now we must have your company." The 'Squire sank down with shame and remorse. He saw his own work. These were his victims. Once they were his neighbors, honest, industrious, upright men, until they began to frequent his house, and then they grew worse and worse, till they became quarrelsome, noisy, profane Sabbath-breaking men, and now they were in hell, and he among them, where he deserved to be. Then the spirits of all the men whom he had murdered by selling them rum came thronging around him, and he wished that he was blind that he could not see them, or deaf that he could not hear them; but when he shut his eyes he could see them still, and he could hear them when his ears were stopped. It was terrible to the poor wretch, and he shrieked with agony, and as he shrieked he AWOKE.

And lo! it was a dream! He had read his chapter, and had kneeled down in the bar-room to make his long, loud prayer, and had fallen asleep on his knees; the gin that he had drunk during the evening was too much for him, and his brain was excited. The verse he had read about *drunkards* had caught hold of his imagination, and away he had been borne to the regions of black despair. And now, as he awoke, the memory of his dream was all fresh and terrible. It was some time before he could persuade himself that it *was* a dream. He had been asleep perhaps an hour, and the scenes through which he had passed were impressed upon his mind indelibly. They were written there with a pen of fire. Though it had been a dream, it was truth that he had seen and heard, and he knew that the lesson was for his warning and counsel.

The landlord took his lamp, now burning dimly, and finding his way from the bar-room to his bed-room, went to bed, but not to sleep. There was no rest for him that night. He tossed upon his pillow, until his wife was awakened by his restlessness, and begged to know what was the matter. He told her the terrible dream that he had had in the bar-room, and confessed that he looked upon it as the voice of God, that had come to warn him to cease from the wicked work in which he was engaged, that of making drunkards, and shutting them out of the kingdom of God.

"I have told you a hundred times," said his wife, "that this business was a wicked one, and that I wished that you would give it up. It is an awful thing to think of, that we are killing our neighbors and sending them down to hell. Let us shut up the tavern, and do something else to make a living. For my part, I would rather starve than live by making drunkards."

"And I have thought it must be a bad business that does no good, and certainly leads many to poverty, and, if there is any truth in my dream, that leads them to hell. I have half a mind to take down the sign, and never sell another drop of liquor."

"Do, Ball, do give it up. Here's the farm, we can get a living off from that; and I'll work my fingers off, if you will only quit the bar."

After some further deliberation of this sort, it was mutually agreed that there should be no more tavern-keeping in their house, and this resolution having been once taken, the landlord and his wife went to sleep, and slept till a very late hour in the morning.

And when the sun was up, and the 'Squire stirred himself around the house, he waited quietly for his breakfast, summoned his family to worship, which he had seldom found time to do before, and stepped into the bar-room to get his Bible. But just as he entered, he heard a loud knocking at the door.

"I say, 'Squire, are you sick to-day? Why don't you open the door?"

The landlord raised a window, and throwing open the shutter, put his head out and said; "We are not sick exactly, but we are sick of selling rum. This tavern does not go any more."

The disappointed customer was frightened. "Why, Squire, you're crazy," he ventured to say.

"Not so crazy as you think," said the landlord. "I learned a lesson last night, and have come to the conclusion that making drunkards is no business for me, and I have given it up for good."

And so he did. He took down his sign that day, and saved his own soul from any further guilt in the souls of his fellow-men.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY JULIAN CRAMER.

In the ripe fullness of her youthful bloom,
  Ere sorrow yet had marred her sunny brow,
She hath gone down to slumber in the tomb,
  And hearts that loved her well are aching now.
The daughter and the sister we deplore,
Shall glad us with her gentle ways no more.

No more on earth—no more! Her spirit dwells
  Where sorrow comes not like a constant foe:
In that blest region perfect bliss dispels
  The doubts and darkness of this world of woe.
God takes her to himself! Fond mother, weep!
But let thy tears this consolation reap.

She was a priceless jewel in thy view—
  She was deep buried in thy faithful breast;
God saw her lofty powers, and loved her, too,
  And called her early to her home of rest.
She hath escaped a thousand ills that wait
On every year of life's unblest estate.

Then weep no more;—a few short years at most,
  And God shall call thee to rejoin her there:
Around thy couch shall wait an angel host,
  Thy ransomed spirit to her side to bear,—
And she—oh let it dry thy tearful eyes—
Shall be the first to greet thee from the skies!

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF W. ALEXIS.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

Some years ago General ——— was appointed Governor of D———. He was an upright man, and very strict in his principles. Bred to the army from his youth upward, he had imbibed a love of military order and punctuality, and was in the habit of applying these to matters of every-day life.

Now, although the Governor was a man of high consideration and influence, yet the highest have their troubles; *no one knows where his neighbor's shoe pinches*, as the proverb says. And this was literally true with him.

One day, his friend, the colonel of the regiment, stationed in D——— who enjoyed his utmost confidence, asked him how he was pleased with the place; the latter answered: "Better than I could expect," yet an expression of dissatisfaction seemed to pass across his face; his friend observed it, and ventured to ask the cause. The Governor smiled.

"Dear sir, you are right," he said. "It is merely an unpleasant trifle that vexes me, but you know that trifles often affect us more than great misfortunes. See there," he here pointed to his foot, "everything is to be found in this large city except a good shoemaker. A man of business must, above all things, see that he is comfortable about his feet; when the shoe pinches, labor lags."

The colonel mentioned the name of the most celebrated shoemaker of the place.

"I have dismissed him long ago. He made me very neat and fashionable boots, but I could not take ten steps in them."

His friend now named several shoemakers of reputation, who worked for a number of gentlemen of his acquaintance. The Governor shook his head. He had tried the most of them, and had been more or less dissatisfied with them all.

"They are all wanting in that accuracy which I require. Each one assures me when he takes my measure, that he knows and understands all about it, and that his work will surpass my expectations. Such fellows do not please me. Every foot must be treated in its own way; it has its weaknesses and peculiarities A strange workman cannot discover all these at the first glance. He should stud examine. That is what I like, that is what I must have indeed. When they bring their boots then, which are made after their lasts, but not after my feet, they shake their heads, and I can see by their looks, though they do not say so, that they think the fault lies in my feet and not in their work. I like modest mechanics, who are willing to listen and attend to directions. A coat, like a shoe, must be fitted to the body, not the body to the coat; therefore a skilful shoemaker should first study his customer's foot."

The colonel replied. "If your Excellency does not care about the name and reputation of a shoemaker, I think I can recommend one to you, with whom you will certainly be satisfied. He is a modest man, and just such a one as I think will suit you. He has worked for me for years: I am confident of his skill and industry, and take great pleasure in recommending him to your Excellency, which I can do conscientiously; but the city will stare to see the Governor employ a shoemaker who lives in an alley."

"The city has nothing to do with my feet, and no concern with my boots," replied the Governor smiling. "Have the goodness to send the man to me. But one thing more. I am a little peculiar in my dealings with the people whom I employ. I like those only who are men of their word. He who is not punctual is not the man for me, be he ever so skilful. If I cannot depend upon your protegé to the very day and hour, you may spare me the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"I can answer for him in that respect also," replied the colonel. "He is poor, and without work, and is therefore compelled to be punctual, on his own account."

"If he is the man I want, his poverty shall be helped," said the Governor. "But I hope that I shall not then be obliged to dismiss him, for I desire punctuality from principle, not from necessity."

"When your Excellency has seen the man, you will be convinced that I have not spoken too highly of him."

"Looks and words are deceptive; actions alone prove the man; but I shall be glad if I find more than I expect."

The shoemaker came to the Governor. He was a small, timid, quiet man, who scarcely ventured to open his mouth. But his answers pleased the Governor. He spoke only of the business upon which he had come; listened to what his employer said without interrupting him, and attended particularly to all his directions.

"You understand me. Do you think now that you can make the boots to please me?"

"Yes, your Excellency, I hope you will be satisfied with them."

"When will they be finished? Consider carefully."

The shoemaker reflected. "I think the boots will be done by Monday."

"You must not think, you must *know*. If you understand your trade, you ought to be able to name the day and hour when they will be finished."

"Monday afternoon, your Excellency."

"The afternoon is long. At what hour? Choose your own time, I don't wish to hurry you with them, but then they must be here at the stroke of the clock."

"They shall be here, your Excellency, at four o'clock Monday afternoon."

"Monday, then, at four in the afternoon. You understand me? If you are here punctually, and if your work pleases me, you shall be well paid for it. But if the boots are not here at the hour, our bargain is at an end. I will not listen to excuses. I deal with those only who are prompt. You understand me?"

The shoemaker folded up his measure, bowed respectfully, and took his leave.

In the evening the Governor said to his friend: "The man, I think, will suit me."

Monday came, and with the stroke of the clock, the shoemaker stood at the Governor's door with the boots in his hand. He had kept his word; his work was good, exactly according to directions, and the Governor, for the first time, had a pair of boots to his liking. This seems but a trifle, but as trifles often cause us the most vexation, so trifles oftentimes put us in the best humor. The Governor walked up and down the chamber, and at every step with more comfort. His face cleared up, and he nodded pleasantly to the shoemaker.

It is said of one of Napoleon's famous generals that he clasped a dentist about the neck, when the latter had relieved him from an aching tooth, and this circumstance freed the city in which the dentist lived from a heavy contribution and harsh treatment, if not from being plundered. The Governor did not clasp the shoemaker about the neck; that would not have been becoming; but he clapped him upon the shoulder.

"You are a good workman," he said, "and if you continue to prove so, it shall be to your advantage. For the present you must make me three pair of boots exactly like these. Do you understand me? And you must bring them with the same punctuality—that is the first condition. When can I have them? Consider."

"If your Excellency wishes it, in a week," said the delighted shoemaker.

"I wish nothing as to the time, but that you should be punctual to what you promise. Be careful. Three pair of boots—that will take time. Can you finish them in a week?"

"The days are now long. If I rise early—oh, yes, I will finish them—by that time the boots shall be ready."

"At four in the afternoon?"

"If your Excellency pleases, I will be here at that hour."

The Governor nodded, and the shoemaker took his leave.

"Your protegé pleases me," said the Governor to his friend, "but he must still stand the test."

"I am sure he will not fail," replied his friend, smiling. "I never recommend people who are not to be depended upon."

The week passed. Monday came. The city clock struck four. The shoemaker had not yet appeared. There were several clocks in the city, and clocks differ in their time. The Governor drew his watch from his pocket. The last clock had struck four, and no bell was heard, no shoemaker made his appearance. He sent a servant to see if he were near, and if he had perhaps mistaken the house. But no shoemaker was to be seen. "Can it be that I am deceived in him?" thought the Governor. "But it is hardly possible that a man who has no apprentice, could finish three pair in a week, however industriously he might work. He will be here to-morrow. It would have been better if he had come to me beforehand, and asked for more time. Still he cannot be called a man of his word."

Tuesday came. All the clocks had struck four, and no shoemaker made his appearance. Wednesday—and still no shoemaker. The Governor would have sent to his house, but he did not know where it was, neither did he know his name, and his friend was in the country.

On Saturday the Governor beckoned to his friend, who was passing in the street.

"A fine recommendation that of yours, my dear sir! You have sent me a man to be depended upon, indeed! Day after to-morrow will be a week beyond the time, and your favorite has not yet made his appearance."

His friend listened to these words with astonishment, nay, almost with incredulity.

"You need not excuse him. The business is now at an end. He is like all the rest. There is no dependence to be placed upon any of them. The money which he received has probably enticed him to drink, and while he was once about it, he has drunk up the amount due for those to be made; but he has reckoned without his host."

"Your Excellency, the man never drinks; he is one of the most sober and industrious men in the city."

"It may be so, but he has not kept his word, and it is that which vexes me, for I hoped that I had at last found one who would prove to be a *man of his word*."

"Your Excellency is angry, and with reason. I must confess that my protegé's behavior is inexplicable, since for the many years that I have known him, I have found him in every respect a most conscientious and punctual man. I was going to say that he might be sick perhaps, but I remember, I saw him yesterday in the street. I observed that he avoided me. There is one supposition, however, which, if confirmed, though it would not justify the man in your eyes perhaps, yet would at least excuse him."

"What can excuse a man who does not keep his word?"

"The absolute impossibility of keeping it. The man is poor; he has no credit with the leather-dealers. I used at times to advance him something wherewith to buy the materials for my boots. Your Excellency has ordered three pair—that is a case which probably never happened to him in his life before."

"Then he should have come, and have told me of it. I would have advanced what was necessary. Good workmen must be encouraged."

His friend smiled. "Your Excellency is but little acquainted with the man. It cost me some trouble to induce the timid fellow to set his foot over the Governor's threshold. He was afraid of being turned away, and perhaps ill-treated. He has a great fear of 'grand folks,' as he calls them. Imagine now his hesit he, a poor cobbler, to apply to the Governor for a loan to buy his leather with. I believe he would jump into the water before he would do it."

"If that is the case, matters may yet be arranged," said the Governor, and he requested his friend to send the shoemaker to him.

The case was exactly as the latter suspected. The poor cobbler stood shrinking timidly in the corner, while the Governor questioned him, and received perfect confirmation of his friend's supposition.

"Why did you not come and tell me so?"

"Your excellency, I could never have ventured to do that."

"What were you afraid of?"

"Of offending your Excellency."

"Have I ever treated any one harshly who came to ask a favor of me?"

"No, your Excellency, but—"

"Who in my house has treated you so as to justify this fear?"

"Me! No one, your Excellency. But we know that with great folks it is out of place."

"Enough," said the Governor, interrupting him. "It is in place for every one, whether rich or poor, to keep his word, and if he cannot, to confess it openly and honestly, and not render himself liable to suspicion by his silence. Why have you not made known your wants to some one?"

"I knew of no one who would help me."

"You should apply to your acquaintance, and hire a shop in a better part of the city."

"For that credit is necessary."

"Is there no one who would lend you?"

"No one, your Excellency."

"But if any one should lend you, would you be able to set up a business that would support you, and pay the interest of the loan?"

"I could indeed. But your Excellency, a stock of leather is necessary before all things."

"Reckon up how much you need. Do you understand me? not for my boots, but for your business. But reckon accurately."

The shoemaker counted upon his fingers. "Your Excellency, leather is dear at present. To provide myself with a good supply, so that I can have some always on hand, and not be obliged to run to the stores whenever I have to make a pair of shoes, it would take at least thirty-five dollars, and with the sole leather—it would come to fifty."

The Governor went to his writing desk, and took out two bank notes, each of fifty dollars. e them to the astonished shoemaker.

"You say no one will give you credit. I will. Commence your business, be industrious and orderly, and you shall not find me a hard creditor. Now, when can I have my boots?"

"Sir . . . . your Excellency!" stammered the shoemaker. "I . . . . this is too much . . . . I do not know."

"What! you do not know when you can finish three pair of boots?"

"Ah, your Excellency, if you command it—no, not if you command it—in a week certainly —and earlier."

"Not an hour earlier than four o'clock on Monday afternoon. But if you do not keep your word this time—"

"A hundred dollars! your excellency. Ah, my goodness, if I do not keep my word, I do not deserve to be called an honest man."

"One thing more," cried the Governor. "Can you be secret? I hope so. For if you utter a single word about this business, I have done with you. You shall pay me back the hundred dollars to the last penny, and shall have no more credit with me."

The shoemaker promised to be secret, and took his leave.

The week went by and Monday likewise. It struck four from all the clocks in the city. The shoemaker did not come. The day passed. The Governor was greatly out of humor, and said to his friend who came to visit him in the evening, "We have both been deceived. He does not deserve to be called an honest man."

His friend did not answer when the Governor told him what had happened. Appearances were too much against his protegé. They gazed at each other with vexation. "Let us console ourselves," said the Governor. "After all it is better to be deceived in this way, by taking a rogue for an honest man, than an honest man for a rogue."

The servant now announced a messenger from the police office. "It is about a shoemaker who has been arrested," was whispered about the room after the Governor had withdrawn.

In a few moments he returned with an altered mien. He drew his friend aside. "We were not deceived," he said. "He is an honest man, and well deserves the name."

The poor shoemaker had gone with his hundred dollars in his pocket to the dealer's, where he was accustomed to purchase his little supply of leather. He asked him to show him his stock, that he might select what he wanted from it. The rich leather dealer looked on in wonder as he saw the poor man examine, shake his head, now lay aside a piece here, and now reject one there. He still asked to see other samples, although usually he was accustomed to take such as the seller offered him. At last he had collected quite a heap, and begged the leather dealer to reckon how much it would amount to.

The dealer looked at him very gravely, and said, "My good sir, we have been acquainted for years. You are honest, but poor. I am comfortably off, but I am so only because I have been honest and prudent, and it is a part of prudence to give credit to no one beyond his means. You well know that thus far I have never trusted you for more leather than was sufficient to make a pair of boots or so, and thus matters must remain between us."

"Suppose I do not want the leather on credit, but mean to pay for it in ready money?"

"Prove that you can do so before I send it to your shop."

The shoemaker thrust his hand proudly into his pocket, and reached the leather dealer a bank note. "Perhaps that will prove it."

The seller gazed at the paper in astonishment, and held it against the light.

"Is it genuine?" asked the shoemaker.

"Yes, it is genuine," answered the dealer in a drawling tone. "I should like to compare this with another note." He opened his desk, but as if he bethought himself, shut it to again and said, "Perhaps you have another of the same kind?"

The shoemaker took the second note from his breast-pocket. It was with a feeling of pride that he said, "Here is another one; compare them."

But the dealer did not appear to care about comparing them. A disagreeable, suspicious smile lurked about his mouth, as he laid the two notes upon the table, and asked the shoemaker, "Have you any more such notes?"

"No, I have no more," replied the other in surprise.

"These two are enough," said the leather dealer, as he laid his hand upon the notes. "And now I must ask you how you obtained them."

The shoemaker started backward in confusion. When he had recovered himself, he said, "You have always known me to be an honest man."

"Until now, my friend. But every man's honesty has its limits, and a merchant is bound to know his customers. It is true that I know you are honest, but I also know that you are poor. I hardly remember the time when you have been able to pay in advance for the leather for a single pair of boots. I have always had to wait until your customers paid you. How is it that you have all at once come by this large sum? I hope, and I am willing to believe, that it was honestly obtained, but unless you tell me, we cannot conclude a bargain."

"I cannot tell you, positively I cannot."

"Reflect," said the dealer gravely. "I mean well by you, and I should be sorry if you refuse to tell me."

"I cannot, Herr Schmidt. Give me the notes again. I must buy my leather elsewhere."

"Stop!" said the dealer. "You shall neither receive the notes back, nor will I let you stir from the shop, until you have explained to me how you came by this hundred dollars. If you will not speak I shall send for a police officer."

The shoemaker turned pale. "A police officer! Good heavens! and for what? Who gives you the right—I may have obtained the notes in a hundred ways. And where is the law which requires me when I purchase anything to tell the merchant how I came by the money?"

The leather dealer nodded to his clerk, who understood him, and hurried out of the store.

"I am sorry for you," he said to the shoemaker, who, pale and trembling, stood leaning against the counter, "and I still hope that I may be mistaken, although your silence and agitation speak but too plainly against you. Sir, I have known you these fifteen years. I know how you are obliged to shift along, I know that you often have not a penny in your pocket, and now two notes of fifty dollars each. Have you found them, earned them, or acquired them by inheritance? Why did you start when I asked you where they came from? Why did you not answer? What in the world can tie your tongue, when the question is whether you are a thief or an honest man? That alone would give me the right to have you arrested. But there is more. There—if you have not yet read it, read it now."

He gave him a newspaper, and watched his features as he read. The shoemaker changed color, and with a trembling hand laid the paper upon the counter. "My dear sir, in truth I am not the man. That would be dreadful!"

The dealer shrugged his shoulders, and declared that he must leave the rest to the police. The officer came. The poor shoemaker was the picture of despair. A great robbery had been published in the paper. Among other valuables two notes of fifty dollars each had been stolen the night before.

The police officer did not doubt for a moment that it was his duty to arrest the shoemaker. Still there was something in the manner and in the eye of the man that spoke in his favor. The dealer himself was moved.

"Is the money yours?" said the officer quickly.

"Yes . . . . no."

"It is not yours. Where did you get it then?"

"I borrowed it," stammered the poor man.

"Of whom?"

"I cannot tell."

There was but one course for an officer of the police to take under these circumstances. He arrested the shoemaker, and carried him to prison. The leather dealer had a heart that was softer than the material he dealt in. He ran after the officer, and said there might be some mistake in the matter. As long as he had known the shoemaker, he had never had the least suspicion against him. But what could the officer do. "You yourself have made the complaint," he said; "you have mentioned circumstances enough to justify his arrest. What is to be done then? Try once more if you cannot make him speak"

It was in vain—the shoemaker wrung his hands and cried, "If you tear the heart from my body, I cannot tell you."

The terrors of a prison are doubly terrible to an honest man. The officers are not accustomed to deal with such. Shut up with vagrants and thieves, he persisted in his refusal to explain in what manner he had obtained the notes. The police court examined the evidence against him, and resolved to put him on his trial. One of their number alone made objections. "We know nothing ill of the man," he said. "In his neighborhood he is reputed to be a quiet, modest mechanic; in searching his apartment nothing was found that could excite suspicion. Besides this, and it is the most singular part of the whole affair, the leather dealer who entered the complaint, has called upon me to beg that I would be forbearing and easy in the case; he is convinced, he says, that the shoemaker is an honest man. Let us first examine him in private. Perhaps he will explain matters."

But all the efforts of the magistrate failed. The shoemaker stood like a rock; he was assailed with questions and with threats, but he would confess nothing. On the contrary, he retracted what had escaped him at first, namely, that the money was not his, but another's, and that he had only borrowed it, for the poor man believed that he had already broken his promise by admitting even this. When the magistrate who had spoken in his favor saw his anguish, and found that all his questions and cross-questions were of no avail, he became more and more convinced of his innocence, and he regretted that there was no means of saving him from the disgrace of a public trial. Suddenly he addressed him :

"My good fellow, you cannot and may not tell, then, how you came by the notes ?"

"No, sir, I have passed my word that I would not."

"Very well ; a man should keep his word. I will not press you any further. But do you know no one who might perhaps speak in your behalf ?"

"Who would do that ? No one knows me."

"Was there no one present when you received the money who can testify that you came by it honestly ? Reflect a moment, there must be some one in the city who can give evidence to this effect."

The shoemaker started up. The magistrate glanced upon him earnestly and kindly.

"Yes, there is one who knows all about it. He could testify for me, if I only knew that he would permit me to mention his name."

"Why he surely would not prefer that you should be sent to the State-prison. Who is it ?"

"His Excellency the Governor."

The astonishment of the magistrate may be imagined as he heard this. His colleagues thought that the shoemaker was seeking for new evasions. For how could an indigent cobbler, who worked only for the poorer classes, have dealings with the first man in the city ? But the magistrate was of a different opinion, and had hopes for the poor man. He at once sent an officer to the Governor to inquire whether his Excellency knew anything of the said shoemaker, and whether he could say that he had obtained the notes honestly.

The officer was one of the number who thought this message superfluous and unbecoming. But what was his surprise, when the Governor, immediately upon his appearance, and without saying a word—for a word from him would have been enough—went to his writing desk, wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper, and gave them to the officer. The writing was as follows—

"I hereby testify upon my word of honor, that the shoemaker N. N. obtained the two notes honestly. Signed —— "

The officer would scarcely trust his eyes, for this was more than even the shoemaker himself had expected. The latter was, of course, at once dismissed, but all were now curious to learn how the matter really stood. But the shoemaker, greatly affected as he was, remained as silent as before. A message now came from the Governor, requesting him to come at once to his house.

The shoemaker's heart beat violently, for he thought to himself, "I have broken my word, I have not brought him the boots, and I know what sort of a man he is."

But the Governor met him at the door, looked full in his face, and said, but without the least anger :

"You have kept your word, although you still owe me the boots. You are a man to my taste, and the hundred dollars that I lent you are your own. But upon one condition. You are not to say a word about it to any one."

"Not even if they should shut me up in prison again," cried the delighted shoemaker.

And he has kept his word. The shoemaker has never breathed a syllable of the matter. Whether the Governor or his friend has done so, we cannot say, but the story is true from beginning to end, and I do not know whether it does the most honor to the shoemaker or to the Governor.

THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

BY E. G. WHEELER, M.D.

SYSTEMATIC name, *Gentiana Crinita:* Class V., *Pentandria:* Order II., *Digynia:* Natural Order, *Gentianeæ.*

Generic Character. Calyx monophyllous, divided, inferior, four or five-cleft: Corol monopetalous, bell-form with a tubular base, limb divided, equal, its lobes of the same number as those of the calyx, with an imbricated, twisted æstivation: Stamens inserted on the corol, equal in number to its segments and alternated with them: Stigmas two, sub-sessile: Capsule one-celled, oblong.

Specific Character. Stem terete; branches long, one-flowered; Leaves opposite, entire, without stipules, sessile, or having their petioles confluent in a little sheath, lanceolate, acute. Coral four-cleft, divisions obovate, gash-ciliate. Blossoms blue, terminal and axillary, rarely expanded very widely. Blossoms in September and October. Plant twelve to eighteen inches in height.

Geography. The Gentian, in some of its species, may be found in almost all parts of the world, from the margin of perpetual snow upon the mountains of Europe, to the scorching sands of India and South America. We have frequently seen and admired the Fringed Gentian in Hampden and Middlesex counties, in Massachusetts. It also grows in the vicinity of Amherst College.

Properties. The whole genus of *Gentiana* is characterized by intense bitterness. The bitter principle resides in its stems and roots, and renders them tonic, stomachic, and febrifugal. The *Gentiana lutea* is the species principally employed, and is totally devoid of astringency. Combined with astringents, it cures intermittents. It acts as an antiseptic on dead animal matter. Externally it is applied with great benefit to putrid ulcers. The root, notwithstanding its bitterness, contains a large proportion of sugar, and is, on this account, sometimes manufactured into brandy, for which purpose it was, at one time, a valuable article of the commerce of Switzerland.

Remarks. *Gentiana* is named after Gentius, King of Illyria, who, according to Pliny, was the discoverer of its tonic qualities. *Crinita* (*crinitus*) hairy, alludes to the delicate, eyelash-like appendages of the petals. The whole genus as noted for its beautiful flowers, of which some are blue, some yellow, and some purple. The Fringed Gentian must be considered as a favorite by any who may have contemplated its claims upon their favor. It visits us at a season when most other flowers have passed away,—it seems to fold itself up with quiet humility, retiring modesty, and child-like simplicity,—meekly bending to the northern blast, yet seeming to smile amidst the autumnal gloom. The Rev. Dr. Cheever makes mention of these flowers in a communication he made, while among the Waldenses, and refers to Coleridge's famous poem, entitled, "Hymn before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamouny." In a prefixed note this great poet says—

"Besides the Rivers Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides, and within a few paces of the Glaciers, the Gentiana Major grows in immense numbers, 'with its flowers of loveliest blue.'"

We here insert a short extract from this "Hymn:"

"Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!"

Sentiment. The soft, gentle slumbers of Purity.

This delicate little flower, folding its soft blue petals so modestly together, seems a fit emblem of the sweet, undisturbed repose of a harmless infant, or of "the pure in heart."

"Emblem of purest light on earth!
In whom the beautiful has birth,
That with a silent power commands
The stern and sinful of all lands;
Type of the sainted and divine!
That first on Eden's bowers did shine
With the young morning of that day,
So soon to pass in clouds away!
Sweet purity and love—sleep on—
Not yet, not yet has glory from the dim earth gone!"

REMINISCENCES.

The deep attachment almost every one cherishes for the home of their childhood, mingled, it must be confessed, with somewhat of curiosity to see how bravely others bore the changes of life, induced me some time since to visit the home of my youth. Time had left his seal upon my own forehead, and powdered my chestnut locks, but the tokens of his remembrance had been bestowed so gradually, that I half forget that others perhaps might have shared in the general distribution. I fancied my home as of old. The stream that ran in front of our dwelling, absence had cheated memory to consent to call a broad river. The trees that lent their cooling shade in summer, were larger, and flung deeper, longer shadows, than the tallest oak of the eastern forests. The street that "cornered at the meeting-house," was straighter by half than Broadway, and lined with houses so white, with blinds so green—that one would be disposed to conclude these the only colors ever seen by our village painter. Such was my remembrance of the place itself, except, as I supposed, the freshness of the paint might have become somewhat worn. I even fancied I should see the same rude boys at ball on the common, and girls with books in hand, clubbing to form some scene of frolic, to which the nouns masculine were sure to be invited. Fancy pictured a rosy face, whose smiles I used to be selfish enough to appropriate, and whose saddened expression when I bade her farewell, I had never been able to forget; and though it make me less a man to confess it, I foolishly planned a ride down hill, on my fancy-painted sled, as of old, for the self-same sweet flower, as my day's travel brought me nearer to the spot so dearly cherished. I had spent the day in the indulging of a thousand dreams, and building of castles light as air. It was nearly dusk as we entered the old town, but as we drove to the door of the only house, whose sign had creaked from time immemorial, there was enough of daylight left to convince me that the rough hand of the old traveller, Time, had defaced many of the, to me, perfections of earth. As we alighted, I gave my hand to a brawny fellow, who came to take my baggage, saluting him as "Joe Miller," the best ball-catcher of our village.

"My name isn't Joe," said he, "it's Sam; but I reckon I don't know ye."

"Forgotten so soon," said I, "don't you remember Bill French?"

"Guess I don't, but perhaps father does."

At that moment, a man well stricken in years came up, and with a hearty shake, assured me that he was the "Joe Miller" of old, and the lad I had accosted, his youngest son.

One after another came forward and claimed acquaintance, but memory was so tenacious of the entries on her ledger, that differences constantly arose, forbidding all hope of anything like an equitable settlement. The developments of the evening partially prepared me for the realities of daylight. I say partially, for the whole truth broke over me like the soft blending of light, as they spread deeper and broader over the face of a new born day. The noble river I had so often crossed as a feat of daring, was but a brook, the veriest child might dare to wade. The old trees, whose arms were stretched out to welcome the toil-spent player on the village green, had dwindled to mere stunted shrubs, beneath whose foliage the sheep even would scorn to brouse. The straight road, lined by palaces of memory, had doubled its corners, and even the old meeting-house, with its square pews, and leaf-like seats, had shrunk in its dimensions at least one-half. The hill we were forced to climb on our road to the temple of science, had shared in the general metamorphosis, and was but a gentle elevation that served to break the uniformity of the scenery. The school-house had been rebuilt, and not even a vestige of its old architecture remained. I looked in vain for the old hiding-places, and the loopholes, the busy jack-knives of Yankee juveniles had made, for the convenient purpose of watching the teacher, while bolder rogues carried on their plans for mischief. But they had passed away.

"Not a trace remained
Of all I had loved or left behind."

The old Dominie, whose rod I feared more than ever Roman feared the curse of Nero, had long since yielded himself to a sterner master, and reposed in silence beneath the sod of the valley. In visiting his quiet resting-place, the old habit of treading lightly in his presence returned, and I almost held my breath, lest my rude approach should wake the senseless clay, to respond as of old—"Take care, boys!—There's too much noise at the right."

The holy man, whose sacred teachings, enforced by a godly example, had led many in paths of righteousness, reposed beside his affectionate companion, in a remote corner of the church-yard. The hands of a grateful people had strewn their graves with flowers, while a yew drooped its graceful foliage, as if in sorrow that one so pure and good should have passed away. From such mementoes of human nothingness, I turned away to converse with the living. Many whom I had known as merry boys and chubby-faced girls, were now the fathers and mothers of the village. The gay-heartedness of childhood had departed, but the mantle of their youth had fallen on their children's children. Young images of what the parents had been, were frolicking on every side, and tempted me to conclude I was a sharer in Hafiel's dream. My removal from the village was at so early an age, and my pursuits in life had been so absorbing, that, as I said before, I was altogether unprepared for the revelations that were made on every hand. The staid matrons in caps, I was loath to believe, were the self-same girls I had gallanted in my premature manhood, and claimed as a reward for my pains a kiss at the garden-gate. The temptation to repeat the freedom passed away, as I gazed on their sallow faces and their bloodless lips. As one after another extended the hand of welcome, it was done with so much formality, that I was forced to pause for a moment to determine whether or no I was mistaken in my own identity but the mirrors that adorned their dwellings, assured me, the boy had only transformed to the man. I could not reconcile myself to the fact that I had shared in the general change; it was all in others: while they, in turn, were as much surprised at my lack of old characteristics and peculiarities. As I passed from house to house, I failed not in the wish that I might somewhere recognise the fair face, which had been the brightest vision in my dreams, through years of absence, and whose companionship I longed to renew. I dared not ask, as a foreboding of the worst now and then crept over me. A faint, undefinable something, whispered of the old transition, from the fireside to the tomb. At length, as the time of my sojourn drew near its close, I went once more to the resting-place of the departed, fearing lest the name I could not speak would be found enrolled on the cold slab, that tells passers-by that another passenger is booked for the skies. In the centre of the yard, I found what I had feared—Mary, my Mary. She, whose memory I had so treasured, that my lips dared not speak her name, had fallen asleep long before, in the calmness and serenity of a spirit at peace with its Maker. Perhaps, like myself, she had loved in silence, and departed in the humble hope that the heart, whose love she coveted, would eventually pour forth its affections at her grave, and spiritually united by unwitnessed, yet permanent bonds, would partake with her of the felicities of a higher and holier existence. Vain as such consolation may appear, my spirit drank it in, as water from the wells of everlasting life, and I bent my ways with an eye more single, and a faith more fervent. For me the charm of existence was broken. I had labored long years for earthly good, that all my treasures might be poured out at the feet of my idol. "That idol was shattered, my day-star fled," and I had only the golden casket in which I dared hope to enshrine my jewel. I turned from the home of my youth, sick at heart, weary of the pursuits of life, and earnestly longing to lay myself down in the unbroken repose of the departed. I turned away, but the melancholy reflections excited, by my lone communings at the grave of my hopes, were displaced, by a calm determination, to wait patiently the days of my appointed time till my change come.

A. A. G.

Troy, N. Y., 1845.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

The education of woman is a theme fruitful of thought. It has awakened the energies of the most gifted minds, and we have volumes upon this interesting subject. And yet, it should be constantly held up before the public eye, and urged upon the consideration in the popular periodicals of the day, that woman may understand her true social position, and be prepared for her destination. All admit that she should be well educated, but to the question—*what constitutes a good education*, various and conflicting have been the answers. The lady who can sing well, play well, *dance* well, has, in the estimation of some, " already attained," and reached the acme of all female accomplishments. But this, to say the least, is a very partial and imperfect view of the subject. Others err in the opposite extreme, and are disposed to regard any attention to external grace of form or movement as frivolous and absurd. Thus, amid these conflicting views and opinions, the education of females too often lacks symmetry, and consequently the character, strength and beauty. Education, to be perfect and symmetrical, must regard woman in the threefold light, as possessing a body, an intellect, and a heart. Let each receive a due proportion of care and culture, let each be properly educated, and woman will occupy her true and elevated sphere. She will be, what her Creator designed her to be, the *ornament*, the *companion*, the *glory* of man.

In briefly analysing the idea of a good education, it may be suggested that it should be *physical*.

By physical education is meant a due attention to the body; an acquaintance with its laws, its structure, its economy, and its use. It is " fearfully and wonderfully made," and is eminently adapted to be the mind's instrument and companion, during this brief hour of privilege and probation. It is not the mind itself, it is inferior and subordinate; not the jewel, but its casket, the residence of the inner and immortal self. As such, it demands the utmost care. A large proportion of the happiness of life is made dependent upon the body. The mind's resources, its knowledge, its acquaintance with the external world; are acquired through its various avenues. The eye has been given, beautiful in its structure, to take in the looks of loving friends, and the bright scenes of the green earth, and the bending heavens; the ear to drink in the tones and voices of this living world; super-added is a system of appetites, which, when wisely regulated and gratified, under certain restrictions, are made to thrill with delight. The body, holding such relations, is not to be overlooked in the great process and privilege of education. The laws which regulate its movements, and which tend to develope its strength and beauty, must be thoroughly studied, and scrupulously obeyed. Whatever weakens its energies, or cripples any of its powers, must be carefully avoided. Fashion will meet the young adventurer, as she sallies out into the world, and read homilies upon female etiquette and politeness. She will bid her wear this cestus, walk thus, use this cosmetic, attend that midnight assembly; but what is the result of compliance? Too often a premature loss of the roseate hue of health and beauty, sickness, and an early grave. Fashion is not unfrequently a cruel tyrant, that enters the social circle, where all is purity and peace, and deaf to all the remonstrances of an enlightened judgment, she works ruin to her votaries, like some evil spirit, who knows no pity, and feels no relenting. Let the lady who would be true to her best interests rise above the edicts of fashion, and obey the laws of her higher nature, treating her body as the shrine of her redeemed and immortal spirit.

But education to be perfect should be *intellectual.* Intellectual education relates to the culture of the mind, to the better part of our nature, which survives the burden and bondage of its lower life. A few years, and the living tide sweeping along these streets, chafed and vexed, shall be but as a spent wave along the shores of the everlasting future. But the intellectual life is not thus transient, passing, and perishable; and it is this which demands especial culture and care. And how much nobler to strive after intellectual attainments than it is to fritter away the blessed and beautiful spring-time of life, in attentions confined *exclusively* to the body! It is infinitely more important that the spiritual dweller *within* should be noble, majestic, polished, and refined, than that the building should be of the most graceful and beautiful proportions. And need it be said that youth is the best period to discipline and elevate every power of the mind, to correct the judgment, to invigorate the memory, to rein in the discursive fancy, that so, beauty and strength, ease and energy, may become the true features, the *real characteristics* of the inner life. Probationary life is a school, and its chief concern should be to read the great book of its teaching, to listen to the oracles of wisdom and instruction, as uttered from the firmament and landscape. Every object, interest, and event of life, may be made a teacher. Earth, with its teeming wonders; the heavens, with their glittering hosts, silent, sublime, and sweeping through the vast abysses of space; the ocean, deep-sounding, and awe-inspiring in calm or storm; the billowy tides of vegetable life; the living countenances of friends lit up with the heart's best sunshine; the varied scenes of joy and sorrow, of trial and transport; *all these* utter a meaning and a voice, and all are life's stern teachers. Nor is this all.

The accumulated stores of ancient sages, the wonders of modern science, the philosophy of the human mind—its conscious workings among the materials of thought, carried in through the medium of the senses from without—the great truths of religion, its consolations and uplifting motives, *these all* speak from their high seats, from their *awful* eminences; and when heard and *heeded,* the mind and its powers are developed, and fitted for right action, and a right life. The means of improvement, of high mental culture, are accessible to all. None are frowned away from the temple of science, from the great cathedral of open nature. The path to female eminence may be trodden by every plebeian foot. Hannah More enjoyed, in early life, no extraordinary advantages of birth, education, or fortune; but industry and application gave her an intellectual elevation and grandeur, which will secure to her an honored and enviable immortality.

But female education, to be entire and complete, must be *moral* and *religious.* The great danger of a failure is at this point. The mind creates a stimulus and motive for its own cultivation. The body has a tongue to plead its own cause, and any violation of its laws is usually followed with immediate infliction. But the moral nature is perverted, and deaf and dead to its truest interests. It is the culture and training of the moral nature, which demand the most unslumbering vigilance; for it is this which gives to man his god-like sublimity, and allies him to all that is beautiful, truthful and unchanging, in this or in any other world. It is this, that makes him morally beautiful or deformed, an object of interest and solicitude to all the pure on earth or in heaven. This, too, is the nature that can alone be permanently perverted or abused. Injuries inflicted on the body are limited to the body's narrow sphere. But any abuse or neglect of the moral nature is followed with pains and penalties of the most solemn and permanent character. The thoughts, actions, passions, affections and emotions, make up the moral history—the mysterious and chequered web, which every pulse of life is weaving. Such is the nature of the moral constitution. Every thought, feeling, and emotion, are fixed on the soul, as by an invisible daguerreotype, and that, too, for ever. Of how much importance is it then, that the actions, thoughts, and feelings, should be right, sincere, proper; above all, that the affections, in all their freshness and warmth, should be trained to the love and practice of truth and virtue! Is not that education fundamentally defective, which overlooks the moral and immortal nature? A lady is but poorly fitted for the great duties, trials and responsibilities of life, whose heart has never been under the influence of sacred teaching. She may possess other qualifications. Nature may have lavished much on her person—her beauty may throw a magical charm over many—princes and conquerors may bow, with admiration, at the shrine of her riches—the sons of science and poetry, may embalm her memory in history and song; yet without a cheerful and hopeful piety, she is liable to become the victim of passion, or a prey to envy and remorse. Beauty is as fading as the bloom of an exotic flower, blown under the chilling influence of the northern breeze—riches are uncertain—every external accomplishment will wither and fade; but piety is a permanent treasure, and she, who possesses it, is prepared for every duty, and every trial of life. She will live to bless her race, and when the evening shadows of life drop around her, soft and noiseless, as the footfall of angel bands, she will have a solace and support, which will illustrate both the power and preciousness of her piety.

THE MOTHER OF ROYES.

BY E. A. COMSTOCK.

In one of those clefts of the mountains called valleys in Switzerland nestled the village of Royes, the largest in the Tyrol. High above it tower beetling crags, some snow-capped, and others clothed with dwarf pines to the summit. The milk white cataract of Olive plunges headlong into a fearful abyss near by, on the brink of which the graceful chamois loves to linger, and gaze with steady eye far down to its lowest depths. Ascending one of the highest crags, the eye has a fine range over a fertile but somewhat wooded country, terminated in the distance by the lovely lake of Como.

The people of Royes are simple-minded, honest and hospitable. Loitering here longer than is usual with travellers, I became not only familiar with the romantic localities of the place, but with what was far more endearing, the noble traits of the people. In those humble cottages I have often recognised the true greatness and loveliness of my kind. I have witnessed there, instances of self-sacrifice, disinterestedness, and simple piety, before which the trumpeted virtues of the day would fade into nothingness. I was often grateful that this village did not lie on the regular travelling route, and had thus escaped an influx of visitors from the polished but demoralized cities.

In a cottage rather apart from the others, and built in the English style, with honeysuckle and clematis trailed around the bow windows, dwelt one of whom I cannot think without a swelling heart. On account of her peculiar misfortunes, her devotion to her children, and her maternal tenderness to the sick and suffering, she was called, The Mother of Royes. Age had deprived her of much of her usefulness, and she now passed most of the day in one of the windows which commanded a view of the family burial-place, knitting those coarse, warm mittens and stockings so prized by the Alpine herdsmen. Her clean white cap and apron attested the kindness of a young neighbor, who, though much occupied, found time to perform many offices of friendship for the lone widow. The little garden and vegetable patch in front of the cottage was kept well weeded by a village lad, who smiled with joy when the mignonette and wild laurel unfolded their delicate blossoms to cheer the eye of her, who had patiently nursed him, a poor orphan, through a long sickness.

At sunset the open Bible by her side awaits the coming of the Curé's daughter, who daily reads aloud some portions of it to her aged friend. One fine day I joined the reading party, and after the book was closed, as we sat in the open door watching the last rays of the sun as they disappeared behind the opposite forest of pines, the excellent woman unburdened her heart to us, and gave us her simple, affecting history.

Born amid these mountain cliffs, she knew little of the world's guile, and bounded from crag to crag, light-hearted and agile as the graceful chamois she loved to imitate. Arrived to womanhood, she formed one of those early unions so common here. A neighbor's son who had grown up with her, took her to cheer his cottage, rendered desolate by the death of his mother. Fortune smiled upon them for a time, and children grew around them.

One cold winter evening, a stranger demanded shelter, and it was cheerfully granted. The young couple gave him their own apartment, and spreading a bed of chamois skins in the outer room, the mother lay down to rest, while Henrault counted the gains of the day, which were considerable. Their guest, who was a pedestrian traveller, awoke the latter at early dawn, and reminded him of his promise to guide him to the pass of Cleuses. Henrault sprang up, and calling his dog, followed the stranger. Day advanced, but Henrault returned not. His wife became anxious, and stationed her son at the foot of the cliff to watch for his father. At sunset her female friends gathered around her to soothe her agitation, while their husbands set out in search of their missing comrade. Night found a crowd of villagers at Henrault's cot, who were startled by the entrance of a band of the National police, who declared that they had traced a daring Austrian felon to this spot, and they gave a description of him. It was the guest of the night, and Henrault had gone alone with him into that solitary defile! His wife fainted, and the officers, with ejaculations of pity, hastened to the pass of Cleuses. Years rolled away, but no tidings of the lost one reached his wife. This mournful event was fresh in the memory of the villagers, when a company of hunters returned to Royes, bearing a rough bier of poles, on which were extended the skeletons of a man and a dog. They had been found in a deep ravine, and the clasp knife lying by the man, and the iron collar around the neck of the brute, identified Henrault and his faithful Wolf. The former had no doubt been murdered for his purse, by the stranger guest. An occurrence so rare in these innocent hamlets, struck terror to the hearts of the people, and Madame Henrault became an object of peculiar pity and attention. The remains of her husband were interred in a sunny sheltered spot amid the mountains, where three of his children already slept, and the peasant girls who often linger there, whisper, in low, mysterious tones, of shadowy forms of man and dog seen gliding at twilight around the cross that marks the spot called Henrault's bier.

Madame Henrault's habitual dependence on God enabled her to bear up under this terrible blow, twice repeated, for the extinguishing of the lingering hope in her breast by the sad remains of her husband, caused as great a struggle as the first grief at his absence. She devoted herself to the two children spared to her, and they repaid her care by their gratitude and warm affection. The Curé had early observed flashes of genius in her son, and had taken him under his especial care, hoping to raise up in him another shepherd to the flock, whom death would soon deprive of himself. Christine, her daughter, was now sixteen, and inherited her mother's former vivacity and beauty. One of her pleasantest recreations was rearing and twining flowers around the graves of her father and infant sisters. It was while engaged in this fond duty, that she was accosted by the English traveller who influenced her future destiny. Struck by the beauty and picturesque appearance of Christine, and no less by her romance and loveliness of her employment, he entered into conversation with her, speaking her language with remarkable fluency. Christine, with some natural fear of *a stranger*, told him the story of her father's death, and then hastened homeward, followed by the traveller, who assisted her over the rough places with an air of politeness that embarrassed the simple mountain girl. Gustave and his mother shuddered when the stranger asked for shelter for the night, but they concealed their feelings and granted his request. The evening passed away most pleasantly. Unlike their former guest, he was communicative and deferential. He said he was the Hon. William —— in search of romantic adventure, to vary the monotony of conventional life. He produced his passport in confirmation, and before the hour of rest arrived, Madame Henrault and her children wondered at their fears. The traveller spent most of the ensuing day in rambling among the cliffs with Gustave, but evening found him alone by the side of Christine, ready to assist her over the unequal road.

Again the cottage sheltered him, but Christine, at the request of her mother, walked no more to her father's grave. The stranger perceived her absence, and left Royes, but returned in a fortnight with a splendid fowling-piece for Gustave, and a locket for his sister, filled with Christine's and her parent's hair, which he had begged of her before his departure. Madame Henrault was touched by this attention, yet with maternal prudence, in the absence of the traveller during a chamois hunt, she sent Christine to pay a long promised visit to her aunt, who resid ed among the Swiss Alps, some leagues from Royes. The traveller was evidently discomfited by this caution, but he soon after left Royes, leaving his memory engraved on the affections of its inhabitants. It was unfortunate in this instance that Christine had shared the fate of her sex in the Tyrol, and had been thought unworthy to learn the art of writing, for she would surely have informed her mother that the English traveller found the Swiss Alps as attractive as the Tyrolese. Unconscious of her mother's object in sending her away, she felt no alarm at seeing the traveller on the same footing at her aunt's as in her mother's house. Christine loved, and received the vows of the Englishman with modest joy. She returned to Royes with her lover, but her assurance of his honorable affection did not calm the disgust of the anxious mother.

She saw that, like many of his sex, he had rashly plighted his troth without asking himself how his relatives would view an alliance so unequal. She drew him aside, and pointed out the disadvantages to him of such an union. But he was firm, and declared that he had resolved to reside at Royes, which he considered the Paradise of earth. He was independent, and had determined to be guided by love alone. The mother sighed, and yielded her slow consent, and as soon as the cottage I have described was completed, she witnessed her daughter's marriage with the foreigner. William had planned out a line of conduct for himself as a resident at Royes. He was anxious to elevate the people without destroying that engaging simplicity which was their greatest charm. Under his care, Christine soon learned to write a beautiful hand, and to speak the English tongue with ease. But her husband, not content with *her* progress, established a school for girls in the village over which Gustave swayed the wand of authority. Passionately fond of music, and a proficient on the harp, he soon had the pleasure of seeing Christine's hands wandering over the strings, while her sweet voice added a charm to her playing. The fine organ that astonished the out of the way traveller at Royes, was erected by the English alien, who was reverenced as the benefactor of the place. On the birth of his son, William wrote to his friends, informing them for the first time of his marriage. He received a haughty letter of cold congratulation from his mother, whose affections were centred on his eldest son, now the head of the family. His only sister, Lady Flora, added a witty postscript, in which she hoped the bride had no goitre, and that their child was not a cretin. William had till now lived among marble forms, possessed indeed of the beauty of Prometheus' statue without his having the power to give them warmth. For the first time he basked in the sunshine of warm, unsophisticated hearts, and remembered England only as a land without love. Eight years passed swiftly away, when an unwelcome guest darkened the cottage door step. A wild cousin of William's, tempted by Flora's account of her brother's eccentric life, determined to search him out of his present obscurity, and see the divinity who had banished country, home, and kindred, from his heart for her sake. William received the young roué with repugnance, but felt bound to open his doors to an own cousin. Sir Henry played with the children, scrutinized their innocent mother, and wondering at his cousin's taste, retired to rest, heartily weary of cataracts and cliffs. He soon rendered himself as obnoxious as his cousin was beloved. One day as Gustave stood by the foaming Arve, the insolent Baronet came to his side, and asked if it were true that his sister was really *married* to his cousin, adding a contemptuous epithet. Gustave, with sudden indignation, raised his fowling-piece as if to strike the insulting stranger, who, springing upon him, caught his arm, and the heavily loaded musket exploded, lodging its contents in the bosom of the noble Tyrolese. The mother saw her first born fall, but rigid as iron awaited his bearers. The lifeless youth, who long had been the pride of Royes, was laid on the couch he had left that morning with vigorous health and a buoyant heart. Sir Henry, dreading the vengeance of the mountaineers, had fled. Christine gave her mother the support she so much needed herself. It was long before the stricken widow could regain that calm composure which had taken the place of cheerfulness since Henrault's loss. As William left Gustave's grave, which had just closed above him, the peasants looked after him foreboding, and whispered, "Death follows the track of a stranger." Two weeks after the burial, William received a summons to his mother's deathbed. Her eldest son had gone before her, and his unwelcome title and honors had fallen upon William. Madame Henrault, judging of his mother's heart by her own, hastened his departure, and with her characteristic abrogation of self insisted upon Christine's accompanying him, for he might be long detained "Go with your husband," said she to

Christine, "he is your life, as Henrault was mine; but, Lord William, see that your English air does not nip my mountain flower."

It was a fearful struggle for the fond daughter; she entreated her mother to go with them.

"Not so," said the widow, "I shall not be alone, yonder lie the graves of my Henrault and Gustave."

At Geneva, Christine threw aside the picturesque costume of the Tyrol, and appeared in all respects like a lovely English girl; and there, leaning on the arm of the good Curé, her mother watched the rapidly diminishing barque that bore away her child.

Christine soon wrote to her mother, and her letter was full of astonishment at the new scenes that surrounded her. Her mother-in-law expired soon after their arrival, and expressed much satisfaction with her new daughter. Of Lady Flora, Christine did not speak; for, so far, she had treated her with a malignant hauteur that astonished the peasant girl, used only to looks of love. The beautiful but heartless Flora had been prepared to meet a very different being from Christine; and when she found no scope for satire, perceived enough for envy.

During the term of mourning, Lord William and his family resided at the manor at Penhurst, a beautiful estate that had been long in the family. As soon as the term was over, Lady Flora urged her brother to visit London. Although he tried to conceal it from himself, Lord William found England, with Christine, far pleasanter than the Tyrol. He reverted with pleasure to those happy days among the mountains, and placed his benevolent operations there, on an enduring basis; but in his own land—no longer the neglected, slighted younger brother, he found his peers in intellect, and before two years had passed, he dreaded returning to Royes, whose inhabitants, simple and affectionate as they were, were certainly destitute of those polished attributes with which the high-born Englishman had been accustomed. He knew that Christine's mother would never be tempted to leave the graves of her dear ones, but he held out the hope of frequent visits to her, and begged her to continue at the cottage, in the society of her married niece.

Though fondly attached to her children and husband, Christine often felt sad in London, and longed at least to return to the shades of Penhurst, but a return to Royes she dared not hope for.

On her presentation to the Queen, the lovely Tyrolese was the cynosure of all eyes, and many were astonished at her serenity and ease, without knowing that it resulted from an ignorance of what she had to fear. The proud Flora was not appeased by the general admiration. She was fretted at what she called the assurance of the low-born peasant. The aristocratic widow of the late Lord ———, dismantled by the death of her husband of those honors to which she had been so long accustomed, was little prepared to meet any successor with equanimity, and was highly indignant at being forced to yield the *pas* to this Alpine herdswoman, as she styled her. She and Lady Flora, who had hitherto tormented the late Lord with their quarrels, now clasped hands in amity over this new grievance.

At a large assembly to which Christine had been tempted, Lord William perceived that his wife was the object of much neglect, and contemptuous whisperings. Exasperated, he withdrew her into an inner apartment, where a bevy of dowagers were absorbed in a game of whist, and returned to the saloon to investigate the cause of this conduct, which, unhappily, had been perceived by its trembling victim. On his way, he met De Lormé, an Austrian *emigré*, much noted for his wealth and rank, and the prize for which Lady Flora strove with numerous rivals. He drew Lord William aside, and informed him that scandal whispered that he had not always been married to Christine. With a twirl of his whiskers and an angry shrug of his shoulders, he declared he knew it was all envy, and merely mentioned it to enable Lord William to crush the rumor ere it spread. Lord William thanked him, and without tracing the story to its true source, his sister and his brother's wife, he put an end to the tale; and Christine, unconscious why she had been insulted, became the sought-for companion of the highest in the land. Her husband, grateful to the Austrian, introduced him to his wife as one who had done him a great service. She received him with a shudder for which she could not account, and hastened to conceal her dislike with affability. Insinuating in the highest degree, and possessed of an inordinate good opinion of himself, he soon appeared to others to be on excellent terms with the graceful foreigner. The more Christine disliked him, the more she upbraided herself for such a feeling towards one who had rendered a service to her husband. She exerted herself to the utmost to please, and succeeded in raising hopes in the breast of the unprincipled foreigner. Accustomed to the license of French society, he doubted not that Christine was willing to receive the homage of a new lover. Lord William, who had embarked in political life, was startled from his dream of peace by new rumors concerning his too amiable wife. Confiding in her with his whole heart, he doubted not that he should soon trample this snake in the dust, as easily as he did the other. He was mistaken. The innocent Christine, ignorant of the etiquette of society in all its minutiæ, had overstepped, unwittingly, some unimportant conventional usage, which gave some coloring to the gossip of the envious fair ones who longed to grasp that coronet which Christine pined to cast from her tortured brow! Oh! for one draught of unpolluted mountain air, to cool its burning throbs! Heart-sick and home-sick, surrounded by heartless enemies, she had ardently wished to throw herself on the bosom of her husband, and entreat him to banish the Austrian, whose cool vanity was constantly annoying her; but the memory of the unknown obligation which had been the cause of their acquaintance, checked her. A terrible event relieved her of his presence. He was arrested by the Austrian government on the charge of murdering an English nobleman of great wealth, resident in Vienna, while in his employ as courier. The well-bred lacquey, who had imposed upon the *haut ton* of London, and balanced, with skilful coquetry, the claims of numerous high-born aspirants for his hand and supposed wealth, preserved his composure in this extremity, and with cool audacity confirmed the general rumor by assertions that for ever disgraced the ill-fated Tyrolese. A tissue of crimes was now unravelled by his own confession, and Lord William was agonized to find that the viper he had introduced to his wife, was the murderer of her father.

There were some gentle hearts, such as always beat in the breast of a *true* woman, who despised and disbelieved the assertions of so dread a villain; but the attentions of these could not revive the mountain-flower. Her husband bore her back to the Tyrol. Her mother had been apprised of her coming, and stood in the cottage-door to meet her. As soon as Christine beheld her parent, she sprang from between her husband and son, and fell fainting on the bosom of her mother.

"Alas!" exclaimed the widow, "your English air has nipped my mountain-flower."

Who would have recognised, in that pale and wasted form, the light-hearted, robust Christine? They laid her on the sofa upon which she had once so proudly sat as the worshipped wife and mother. Her husband knelt by her side, and her light tresses were mingled with his dark locks as she wept on his shoulder. A gust of Autumn wind entered the apartment and swept the strings of her harp: they answered mournfully to its touch. Christine started from her husband's embrace, and fixing her soft, dark eyes on his tearful face, with a look of unutterable gratitude and affection, sank again on his shoulder, and expired.

She rests with her race, in the spot where first her noble husband met her. Not for one so lowly and so pure, the proud mausoleum at Penhurst, where lies more than one well-received but guilty heart.

Lord William sojourned, with his two children, five years near the grave of their broken-hearted mother; but public duty called him to his country; and, satisfied with the assurance of the generous people of Royes that the mother should be well cared-for, he bade adieu, for ever, to the peaceful hamlet. There the stripped and lonely widow still survives all that made life blessed to her, contented with her lot, and cheerfully awaiting the summons to join her united flock. She has also the sweet consolation of sometimes seeing her grandchildren, who are now surrounded by families of their own, and by their filial affection are soothing their father's pathway to the tomb, who has never forgotten his Christine, nor, to the chagrin of many, has replaced her loss by a second mate.

The mother was spared the anguish of knowing the whole history of her daughter's trials, which I have gathered from another source, but looks out upon her grave with a peaceful smile, and while a holy light illuminated her countenance, whispered low, as she finished her narrative—

"The English air blasted my flower, but it has revived and expanded into a more glorious beauty in the genial smile of Heaven."

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

BY KATE.

The bustling preparations of Saturday night were succeeded by as calm and quiet a Sabbath morning as ever dawned. "Holiness unto the Lord" seemed written on every door-post, as well as traced in living characters on the countenances of the faithful, who were wending their way to the courts of God's Earthly Temple. There is a touching beauty in the quiet gathering of a simple-hearted people to the place their fathers consecrated with prayers and tears, and to the looker-on there is much to call forth sympathy—if not a more holy feeling. The children of many prayers come up to fulfil the vows their parents assumed for them at the sacred altar, bringing with them, in turn, the olive plants about their own table. Such was the occasion of the early gathering, on the morning in question. The balmy breath of June was laden with the sweet perfumes of hill and vale. The forest lent its odors, and sent its thousand choristers to chant, at the offering up of its sweet-scented sacrifice. The smooth waters reflected back in living beauty the mellow colorings of the king of day. All was glorious without—peaceful within. Anon the loud notes of the organ joined its echoes with the tuneful choir, and the humble praises of pious hearts were borne on the early breeze, on and up, to the throne of the Most High. The hymn finished, the venerable pastor, drawing near the baptismal font, named upon each young suppliant, the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The fervent *Amen* found a heartfelt response in many a bosom, as fancy travelled on, and pictured the future paths of these Lambs in the Saviour's fold. Memory too was there—and by its stern developments, made many a wandering heart pause, as it recalled its similar consecration. Strong prayers went up from that humble band that day, and doubtless found entrance to the ear of the Lord of Sabbath. The sacred ordinance ended, each went his way to ponder on what he had seen and heard, inwardly resolving henceforth to live a life of faith in the Son of God. Pure-hearted ministers found plague spots within, as they communed with their own souls, in the light of revelation; and noble-minded young men acknowledged themselves imperfect patterns of moral dignity, as illustrated in the character of the "Man, Christ Jesus." The seed sown that day, gave promise of an abundant harvest. Years passed on. The children who had been offered in faith at the baptismal altar, in infancy, drew near to seal the vows then so unconsciously assumed. All save one were there. He, the pride of a fond father, the idol of a doting mother, where was he! Had the grave covered him, and was he numbered among those who early fell asleep? Ah, no! A bitterer pang than death inflicts, was felt by those who had carefully guarded his early years. His was a living death, a soul shrouded in the habiliments of the land of darkness. One by one, had his companions knelt at the altar for the sacred emblems of a Savour's love. One by one, had they drunk of the fruit of the wine, believing in Him who hath promised to be in every trusting soul, a well of water springing up to everlasting life. Still he came not to fulfil the claims his parents had assumed. The mother wept in the very excess of agony. The father bowed his head, to hide the grief he could not control, while the cause of so much sorrow sat unmoved, save as his lip curled in scorn at the blind superstition, as he called it, of those around him. The grey-haired pastor paused, ere he put aside the emblems of consecration, and fixing his keen eye on the face of the young man, slowly uttered the sweet invitation, "Lo every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price."

Then pausing a moment, as if to collect his scattered thoughts, he poured forth a soul-touching exordium. Young and old bowed together at the throne of grace, and the young apostate was then remembered, with earnest petition. As they passed from the place of prayer, the mother leaned upon the arm of her son, for, sinner as he was, the holy affections of home were untainted. And he shamed not to confess his deep affection for her, whose bosom had shielded him in infancy, as well as cherished him in more mature manhood.

The father paused not, till he stood within his own threshold. Hastening to his room, he threw himself upon the sofa, giving full vent to the grief that had been pent up within his bursting bosom. The tears of men are terrible; and to see a strong spirit moved in agony is fearful. Anon the man triumphed, and recovering himself from his deep abandonment, he sent for his son to come to him.

The young man came with a proud step, but flushed brow. He had avoided the society of his father of late, as he feared to pain him by an avowal of his unholy sentiments, and yet was too manly to deny the doctrines he had espoused. The father gazed long and sadly on his son, as he said—"William, my son, my first born, thou hast shamed me this day in the house of my friends. One by one, have I seen thy brothers fall asleep, and I have still been comforted, as I saw thou wert spared to be the staff of my declining years. To-day, I have seen that hope perish—and I am left childless."

"O, say not so, my father! True, I cannot think with you, or bow in humility at a human altar; but, father, my heart is still free as in childhood, and holds as fond an attachment for friends and home."

"Son! son! In thy youth, aye! in thy very babyhood, these arms bore thee to the sacred font, and this heart prayed fervently that thou mightst prove a blessing to her who bore thee."

"And have I not been such? Does my mother complain? Are any of her commands unfulfilled? Or have I failed in those attentions a grateful son knows how to bestow, and a fond mother to appreciate!"

"Nay, my son; in outward act thou art all we could desire. But is thy faith pure? Are thy feet stayed upon the Rock of Ages? Are the pure principles of the gospel thy rule of action, or its glorious revelations the foundation of thy future hope?"

"Am I to be blamed, if I think much that is held by Christians fabulous, or their ceremonies all but folly? Should I not rather be pitied for it, as a misfortune, since those who love me weep over it as apostasy?"

"Apostasy! True, my son. Thou art an apostate from thy father's faith, and ere long wilt become an outcast, too; for I see within thee the workings of a spirit that spurns control, and will stop not till it hath laid the fair temple waste, that it hath the misfortune to inhabit. But, oh! my son, how can I give thee up? Here, on this holy day, call upon the name of the Lord, that peradventure the sins of thy thoughts may be forgiven thee."

"Spare me, father. I find not in myself the fearful things so sternly reprobated. Why then reproach me with that which is not, but only feared as a thing that may be?"

"My son, the heart is deceitful above all things. Trust it not! If thy confidence in divine laws is shaken, how long canst thou submit to human jurisdiction? Thy frail bark is set loose on a tempestuous sea, and needs a firmer hand than thine to guide it. O, seek the sustaining grace of the Most High, and rest not till thy loftiest hopes are all centred upon the Rock Christ Jesus."

"I cannot heed thy counsel, much as I respect it. The faith I cherish, bids me cast aside the grovelling submission a fearful heart renders to its Creator. I can worship the Great I Am in his own temples, and in silent adoration, pour forth my desires to Him. But never can I bow at human altars, and take upon myself obligations I do not believe are even sanctioned by the Almighty?"

"Son, thou art fearfully deceived! I can only yield thee up to Him in whose hands are the hearts of the children of men. May His mercy incline thee to seek truth in sincerity. Go ——, I cannot look on thee in peace. My spirit is well nigh broken. Yet, may the Lord lay not this sin to thy charge."

The young man passed out saddened, but not subdued. He had learned the cold philosophy of a vain world, and scorned the pure faith of his father. He, who had suffered the loss of earthly goods, that he might obtain the privileges of worshipping after the dictates of his own conscience, saw the child of his love departing from the faith, so dear to his own heart. Looking upon his son's wanderings as an evidence of his own insincerity, in presenting him a living sacrifice in his infancy, he shrank from the gaze of his fellow-men. Truly as he designed to train him for holiness, he felt fearful lest he had been deceived, lest he had mistaken self-confidence, for faith in the divine promises. Long and earnestly did that old man wrestle in prayer and Jacob-like, was ready to exclaim, "I cannot let thee go except thou bless me." If human agony avails aught, surely prayers like his must find answers of peace. But his faith was not sufficiently tried. He could not, like Abraham, bear his only son to the altar, and say with one of old, "The Lord gave, and taketh away." His heart clung too closely to its idol, and could not consent to let go its hold. Therefore, had his Heavenly Father seen fit to deal thus with him mercifully, designing to manifest his ability to save to the uttermost, all who put their trust in him. Year after year passed on; and as the father had declared, the bonds of social brotherhood hung but loosely upon his son. Step by step had he sunk in the scale of being, till he stood a blighted and a loathsome thing. In his more honorable days, he had won a young and trusting heart to confide its joys and sorrows to his keeping; and though lost to almost every other consideration, his voice still broke kindly upon the ear of his devoted wife. True, he left her, to pass long nights in loneliness and sorrow, but his return was never marked by those outbursts of passion the guilty and self-condemned are wont to indulge in. Woman-like, she clung with tenfold devotion to her erring husband. She pressed his young image more closely to her bosom in his absence, and prayed with deeper fervor, that a better spirit might descend upon him. The father ceased to hope, but the mother's heart, true to the last, trusted on. "He hath been consecrated at the altar," said she, and her unwavering faith led her to confide in the never-failing promise. During one of his many wanderings from his family, his boy fell ill. The stricken mother watched in sleepless love beside his bed. Her husband had never been so long absent; and worst of all, she knew not where a message would find him. The aged grandparents sought to comfort the poor stricken mother; but, ah! the cause of her deep agony, they remembered, was their only, and still well-beloved son.

The mother held the hand of her little one, as she marked meanwhile his breath growing shorter. Now and then he would open his dull eyes, and try to smile, then close them again, as though the effort were painful.

Nothing was heard save the slow ticking of the watch, telling with a strangely fearful power, that the hour of dissolution was drawing nigh.

The pale light of the night-lamp in the chimney-corner caused the furniture in the room to throw huge and uncouth figures over the wall. All was visionary. The shadowy ministers of the tomb seemed gathering round, as if waiting the duties of the hour appointed them.

The approach of death has so much that is exalting mingled with its fearfulness, that grief is frequently for the time forgotten; and the solemn exaltation the good experience, even at sight of the dying, makes them in the depth of their sorrow to become calm. A livid hue passed over the face of the pale sufferer, and as his mother stooped to catch his faint whisper, she heard him say, "Father, father, do come! Look! here is mother waiting, and grandpa has found the place!—do come, father; I want to hear you read!" As though the whisper of the boy was armed with the spirit of prophecy, the request was complied with. The door flew open, and the father rushed to the bedside of his dying son. In the midst of his unholy revels, he had heard of the illness of his boy, and without delay, hastened to his too long forsaken family.

The wretched man writhed in agony; conscience, so long hushed, was doing its work, and the fearful catalogue of his crimes rose in terrible array before him. Fancy pictured the days of his youth. Memory had treasured theearnest pleadings of his father, as, long years before, he had in that same room pleaded with him to forsake the course he too plainly saw would only end in ruin. Each word was burned upon his guilty soul, as with a red-hot iron. His only resource was the utter prostration of his soul before his Maker; but to Him he dared not come. Alone in his grief, as he had been in his sins, he could not claim human sympathy; and dared not ask for divine aid or consolation.

The poor sick child, as if conscious of his father's presence, stretched out his shrunken hands, and begged to lie for a moment on his bosom.

Removing him gently, he pressed him to his heart, murmuring words of soothing, that sounded strangely on the ears of his listeners. Weak as his boy was, he half sang his evening lullaby, as had been his wont when, in happier days, he had reclined on his mother's breast. Then, as if inspired by a sudden thought, he turned his eyes upon his father, saying, "'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Do you know those sweet words were spoken by our Saviour, father? I am going to Him; and mother says I will be one of the lambs in His fold. Won't you come, father, and then there will be one fold, and one Shepherd."

"Bless you, my son," said the aged grandfather; "he cannot resist such pleading; and may be our William will yet be won to the faith of God's people."

"Said I not so, father!" exclaimed the weeping wife, as she threw her arms about the neck of her husband. "Said I not so, and is not the blessing cheaply purchased, though it cost the life of our darling?"

"Can there be hope for such as I am? O, no, no, no; 'tis only for curses that such as I can look; but, oh, God! visit not my sins on this young lamb," said the distracted father.

"'Tis a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief," whispered the hoping wife, as she sought to comfort her too deeply desponding husband; but words of comfort fell unheeded upon him. His thoughts were within, and truly God was dealing with him. Before the day dawned, the spirit of the child had taken its flight to a better land. Its pinions were well plumed for its heavenly soaring, and its voice attuned to celestial melody. The mournful preparations for depositing the last remains in the house appointed for all the living, were soon made.

The father assisted in silence. His inward communings were too deep for expression. He moved among his friends like one whose spirit had forgotten its natural functions. When the corpse was borne to the village church, multitudes swelled the solemn procession. Expectation was excited, but what was to occur they knew not. The bearers paused a moment ere they deposited their burden before the altar. The murmurs passed up the aisle, and placed themselves beside the coffin. The solemn service ended, the body was borne out to its last resting place. The sexton began to mingle ashes to ashes, when, by a word of the father, his labors were stayed. Removing his hat, which had closely shaded his pale brow, he said, "We have come to witness a common ceremony. Death is no unusual thing. One and another have been called hence, and we have paid the last offices to their silent remains. The living have learned from them the lesson of their own mortality, and have gone forth to the world determined to set their house in order, that they too may pass away in peace. To most of you, my early history is not unknown; I have mingled with you in the sports of boyhood, and shared with you in the more active pursuits of life. To-day the memory of the past is upon you, and you have come to see how an apostate can sustain himself under the smitings of the Almighty You know my proud refusal to fulfil my baptismal obligations, and doubtless regard this stroke as an evidence of heaven's anger, at the impious withholding of its lawful sacrifices.

"This seeming stroke of judgment, however, bears to me the garb of mercy From it I learn the truth of the sacred promise to preserve the children of the just. Yonder old man, my father, whose heart I have well nigh broken, early consecrated me, as ye are living witnesses, at the sacred altar. The thought that I was not my own but the Lord's, was constantly impressed upon me, and to this my proud heart rebelled. I could not bear that a human ordinance should bind me, only so far as my own will had been consulted. Hence my refusal to join you the day of your consecration.

"From the indulgence of such unholy thoughts, have come the sins that have so fearfully beset me. The past few days of sorrow have been spent in bitter communings with my own spirit; and I trust I have learned to bow to the God of my father. Here, before you all, I confess my guilt, and ask forgiveness for the same. To her who hath borne with patience, and untiring love, the unkindness of one who promised to love and cherish her—"

"Nay, husband," said the sobbing wife, "whatever else thou hast been, thou wert never unkind."

"Well, Mary, since thou canst so freely forgive, I may surely hope the same from those who have suffered much less from me. From henceforth let us live as becomes neighbors, and by God's grace I trust to redeem my right to be considered as such." The sexton's task was resumed, and each shovel full of earth, as it rattled upon the coffin, echoed back the monitions of the grave. The wife clung with despairing strength to the arm of her penitent husband, as each rude sound grated upon her ears. The darling she had sheltered in her bosom, through years of loneliness, was thus rudely buried out of her sight, yet from his ashes, a fire had been kindled in her husband's heart, that she undoubtingly trusted, would burn on, till its brilliancy should find itself eclipsed only by the pure flame that burns for ever on a heavenly altar. Nor was her faith vain. Years afterwards, as her now penitent husband bore his offspring to the same altar that had witnessed his own vows, he inwardly prayed his remaining ones might be shielded from the temptations that beset his own path, and their faith sealed at a less fearful sacrifice.

"How much Henry resembles his dead brother, Mary; have you ever observed it?"

"Yes, husband, often, and sometimes I fancy 'tis his spirit restored to us in another house of clay."

"Does your heart ever reproach me for being the cause of so much sorrow to the poor lad?"

"Reproach thee. No; I daily bless our Heavenly Father, that the sweet boy was taken from us. As for thy being a cause of sorrow, it is not so. Did not his heart turn to thee even in his last agony? and was not his last word that of undying love?"

"Even so, Mary, God grant his last prayer may be granted. So we shall all be gathered in one fold, cared for by one Shepherd."

Let the hearts of believers be comforted. Learn from this that faith will eventually triumph, though the gates of darkness array themselves against it.

◆

THE BOUQUET.

The prettily entwin'd bouquet,
With floral voice speaks to the gay,
As in the giddy dance they move,
And every word is full of love.

Not love that wastes itself in breath,
But true and lasting, e'en to death;
Far different from the empty word
In fashion's walk so often heard.

If you would hear, ye ladies gay,
What the bouquet to you doth say,
A kind interpreter I'll be,
Without enjoining secresy.

Then hear the flower "Forget-me-not,—"
Perhaps till now you ne'er have thought
It many times hath uttered loud,
When you have mingled with the crowd:—

"I ask that you'll remember well
The words that I am bid to tell;
My Maker, God, in me you see,
'Tis he who cries, 'Remember me!'"

The Rose-bud, also, says to you,
As life's brief journey you pursue:
"Like me, before the time of bloom,
You may be hurried to the tomb."

Tis thus the fragrant flowers speak
In lovely accents to the meek;
Forget not, then, ye ladies gay,
What they so sweetly to you say.

AN AFTERNOON ON THE ANAPUS.

READER, have you not heard of the River Anapus? Does not its very name call up the associations of earlier and more classic days? I can assure you that there is much of interest about this ancient stream, which remains unchanged, while all around has passed through sad mutations; leaving little evidence of the splendor which once adorned its banks and made it celebrated. It will be remembered that nature produced on the shores of this sluggish current, the "Papyrus," which, in ancient days, filled the place now better occupied by those numerous paper manufactories, which are the life of several flourishing New England villages. To this interesting spot I propose to conduct you during my ramble of a single afternoon, and the blame is surely mine, if you do not find much to interest you.

Leaving the "Locanda del Sole," we emerge into a narrow street, which never knew a sidewalk, presenting to the view as few comforts as we have left within the walls of our hotel. Before we proceed, our home—if an Italian "Albergo" may be called by so comfortable a name—deserves a passing notice. Its exterior would promise something better than Italian fare. It once furnished all the comforts of the island, until Neapolitan legislation drove from the town its only profitable customers. Owing to the foolish jealousies of the authorities, the American Squadron removed their wintering station to Port Mahon, and left this place to its squalid inhabitants; save when a traveller like us is ready to encounter a ride of forty miles under a Sicilian sky, upon the back of an ambling mule. Having pressed our way through the group of beggars, which never fail to beset us, and passed through several streets, too narrow to admit the passage of a donkey with panniers of wood, we arrive at the opening by the gate. Let us stop, and observe a few of those peculiarities which remind one that he is in a foreign country. See yonder that circle of laughing girls, who, with flowing tresses and careless attire, are dancing around a companion, who produces music wild and strangely sweet, from the simple tambourine. The crowd of Muleteers, "Cicerones," and common people, are dressed in a sort of outside shirt, of a light blue color, while their heads are covered with a white cap, ornamented with a tassel of the same color, like those worn by the country schoolboys at home. Donkeys with various burdens, children of all ages, and beggars of both sexes, soldiers with their muskets, priests in their three-cornered hats, and friars with their shaved heads, cowl, and cord, complete the picture.

We have passed the river-gate with its sentinels armed to the teeth, its quadruple walls, its drawbridges, and its moats—as if any nation desired to assault its feeble fortress, and have reached the shore of the Bay of Syracuse. What a noble bay? How beautiful appear the shores of Calabria in the distance? In the still further distance, we see the dim outlines of the island of Malta, and trace in imagination the course by which St. Paul landed near this very spot. But our "Cicerone" of the morning calls, "Signor, andiamo" —let us go. These boats remind us, by contrast, of the beautiful models at Whitehall, while the cadaverous, but sun-burnt countenances, and the bright black eyes of our boatmen, tell of a tropical sky, and a miasmatical atmosphere.

The crowd of idlers are left behind, and we are passing along the city wall. "But stay, boatmen, what is this?" The waters have suddenly become as pure as if poured from our own Horicon's sacred lake, and our boat appears to be suspended in an element that disdains to mingle with the brackish, darkened waters of the bay. Our guide, accustomed to see this spot attract the attention of strangers, cries out, "Signor, ecco la Fontana dell' Arethusa." The classical reader will remember that the story of this stream runs thus. The nymph Arethusa had such exquisite beanty, that divine honors were paid her. While bathing in the river, Alpheus, the river-god, became enamored of her, when Diana, in pity, changed her into a fountain. Alpheus at once mingled his waters with hers, when the patron goddess opened a passage through the earth, and the pursued fountain, passing sea and land, rose up in Ortygia—now Syracuse. The Anapus, the object of our present excursion, is the gallant Alpheus, and fable says, that its waters cross this wide bay, unmingled with its briny flood, to meet these crystal waters. Modern improvements have destroyed much of the romance of this place.

There are places too sacred for modern structures. As I saw this historic fount cramped in and concealed, its pure waters forcing themselves through a crevice in the wall, I would have restored it to its ancient freedom. I would have driven from its silver stream those unpoetical nymphs of the wash-tub, who thus defile its waters, and encumber its banks, that nothing might mar the delightful associations it awakens. Thus have I seen a beautiful glen in our own country defiled by a saw-mill or a carding-mill, and with the same feelings, I found myself born along the base of Vesuvius by a locomotive, at the rate of twenty miles per hour, the road being graded through ancient towns and buried cities, destroying ancient land-marks, with the recklessness of an American speculator.

But we may not tarry here. We have left the walls, and are standing out into the bay, with a fair wind, under a Sicilian lugger sail. Our boatmen are a good specimen of Sicilian ignorance and superstition. Though poorly clad and ill fed, there is seen in them the pride of country, and the devotion to priestly exactions, which characterizes the inhabitants of this island. Seeing them look wistfully at our lunch, which we, for the first time, found leisure to eat, I offered some to them. It was refused, with the reply, that this was the second day of their *weekly fast.* I asked, may not those eat who must work? They replied no, unless they *can buy permission.* In these enfeebling fasts and countless holidays are seen a reason for the poverty of this island, once the granary of the world.

We have crossed the bay, and entered the broad mouth of the Anapus; our sail is lowered, and the oars have taken its place. The banks are low, and the stream narrows as it winds up the valley: the stream still narrows, and is so filled with floating weeds, that our boatmen are towing us along from the banks.

We have before us several hours of light, and must not pass this interesting little stream, which flows so purely into this clogged stream; it comes from "Fonte Cyane," or, in modern language, "Fontana Pisma," a spring two hundred and fifty feet in circumference and forty feet deep. This is the passage that the infernal Pluto is said to have made for himself, when he carried off the beautiful Proserpine, who was gathering flowers in these fields. But there are mythological stories connected with every feeling of this vicinage. We are now surrounded by brakes of bamboo, and the overtowering papyrus. This plant, which forms the great attraction to this spot, is from eight to twenty feet high. It has a stock of triangular shape, tapering from four or five inches to a point. The top is surmounted by a plume, like the feather of a peacock. This looks as little like paper as a heap of rags, or a pile of tarred ropes, or a bale of cotton. Our landlord, Politi, showed us a piece of rude paper, this morning prepared by himself, from this plant, which enables me to conceive that a tolerable article might be prepared from the slices of the triangular stock.

On yonder hill is the ruin of "Olympia." A visit to it will make a good termination of our jaunt. We must reach it before sun-set. The hill is reached, and as we stand upon this fallen capital, and view the setting sun, we are reminded of the sinking of this portion of the Roman Empire into such a fearful oblivion. See those columns standing in all their majesty, but in dread loneliness. I see by the guide-book, they are thirty feet high, and eighteen feet in circumference, seventy feet apart, and stand on bases ten feet square. What a gigantic temple completed with such proportions! It requires little imagination, standing on this elevation, to re-people these plains, to rebuild this immense pile, to return to it the splendid statue of Jupiter, covered with a mantle of wrought gold, erected by Hiero II., and despoiled by Dionysius, and to bring again the thousand of votaries that came up to this shrine to pay homage to imaginary deities. We have no time to tarry, a mile must be traversed, that weedy river rowed through, a wide bay crossed, with hunger and fatigue to destroy the romance of the adventure. Well! the bay is sailed over, the quay, with its crowd of idlers, much diminished by the approaching darkness, is fairly reached. We are fortunate indeed in finding the city gates open, for, were they once closed, no interest would be sufficient to open them until daylight. Such a day as this renders sweet even the hard fare of a Sicilian hotel, which consists of bread, in the shape of a biscuit, and as hard as a paving-stone, butter of goat's milk, maccaroni, miserably cooked, and olive oil. But I will not trouble the reader further with personal adventures, but leave him with the assurance that a visit to this country will repay all the toil of such an undertaking.

J. H. C.

PARLOR TABLE.

Christian Parlor Magazine—Bound Volume.—With this number we close the third volume of this Magazine. The bound volume will be ready in a few days, and will make one of the most attractive volumes of the season. It has been the constant aim of the Editor to adhere to his pledges at the commencement of the work. Of the fidelity with which this object has been accomplished our readers must determine. We have been much gratified with the numerous testimonials of approbation, not only from the press and private individuals, but from its patronage by the Christian community.

With this volume we also close our labors with the Christian Parlor Magazine. We retire from this field of labor with our hearty thanks to all our patrons, and for past favors from our friends and associates in the literary world. The work will hereafter be edited by Rev. J. T. Headley, whose articles have often appeared in the past volumes, and whose deserved popularity as an author will give to the public a guarantee of its future success. Our friends will hereafter find us in the Editorial department of the Home Magazine and Fireside Reader.

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Shanty the Blacksmith, a tale of other times, from the pen of Mrs. Sherwood, we read years ago with pleasure; and we perceive that J. S. Taylor has now issued a new and very neat edition of it. It will be very popular with the young, and so will another little volume which the same publisher has just issued from the same author. The Lily of the Valley is a sweet story, that teaches the loveliness of modest worth in language that fascinates, while the sentiment sinks into the heart.

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One of the best books on the Inspiration of the Scriptures that we have ever read, is a work by Gaussen, a distinguished Theological Professor of Geneva, written with the vigor of a strong man, and adorned with an eloquence of diction which commands the admiration of the reader. Some extracts from it have been republished in newspapers as part of the current literature of the day, and no one can rise from a perusal of the volume without a higher appreciation of the truth, and a lofty conception of the beauty and purity of the Bible. The work is translated by the Rev. E. N. Kirk of Boston, and published by J. S. Taylor, New York.

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The Great Commandment, by Mrs. Fry, the author of "The Listener," has recently been published by M. W. Dodd, a volume of great excellence for the purity and elevation of its moral sentiment, inculcating the law of love in the most simple and striking form, while the force of the divine law and the nature of the Christian duty are urged in such terms as reach the conscience and make a deep impression on the heart. Mrs. Fry's books are in a high degree worthy of being circulated.

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Tales and Illustrations, by Charlotte Elizabeth, form a handsome Juvenile, a new edition of which has just been issued by J. S. Taylor. The gifted writer has rested from her labors and her sorrows, but her works will live, and be a lasting blessing to the home of thousands who will cherish her memory, and admire her genius and spirit.

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The Genius of Scotland, by Turnbull, published by Carter, is a charming book; abounding in passages of singular beauty and interest, illustrating the scenery, the literature, and religion of old Scotia's hills, and glens, and dales.

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The Sacred Mountains, by J. T. Headley. This volume has had a wide popularity and great sale. The publishers [Baker & Scribner] have now issued an edition in handsome dress, but at a reduced price, that it may reach multitudes who were prevented from purchasing the costly editions which have appeared before. The readers of this Magazine have had the means of knowing that Mr. Headley has no superior among us in elegant, descriptive composition, and those sublime themes of Scripture furnish the finest field for the display of his graphic powers.

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The Harpers have lately issued the Orations of Edward Everett, forming a volume of great value and interest to every scholar. The writer reveals a store of classical and scientific knowledge that marks the close and laborious student, while the flow of his diction, the finished beauty of his periods, and the fertility of his illustration, are the features of the rife and elegant scholar. The volume is a study for all young men.

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The Lord's Prayer, by A. Bonnet, author of the Family of Bethany, and published by Carter, is a book that the young and old will study with profit and pleasure. It leads the soul out in devout meditations on the wonderful subjects of petition embraced in that form of prayer which Christ taught his disciples, and introduces it into high and holy communion with him who hears his children when they cry.

As the season opens, the pressure of new books upon the table becomes heavy, and our limits forbid even a passing notice of many that justly deserve attention.

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